

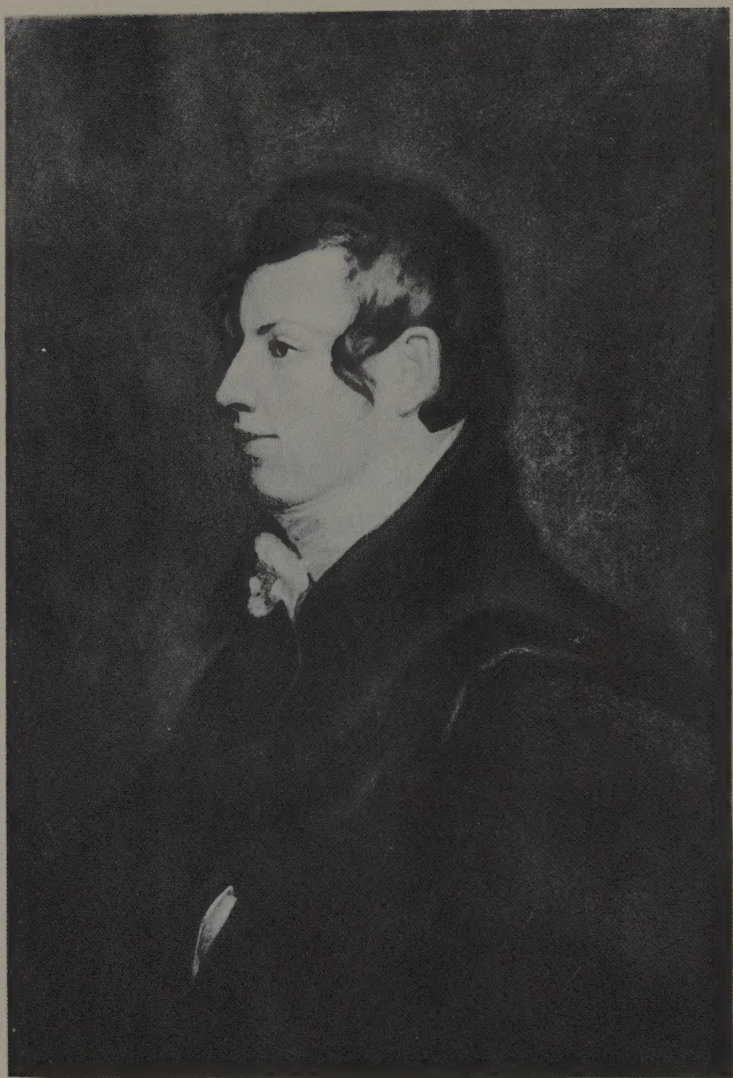
UVIC - McPHERSON



3 2775 90419238 1

25.00 EL
N

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE
HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOLUME I



Sam^l. J^r. B. Moss.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE
HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS

EDITED AND SUPPLEMENTED

BY HIS SON

EDWARD LIND MORSE

ILLUSTRATED

**WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF HIS PAINTINGS
AND WITH NOTES AND DIAGRAMS
BEARING ON THE**

INVENTION OF THE TELEGRAPH.

VOLUME I



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1914

KRAUS REPRINT CO.
New York
1972

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA
LIBRARY

TK5243
M7A3

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY EDWARD LIND MORSE

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Published November 1914

L.C. 14-20885

KRAUS REPRINT CO.

A U.S. Division of Kraus-Thomson Organization Limited

Printed in Germany

TO MY WIFE
WHOSE LOVING INTEREST AND APT CRITICISM
HAVE BEEN TO ME OF GREAT VALUE
I DEDICATE THIS WORK

“It is the hour of fate,
And those who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death. But they who doubt or hesitate —
Condemned to failure, penury and woe —
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I hear them not, and I return no more.”

INGALLS, *Opportunity*.

PREFACE

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, in the introduction to his studies in biography entitled "The Leaves of the Tree," says:—

"But when it comes to dealing with men who have played upon the whole a noble part in life, whose vision has been clear and whose heart has been wide, who have not merely followed their own personal ambitions, but have really desired to leave the world better and happier than they found it, — in such cases, indiscriminate praise is not only foolish and untruthful, it is positively harmful and noxious. What one desires to see in the lives of others is some sort of transformation, some evidence of patient struggling with faults, some hint of failings triumphed over, some gain of generosity and endurance and courage. To slur over the faults and failings of the great is not only inartistic: it is also faint-hearted and unjust. It alienates sympathy. It substitutes unreal adoration for wholesome admiration; it afflicts the reader, conscious of frailty and struggle, with a sense of hopeless despair in the presence of anything so supremely high-minded and flawless."

The judgment of a son may, perhaps, be biased in favor of a beloved father; he may unconsciously "slur over the faults and failings," and lay emphasis only on the virtues. In selecting and putting together the letters, diaries, etc., of my father, Samuel F. B. Morse, I have tried to avoid that fault; my desire has been to present a true portrait of the man, with both lights and

shadows duly emphasized; but I can say with perfect truth that I have found but little to deplore. He was human, he had his faults, and he made mistakes. While honestly differing from him on certain questions, I am yet convinced that, in all his beliefs, he was absolutely sincere, and the deeper I have delved into his correspondence, the more I have been impressed by the true nobility and greatness of the man.

His fame is now secure, but, like all great men, he made enemies who pursued him with their calumnies even after his death; and others, perfectly honest and sincere, have questioned his right to be called the inventor of the telegraph. I have tried to give credit where credit is due with regard to certain points in the invention, but I have also given the documentary evidence, which I am confident will prove that he never claimed more than was his right. For many years after his invention was a proved success, almost to the day of his death, he was compelled to fight for his rights; but he was a good fighter, a skilled controversialist, and he has won out in the end.

He was born and brought up in a deeply religious atmosphere, in a faith which seems to us of the present day as narrow; but, as will appear from his correspondence, he was perfectly sincere in his beliefs, and unfalteringly held himself to be an instrument divinely appointed to bestow a great blessing upon humanity.

It seems not to be generally known that he was an artist of great ability, that for more than half his life he devoted himself to painting, and that he is ranked with the best of our earlier painters.

In my selection of letters to be published I have tried

PREFACE

xi

to place much emphasis on this phase of his career, a most interesting one. I have found so many letters, diaries, and sketch-books of those earlier years, never before published, that seemed to me of great human interest, that I have ventured to let a large number of these documents chronicle the history of Morse the artist.

Many of the letters here published have already appeared in Mr. S. Irenaeus Prime's biography of Morse, but others are now printed for the first time, and I have omitted many which Mr. Prime included. I must acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Prime for the possibility of filling in certain gaps in the correspondence; and for much interesting material not now otherwise obtainable.

Before the telegraph had demonstrated its practical utility, its inventor was subjected to ridicule most galling to a sensitive nature, and after it was a proved success he was vilified by the enemies he was obliged to make on account of his own probity, and by the unscrupulous men who tried to rob him of the fruits of his genius; but in this he was only paying the penalty of greatness, and, as the perspective of time enables us to render a more impartial verdict, his character will be found to emerge triumphant.

His versatility and abounding vitality were astounding. He would have been an eminent man in his day had he never invented the telegraph; but it is of absorbing interest, in following his career, to note how he was forced to give up one ambition after another, to suffer blow after blow which would have overwhelmed a man of less indomitable perseverance, until all his great

energies were impelled into the one channel which ultimately led to undying fame.

In every great achievement in the history of progress one man must stand preëminent, one name must symbolize to future generations the thing accomplished, whether it be the founding of an empire, the discovery of a new world, or the invention of a new and useful art; and this one man must be so endowed by nature as to be capable of carrying to a successful issue the great enterprise, be it what it may. He must, in short, be a man of destiny. That he should call to his assistance other men, that he should legitimately make use of the labors of others, in no wise detracts from his claims to greatness. It is futile to say that without this one or that one the enterprise would have been a failure; that without his officers and his men the general could not have waged a successful campaign. We must, in every great accomplishment which has influenced the history of the world, search out the master mind to whom, under Heaven, the epoch-making result is due, and him must we crown with the laurel wreath.

Of nothing is this more true than of invention, for I venture to assert that no great invention has ever sprung Minerva-like from the brain of one man. It has been the culmination of the discoveries, the researches, yes, and the failures, of others, until the time was ripe and the destined man appeared. While due credit and all honor must be given to the other laborers in the field, the niche in the temple of fame must be reserved for the one man whose genius has combined all the known elements and added the connecting link to produce the great result.

As an invention the telegraph was truly epoch-making. It came at a time when steam navigation on land and water was yet in its infancy, and it is idle to speculate on the slow progress which this would have made had it not been for the assistance of the electric spark.

The science of electricity itself was but an academic curiosity, and it was not until the telegraph had demonstrated that this mysterious force could be harnessed to the use of man, that other men of genius arose to extend its usefulness in other directions; and this, in turn, stimulated invention in many other fields, and the end is not yet.

It has been necessary, in selecting letters, to omit many fully as interesting as those which have been included; barely to touch on subjects of research, or of political and religious discussion, which are worthy of being pursued further, and to omit some subjects entirely. Very probably another more experienced hand would have made a better selection, but my aim has been to give, through characteristic letters and contemporary opinions, an accurate portrait of the man, and a succinct history of his life and labors. If I have succeeded in throwing a new light on some points which are still the subject of discussion, if I have been able to call attention to any facts which until now have been overlooked or unknown, I shall be satisfied. If I have been compelled to use very plain language with regard to some of those who were his open or secret enemies, or who have been posthumously glorified by others, I have done so with regret.

Such as it is I send the book forth in the hope that it may add to the knowledge and appreciation of the

character of one of the world's great men, and that it may, perhaps, be an inspiration to others who are striving, against great odds, to benefit their fellow men, or to those who are championing the cause of justice and truth.

EDWARD LIND MORSE.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

APRIL 27, 1791 — SEPTEMBER 8, 1810

Birth of S. F. B. Morse. — His parents. — Letters of Dr. Belknap and Rev. Mr. Wells. — Phillips, Andover. — First letter. — Letter from his father. — Religious letter from Morse to his brothers. — Letters from the mother to her sons. — Morse enters Yale. — His journey there. — Difficulty in keeping up with his class. — Letter of warning from his mother. — Letters of Jedediah Morse to Bishop of London and Lindley Murray. — Morse becomes more studious. — Bill of expenses. — Longing to travel and interest in electricity. — Philadelphia and New York. — Graduates from college. — Wishes to accompany Allston to England, but submits to parents' desires . . . 1

CHAPTER II

OCTOBER 31, 1810 — AUGUST 17, 1811

Enters bookshop as clerk. — Devotes leisure to painting. — Leaves shop. — Letter to his brothers on appointments at Yale. — Letters from Joseph P. Rossiter. — Morse's first love affair. — Paints "Landing of the Pilgrims." — Prepares to sail with Allstons for England. — Letters of introduction from his father. — Disagreeable stage-ride to New York. — Sails on the Lydia. — Prosperous voyage. — Liverpool. — Trip to London. — Observations on people and customs. — Frequently cheated. — Critical time in England. — Dr. Lettson. — Sheridan's verse. — Longing for a telegraph. — A ghost 24

CHAPTER III

AUGUST 24, 1811 — DECEMBER 1, 1811

Benjamin West. — George III. — Morse begins his studies. — Introduced to West. — Enthusiasms. — Smuggling and lotteries. — English appreciation of art. — Copley. — Friendliness of West. — Elgin marbles. — Cries of London. — Custom in knocking. — Witnesses balloon ascension. — Crowds. — Vauxhall Gardens. — St. Bartholomew's Fair. — Efforts to be economical. — Signs of war. — Mails delayed. — Admitted to Royal Academy. — Disturbances, riots, and murders . . . 42

CHAPTER IV

JANUARY 18, 1812 — AUGUST 6, 1812

Political opinions. — Charles R. Leslie's reminiscences of Morse, Allston, King, and Coleridge. — C. B. King's letter. — Sidney E. Morse's letter. — Benjamin West's kindness. — Sir William Beechy. — Murders, robberies, etc. — Morse and Leslie paint each other's portraits. — The elder Morse's financial difficulties. — He deprecates the war talk. — The son differs from his father. — The Prince Regent. — Orders in Council. — Estimate of West. — Alarming state of affairs in England. — Assassination of Perceval, Prime Minister. — Execution of assassin. — Morse's love for his art. — Stephen Van Rensselaer. — Leslie the friend and Allston the master. — Afternoon tea. — The elder Morse well known in Europe. — Lord Castlereagh. — The Queen's drawing-room. — Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. — Zachary Macaulay. — Warning letter from his parents. — War declared. — Morse approves. — Gratitude to his parents, and to Allston 58

CHAPTER V

SEPTEMBER 20, 1812 — JUNE 13, 1813

Models the "Dying Hercules." — Dreams of greatness. — Again expresses gratitude to his parents. — Begins painting of "Dying Hercules." — Letter from Jeremiah Evarts. — Morse upholds righteousness of the war. — Henry Thornton. — Political discussions. — Gilbert Stuart. — William Wilberforce. — James Wynne's reminiscences of Morse, Coleridge, Leslie, Allston, and Dr. Abernethy. — Letters from his mother and brother. — Letters from friends on the state of the fine arts in America. — "The Dying Hercules" exhibited at the Royal Academy. — Expenses of painting. — Receives Adelphi Gold Medal for statuette of Hercules. — Mr. Dunlap's reminiscences. — Critics praise "Dying Hercules" 84

CHAPTER VI

JULY 10, 1813 — APRIL 6, 1814

Letter from the father on economies and political views. — Morse deprecates lack of spirit in New England and rejoices at Wellington's victories. — Allston's poems. — Morse coat-of-arms. — Letter of Joseph Hillhouse. — Letter of exhortation from his mother. — Morse wishes to stay longer in Europe. — Amused at mother's political views. — The father sends more money for a longer stay. — Sidney exalts poetry above painting. — His mother warns him against infidels and actors. — Bristol. — Optimism. — Letter on infidels and his own religious observances. — Future of American art. — He is in good health, but thin. — Letter from Mr. Visger. — Benjamin Burritt, American prisoner. — Efforts in his behalf unsuccessful. — Capture

CONTENTS

xvii

of Paris by the Allies. — Again expresses gratitude to parents. —
Writes a play for Charles Mathews. — Not produced 108

CHAPTER VII

MAY 2, 1814 — OCTOBER 11, 1814

Allston writes encouragingly to the parents. — Morse unwilling to be mere portrait-painter. — Ambitious to stand at the head of his profession. — Desires patronage from wealthy friends. — Delay in the mails. — Account of *entrée* of Louis XVIII into London. — The Prince Regent. — Indignation at acts of English. — His parents relieved at hearing from him after seven months' silence. — No hope of patronage from America. — His brothers. — Account of fêtes. — Emperor Alexander, King of Prussia, Blücher, Platoff. — Wishes to go to Paris. — Letter from M. Van Schaick about battle of Lake Erie. — Disgusted with England 131

CHAPTER VIII

NOVEMBER 9, 1814 — APRIL 23, 1815

Does not go to Paris. — Letter of admonition from his mother. — His parents' early economies. — Letter from Leslie. — Letter from Rev. S. F. Jarvis on politics. — The mother tells of the economies of another young American, Dr. Parkman. — The son resents constant exhortations to economize, and tells of meanness of Dr. Parkman. — Writes of his own economies and industry. — Disgusted with Bristol. — Prophecies peace between England and America. — Estimates of Morse's character by Dr. Romeyn and Mr. Van Schaick. — The father regrets reproof of son for political views. — Death of Mrs. Allston. — Disagreeable experience in Bristol. — More economies. — Napoleon I. — Peace 154

CHAPTER IX

MAY 3, 1815 — OCTOBER 18, 1815

Decides to return home in the fall. — Hopes to return to Europe in a year. — Ambitions. — Paints "Judgment of Jupiter." — Not allowed to compete for premium. — Mr. Russell's portrait. — Reproof of his parents. — Battle of Waterloo. — Wilberforce. — Painting of "Dying Hercules" received by parents. — Much admired. — Sails for home. — Dreadful voyage lasting fifty-eight days. — Extracts from his journal. — Home at last 175

CHAPTER X

APRIL 10, 1816 — OCTOBER 5, 1818

Very little success at home. — Portrait of ex-President John Adams. — Letter to Allston on sale of his "Dead Man restored to Life." — Also

apologizes for hasty temper. — Reassured by Allston. — Humorous letter from Leslie. — Goes to New Hampshire to paint portraits. — Concord. — Meets Miss Lucretia Walker. — Letters to his parents concerning her. — His parents reply. — Engaged to Miss Walker. — His parents approve. — Many portraits painted. — Miss Walker's parents consent. — Success in Portsmouth. — Morse and his brother invent a pump. — Highly endorsed by President Day and Eli Whitney. — Miss Walker visits Charlestown. — Morse's religious convictions. — More success in New Hampshire. — Winter in Charleston, South Carolina. — John A. Alston. — Success. — Returns north. — Letter from his uncle Dr. Finley. — Marriage 196

CHAPTER XI

NOVEMBER 19, 1818 — MARCH 31, 1821

Morse and his wife go to Charleston, South Carolina. — Hospitably entertained and many portraits painted. — Congratulates Allston on his election to the Royal Academy. — Receives commission to paint President Monroe. — Trouble in the parish at Charlestown. — Morse urges his parents to leave and come to Charleston. — Letters of John A. Alston. — Return to the North. — Birth of his first child. — Dr. Morse and his family decide to move to New Haven. — Morse goes to Washington. — Paints the President under difficulties. — Hospitalities. — Death of his grandfather. — Dr. Morse appointed Indian Commissioner. — Marriage of Morse's future mother-in-law. — Charleston again. — Continued success. — Letters to Mrs. Ball. — Liberality of Mr. Alston. — Spends the summer in New Haven. — Returns to Charleston, but meets with poor success. — Assists in founding Academy of Arts, which has but a short life. — Goes North again 219

CHAPTER XII

MAY 23, 1821 — DECEMBER 17, 1824

Accompanies Mr. Silliman to the Berkshires. — Takes his wife and daughter to Concord, New Hampshire. — Writes to his wife from Boston about a bonnet. — Goes to Washington, D. C. — Paints large picture of House of Representatives. — Artistic but not financial success. — Donates five hundred dollars to Yale. — Letter from Mr. De Forest. — New York "Observer." — Discouragements. — First son born. — Invents marble-carving machine. — Goes to Albany. — Stephen Van Rensselaer. — Slight encouragement in Albany. — Longing for a home. — Goes to New York. — Portrait of Chancellor Kent. — Appointed attaché to Legation to Mexico. — High hopes. — Takes affecting leave of his family. — Rough journey to Washington. — Expedition to Mexico indefinitely postponed. — Returns North. — Settles in New York. — Fairly prosperous 238

CONTENTS

xix

CHAPTER XIII

JANUARY 4, 1825 — NOVEMBER 18, 1825

Success in New York. — Chosen to paint portrait of Lafayette. — Hope of a permanent home with his family. — Meets Lafayette in Washington. — Mutually attracted. — Attends President's levee. — Begins portrait of Lafayette. — Death of his wife. — Crushed by the news. — His attachment to her. — Epitaph composed by Benjamin Silliman. — Bravely takes up his work again. — Finishes portrait of Lafayette. — Describes it in letter of a later date. — Sonnet on death of Lafayette's dog. — Rents a house in Canal Street, New York. — One of the founders of National Academy of Design. — Tactful resolutions on organization. — First thirty members. — Morse elected first president. — Reëlected every year until 1845. — Again made president in 1861. — Lectures on Art. — Popularity 259

CHAPTER XIV

JANUARY 1, 1826 — DECEMBER 5, 1829

Success of his lectures, the first of the kind in the United States. — Difficulties of his position as leader. — Still longing for a home. — Very busy but in good health. — Death of his father. — Estimates of Dr. Morse. — Letters to his mother. — Wishes to go to Europe again. — Delivers address at first anniversary of National Academy of Design. — Professor Dana lectures on electricity. — Morse's study of the subject. — Moves to No. 13 Murray Street. — Too busy to visit his family. — Death of his mother. — A remarkable woman. — Goes to central New York. — A serious accident. — Moral reflections. — Prepares to go to Europe. — Letter of John A. Dix. — Sails for Liverpool. — Rough voyage. — Liverpool 283

CHAPTER XV

DECEMBER 6, 1829 — FEBRUARY 6, 1830

Journey from Liverpool to London by coach. — Neatness of the cottages. — Trentham Hall. — Stratford-on-Avon. — Oxford. — London. — Charles R. Leslie. — Samuel Rogers. — Seated with Academicians at Royal Academy lecture. — Washington Irving. — Turner. — Leaves London for Dover. — Canterbury Cathedral. — Detained at Dover by bad weather. — Incident of a former visit. — Channel steamer. — Boulogne-sur-Mer. — First impressions of France. — Paris. — The Louvre. — Lafayette. — Cold in Paris. — Continental Sunday. — Leaves Paris for Marseilles in diligence. — Intense cold. — Dijon. — French funeral. — Lyons. — The Hôtel Dieu. — Avignon. — Catholic church services. — Marseilles. — Toulon. — The navy yard and the galley slaves. — Disagreeable experience at an inn. — The Riviera. — Genoa 304

CHAPTER XVI

FEBRUARY 6, 1830 — JUNE 15, 1830

Serra Palace in Genoa. — Starts for Rome. — Rain in the mountains. — A brigand. — Carrara. — First mention of a railroad. — Pisa. — The leaning tower. — Rome at last. — Begins copying at once. — Note-books. — Ceremonies at the Vatican. — Pope Pius VIII. — Academy of St. Luke's. — St. Peter's. — Chiesa Nuova. — Painting at the Vatican. — Beggar monks. — *Festa* of the Annunciation. — Soirée at Palazzo Simbaldi. — Passion Sunday. — Horace Vernet. — Lying in state of a cardinal. — *Miserere* at Sistine Chapel. — Holy Thursday at St. Peter's. — Third cardinal dies. — Meets Thorwaldsen at Signor Persianis's. — Manners of English, French, and Americans. — Landi's pictures. — Funeral of a young girl. — Trip to Tivoli, Subiaco. — Procession of the *Corpus Domini*. — Disagreeable experience . . . 329

CHAPTER XVII

JUNE 17, 1830 — FEBRUARY 2, 1831

Working hard. — Trip to Genzano. — Lake of Nemi. — Beggars. — Curious festival of flowers at Genzano. — Night on the Campagna. — Heat in Rome. — Illumination of St. Peter's. — St. Peter's Day. — Vaults of the Church. — Feebleness of Pope. — Morse and companions visit Naples, Capri, and Amalfi. — Charms of Amalfi. — Terrible accident. — Flippancy at funerals. — Campo Santo at Naples. — Gruesome conditions. — Ubiquity of beggars. — Convent of St. Martino. — Masterpiece of Spagnoletto. — Returns to Rome. — Paints portrait of Thorwaldsen. — Presented to him in after years by John Taylor Johnston. — Given to King of Denmark. — Reflections on the social evil and the theatre. — Death of the Pope. — An assassination. — The Honorable Mr. Spencer and Catholicism. — Election of Pope Gregory XVI 354

CHAPTER XVIII

FEBRUARY 10, 1831 — SEPTEMBER 12, 1831

Historic events witnessed by Morse. — Rumors of revolution. — Danger to foreigners. — Coronation of the new Pope. — Pleasant experience. — Cause of the revolution a mystery. — Bloody plot foiled. — Plans to leave for Florence. — Sends casts, etc., to National Academy of Design. — Leaves Rome. — Dangers of the journey. — Florence. — Description of meeting Prince Radziwill in Coliseum at Rome. — Copies portraits of Rubens and Titian in Florence. — Leaves Florence for Venice. — Disagreeable voyage on the Po. — Venice, beautiful but smelly. — Copies Tintoret's "Miracle of the Slave." — Thunderstorms. — Reflections on the Fourth of July. — Leaves Venice. — Recoaro. — Milan. — Reflections on Catholicism and art. — Como

CONTENTS

xxi

and Maggiore. — The Rigi. — Schaffhausen and Heidelberg. — Evades the quarantine on French border. — Thrilling experience. — Paris	379
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX

SEPTEMBER 18, 1831 — SEPTEMBER 21, 1832

Takes rooms with Horatio Greenough. — Political talk with Lafayette. — Riots in Paris. — Letters from Greenough. — Bunker Hill Monu- ment. — Letters from Fenimore Cooper. — Cooper's portrait by Ver- boeckhoven. — European criticisms. — Reminiscences of R. W. Habersham. — Hints of an electric telegraph. — Not remembered by Morse. — Early experiments in photography. — Painting of the Louvre. — Cholera in Paris. — Baron von Humboldt. — Morse pre- sides at Fourth of July dinner. — Proposes toast to Lafayette. — Let- ter to New York "Observer" on Fenimore Cooper. — Also on pride in American citizenship. — Works with Lafayette in behalf of Poles. — Letter from Lafayette. — Morse visits London before sailing for home. — Sits to Leslie for head of Sterne	407
---	-----

CHAPTER XX

Morse's life almost equally divided into two periods, artistic and scien- tific. — Estimate of his artistic ability by Daniel Huntington. — Also by Samuel Isham. — His character as revealed by his letters, notes, etc. — End of Volume I	434
--	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS

MORSE THE ARTIST (Photogravure)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Painted by himself in London about 1814.	
HOUSE IN WHICH MORSE WAS BORN, IN CHARLESTOWN, MASS.	2
REV. JEDEDIAH MORSE AND S. F. B. MORSE — ELIZABETH ANN MORSE AND SIDNEY E. MORSE	22
From portraits by a Mr. Sargent, who also painted portraits of the Washington family.	
THE DYING HERCULES	106
Painted by Morse in 1813.	
LETTER OF MORSE TO HIS PARENTS, OCTOBER 18, 1815	194
MR. D. C. DE FOREST — MRS. D. C. DE FOREST	244
From paintings by Morse now in the gallery of the Yale School of the Fine Arts.	
LUCRETIA PICKERING WALKER, WIFE OF S. F. B. MORSE, AND TWO CHILDREN	254
Painted by Morse.	
STUDY FOR PORTRAIT OF LAFAYETTE	268
Now in New York Public Library.	
ELIZABETH A. MORSE	294
Painted by Morse.	
JEREMIAH EVARTS	328
From a portrait painted by Morse and owned by Sherman Evarts, Esq.	
DE WITT CLINTON	369
Painted by Morse. Owned by the Metropolitan Museum, New York.	
HENRY CLAY	400
Painted by Morse. Owned by the Metropolitan Museum, New York.	
SUSAN W. MORSE. ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE ARTIST	436

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS

CHAPTER I

APRIL 27, 1791 — SEPTEMBER 8, 1810

Birth of S. F. B. Morse. — His parents. — Letters of Dr. Belknap and Rev. Mr. Wells. — Phillips, Andover. — First letter. — Letter from his father. — Religious letter from Morse to his brothers. — Letters from the mother to her sons. — Morse enters Yale. — His journey there. — Difficulty in keeping up with his class. — Letter of warning from his mother. — Letters of Jedediah Morse to Bishop of London and Lindley Murray. — Morse becomes more studious. — Bill of expenses. — Longing to travel and interest in electricity. — Philadelphia and New York. — Graduates from college. — Wishes to accompany Allston to England, but submits to parents' desires.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the 27th day of April, A.D. 1791. He came of good Puritan stock, his father, Jedediah Morse, being a militant clergyman of the Congregational Church, a fighter for orthodoxy at a time when Unitarianism was beginning to undermine the foundations of the old, austere, childlike faith.

These battles of the churches seem far away to us of the twentieth century, but they were very real to the warriors of those days, and, while many of the tenets of their faith may seem narrow to us, they were gospel to the godly of that time, and reverence, obedience, filial piety, and courtesy were the rule and not the exception that they are to-day.

Jedediah Morse was a man of note in his day, known and respected at home and abroad; the friend of General Washington and other founders of the Republic; the

author of the first American Geography and Gazetteer. His wife, Elizabeth Ann Breese, granddaughter of Samuel Finley, president of Princeton College, was a woman of great strength and yet sweetness of character; adored by her family and friends, a veritable mother in Israel.

Into this serene home atmosphere came young Finley Morse, the eldest of eleven children, only three of whom survived their infancy. The other two were Sidney Edwards and Richard Carey, both eminent men in their day.

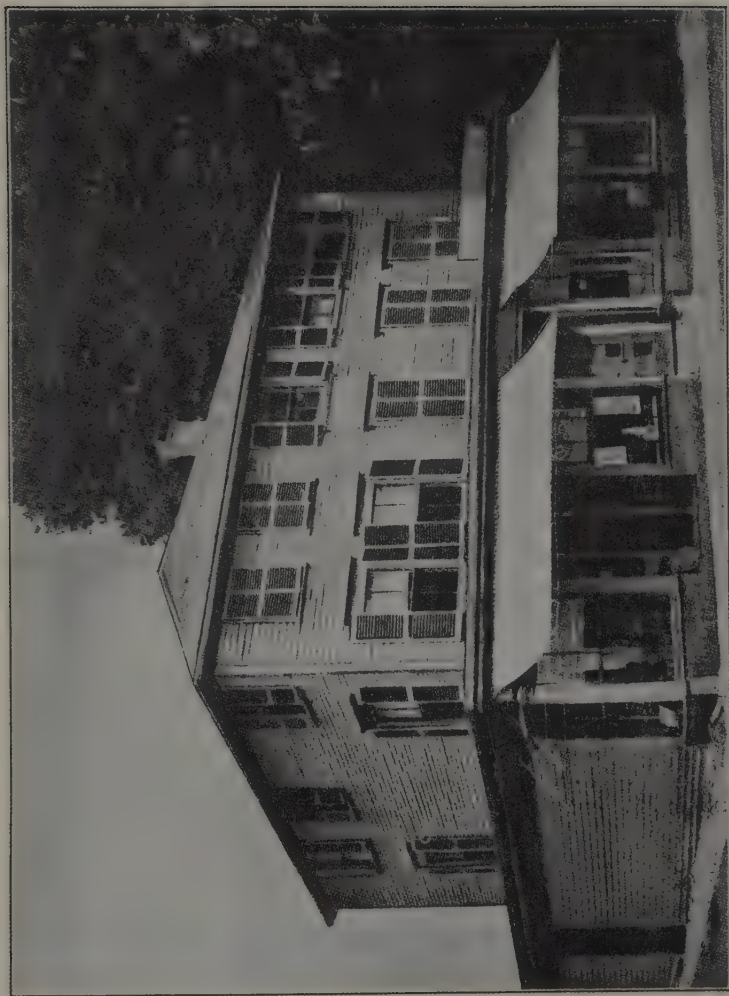
Dr. Belknap, of Boston, in a letter to a friend in New York says:—

“Congratulate the Monmouth Judge [Mr. Breese] on the birth of a grandson. . . . As to the child, I saw him asleep, so can say nothing of his eye or his genius peeping through it. He may have the sagacity of a Jewish rabbi, or the profundity of a Calvin, or the sublimity of a Homer for aught I know. But time will show forth all things.”

This sounds almost prophetic in the light of future days.

The following letter from the Reverend Mr. Wells is quaint and characteristic of the times:—

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,— As a small testimony of my respect and obligation to your excellent Parents and of my love to you, I send you with this six (6) English Guineas. They are pretty playthings enough, and in the Country I came from many people are fond of them. Your Papa will let you look at them and shew them to Edward, and then he will take care of them,



HOUSE IN WHICH MORSE WAS BORN, IN CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

and, by the time you grow up to be a Man, they will under Papa's wise management increase to double their present number. With wishing you may never be in want of such playthings and yet never too fond of them, I remain your affectionate friend,

WM. WELLS.

MEDFORD, July 2, 1793.

Young Morse was sent away early to boarding-school, as was the custom at that time. He was taken by his father to Phillips Academy at Andover, and I believe he ran away once, being overcome by homesickness before he made up his mind to remain and study hard.

The following letter is the first one written by him of which I have any knowledge: —

ANDOVER, 2d August, 1799.

DEAR PAPA, — I hope you are well I will thank you if you will Send me up Some quilts Give my love to mama and NANCY and my little brothers pleas to kis them for me and send me up Some very good paper to write to you

I have as many blackberries as I want I go and pick them myself.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE

YOUR SON

1799.

This from his father is characteristic of many written to him and to his brothers while they were at school and college: —

CHARLESTOWN, February 21, 1801.

MY DEAR SON, — You do not write me as often as you ought. In your next you must assign some reason

for this neglect. Possibly I have not received all your letters. Nothing will improve you so much in epistolary writing as practice. Take great pains with your letters. Avoid vulgar phrases. Study to have your ideas pertinent and correct and clothe them in an easy and grammatical dress. Pay attention to your spelling, pointing, the use of capitals, and to your handwriting. After a little practice these things will become natural and you will thus acquire a habit of writing correctly and well.

General Washington was a remarkable instance of what I have now recommended to you. His letters are a perfect model for epistolary writers. They are written with great uniformity in respect to the handwriting and disposition of the several parts of the letter. I will show you some of his letters when I have the pleasure of seeing you next vacation, and when I shall expect to find you much improved.

Your natural disposition, my dear son, renders it proper for me earnestly to recommend to you to *attend to one thing at a time*. It is impossible that you can do two things well at the same time, and I would, therefore, never have you attempt it. Never undertake to do what ought not to be done, and then, whatever you undertake, endeavor to do it in the best manner.

It is said of De Witt, a celebrated statesman in Holland, who was torn to pieces in the year 1672, that he did the whole business of the republic and yet had time left to go to assemblies in the evening and sup in company. Being asked how he could possibly find time to go through so much business and yet amuse himself in the evenings as he did, he answered there was nothing so easy, for that it was only doing one thing at a time,

and never putting off anything till to-morrow that could be done to-day. This steady and undissipated attention to one object is a sure mark of a superior genius, as hurry, bustle, and agitation are the never-failing symptoms of a weak and frivolous mind.

I expect you will read this letter over several times that you may retain its contents in your memory, and give me your own opinion on the advice I have given you. If you improve this well, I shall be encouraged to give you more as you may need it.

Your affectionate parent,

J. MORSE.

This was written to a boy ten years old. I wonder if he was really able to assimilate it.

I shall pass rapidly over the next few years, for, while there are many letters which make interesting reading, there are so many more of the later years of greater historical value that I must not yield to the temptation to linger.

The three brothers were all sent to Phillips Academy to prepare for Yale, from which college their father was also graduated.

The following letter from Finley to his brothers was written while he was temporarily at home, and shows the deep religious bent of his mind which he kept through life: —

CHARLESTOWN, March 15, 1805.

MY DEAR BROTHERS, — I now write you again to inform you that mama had a baby, but it was born dead and has just been buried. Now you have three brothers and three sisters in heaven and I hope you and I will

meet them there at our death. It is uncertain when we shall die, but we ought to be prepared for it, and I hope you and I shall.

I read a question in Davie's "Sermons" the last Sunday which was this: — Suppose a bird should take one dust of this earth and carry it away once in a thousand years, and you was to take your choice either to be miserable in that time and happy hereafter, or happy in that time and miserable hereafter, which would you choose? Write me an answer to this in your next letter. . . .

I enclose you a little book called the "Christian Pilgrim." It is for both of you.

We are all tolerable well except mama, though she is more comfortable now than she was. We all send a great deal of love to you. I must now bid you adieu.

I remain your affectionate brother,

S. F. B. MORSE.

I am tempted to include the following extracts from letters of the good mother of the three boys as characteristic of the times and people: —

CHARLESTOWN, June 28, 1805.

MY DEAR SON, — We have the pleasure of a letter from you which has gratified us very much. It is the only intelligence we have had from you since Mr. Brown left you. I began to think that something was the matter with respect to your health that occasioned your long silence. . . . We are very desirous, my son, that you should excel in everything that will make you truly happy and useful to your fellow men. In particular by no means neglect your duty to your Heavenly Father.

Remember, what has been said with great truth, that he can never be faithful to others who is not so to his God and his conscience. I wish you constantly to keep in mind the first question and answer in that excellent form of sound words, the Assembly Catechism, viz: — “What is the chief end of Man?” The answer you will readily recollect is “To Glorify God and enjoy Him forever.”

Let it be evident, my dear son, that this be your chief aim in all that you do, and may you be so happy as to enjoy Him forever is the sincere prayer of your affectionate parent. . . .

The Fourth of July is to be celebrated here with a good deal of parade both by Federalists and Jacobins. The former are to meet in our meeting-house, there to hear an oration which is to be delivered by Mr. Aaron Putnam, a prayer by your papa also. And on the hill close by the monument [Bunker Hill] a standard is to be presented to a new company called the Warren Phalanx, all Federalists, by Dr. Putnam who is the president of the day, and all the gentlemen are to dine at Seton's Hall, otherwise called Massachusetts Hall, and the ladies are to take tea at the same place. The Jacobins are to have an oration at the Baptist meeting-house from Mr. Gleson. I know nothing more about them. The boys are forming themselves into companies also; they have two or three companies and drums which at some times are enough to craze one. I can't help thinking when I see them how glad I am that my sons are better employed at Andover than beating the streets or drums; that they are laying in a good store of useful knowledge against the time to come, while these poor

boys, many of them, at least, are learning what they will be glad by and by to unlearn.

July 30, 1805.

MY DEAR SONS, — Have you heard of the death of young Willard at Cambridge, the late President Willard's son? He died of a violent fever occasioned by going into water when he was very hot in the middle of the day. He also pumped a great deal of cold water on his head. Let this be a warning to you all not to be guilty of the like indiscretion which may cost you your life. Dreadful, indeed, would this be to all of us. I wish you would not go into water oftener than once a week, and then either early in the morning or late in the afternoon, and not go in when hot nor stay long in the water. Remember these cautions of your mama and obey them strictly.

A young lady twenty years old died in Boston yesterday very suddenly. She eat her dinner perfectly well and was dead in five minutes after. Her name was Ann Hinkley. You see, my dear boys, the great uncertainty of life and, of course, the importance of being always prepared for *death*, even a *sudden death*, as we know not what an hour may bring forth. This we are sensible of, we cannot be *too soon* or *too well* prepared for that all-important moment, as this is what we are sent into this world for. The main business of life is to prepare for death. Let us not, then, put off these most important concerns to an uncertain tomorrow, but let us in earnest attend to the concerns of our precious, never-dying souls while we feel ourselves alive.

In October, 1805, Finley Morse went to New Haven to enter college, and the next letter describes the journey from Charlestown, and it was, indeed, a journey in those days.

NEW HAVEN, October 22, 1805.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — I arrived here yesterday safe and well. The first day I rode as far as Williams' Tavern, and put up there for the night. The next day I rode as far as Dwight's Tavern in Western, and in the morning, it being rainy, Mr. Backus did not set out to ride till late, and, the stage coming to the door, Mr. B. thought it a good opportunity to send me to Hartford, which he did, and I arrived at Hartford that night and lodged at Ripley's inn opposite the State House. He treated me very kindly, indeed, wholly on account of my being your son. I was treated more like his own son than a stranger, for which I shall and ought to be very much obliged to him. The next morning I hired a horse and chaise of him to carry me to Weathersfield and arrived at Mr. Marsh's, who was very glad to see me and begged me to stay till S. Barrell went, which was the next Monday, for his mother would not let him go so soon, she was so glad to see him. I was sorry to trouble them so much, but, as they desired it, and, as Samuel B. was not to go till then, I agreed to stay and hope you will not disapprove it, and am sorry I could not write you sooner to relieve your minds from your anxiety on my account, and am sorry for giving my good parents so much trouble and expense. You expend and have expended a great deal more money upon me than I deserve, and granted me a great many of my re-

quests, and I am sure I can certainly grant you one, that of being *economical*, which I shall certainly be and not get money to buy trifling things. I begin to think *money* of some importance and too great value to be thrown away.

Yesterday morning about ten o'clock I set out for New Haven with S. Barrell and arrived well a little before dark. I went directly to Dr. Dwight's, which I easily found, and delivered the letter to him, drank tea at his house, and then Mr. Sereno Dwight carried me to Mr. Davis's who had agreed to take me. While I was at Dr. Dwight's there was a woman there whom the Dr. recommended to Sam. B. and me to have our mending done, and Mrs. Davis or a washerwoman across the way will do my washing, so I am very agreeably situated. I also gave the letter to Mr. Beers and he has agreed to let me have what you desired. I have got Homer's Iliad in two volumes, with Latin translation of him, for \$3.25. I need no other books at present.

S. Barrell has a room in the north college and, as he says, a very agreeable chum.

Next spring I hope you will come on and fix matters. I long to get into the college, for it appears to me now as though I was not a member of college but fitting for college. I hope next spring will soon come.

My whole journey from Charlestown here cost me £2 16s., and 4d., a great deal more than either you or I had calculated on. I am sorry to be of so much trouble to you and the cause of so much anxiety in you and especially in mama. I wish you to give my very affectionate love to my dear brothers, and tell them they

must write me and not be homesick, but consider that I am farther from home than they are, 136 miles from home. I remain

Your ever affectionate son,

S. F. B. MORSE.

It would seem, from other letters which follow, that he had difficulty in keeping up with his class, and that he eventually dropped a class, for he did not graduate until 1810. He also seems to have been rooming outside of college and to have been eager to go in.

It is curious, in the light of future events, to note that young Morse's parents were fearful lest his volatile nature and lack of steadfastness of purpose should mar his future career. His dominating characteristic in later life was a bulldog tenacity, which led him to stick to one idea through discouragements and disappointments which would have overwhelmed a weaker nature.

The following extracts are from a long letter from his mother dated November 23, 1805: —

"I am fearful, my son, that you think a great deal more of your amusements than your studies, and there lies the difficulty, and the same difficulty would exist were you in college.

"You have filled your letter with requests to go into college and an account of a gunning party, both of which have given us pain. I am truly sorry that you appear so unsteady as by *your own account* you are. . . .

"You mention in the letter you wrote first that, if you went into college, you and your chum would want brandy and wine and segars in your room. Pray is that

the custom among the students? We think it a very improper one, indeed, and hope the government of college will not permit it. There is no propriety at all in such young boys as you having anything to do with anything of the kind, and your papa and myself positively prohibit you the use of these things till we think them more necessary than we do at present. . . .

"You will remember that you have promised in your first letter to be an economist. In your last letter you seem to have forgotten all about it. Pray, what do your gunning parties cost you for powder and shot? I beg you to consider and not go driving on from one foolish whim to another till you provoke us to withdraw from you the means of gratifying you in anything that may be even less objectionable than gunning."

These exhortations seem to have had, temporarily, at least, the desired effect, for in a letter to his parents dated December 18, 1805, young Morse says: "I shall not go out to gun any more, for I know it makes you anxious about me."

The letters of the parents to the son are full of pious exhortations, and good advice, and reproaches to the boy for not writing oftener and more at length, and for not answering every question asked by the parents. It is comforting to the present-day parent to learn that human nature was much the same in those pious days of old, differing only in degree, and that there is hope for the most wayward son and careless correspondent.

The following letters from the elder Morse I shall include as being of rather more than ordinary interest, and as showing the breadth of his activity.

CHARLESTOWN, December 23, 1806.

TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON,

REV'D AND RESPECTED SIR, — I presume that it might be agreeable to you to know the precise state of the property which originally belonged to the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia.

I have with some pains obtained the law of that State respecting this singular business.

I find that it destroys *the establishment* and asserts that "all property belonging to the said (Protestant Episcopal) Church devolved on the good people of this Commonwealth (i.e., Virginia) on the dissolution of the British Government here, in the same degree in which the right and interest of the said Church was therein derived from them," and authorizes the overseers of the poor of any county "in which any glebe land is vacant, or shall become so by the death or removal of any incumbent, to sell all such land and appurtenances and every other species of property incident thereto to the highest bidder" — "Provided that nothing herein contained shall authorize an appropriation to *any religious purpose whatever*."

I make no comments on the above. I believe no other State in the Union has, in this respect, imitated the example of Virginia.

I take the liberty to send you a few small tracts for your acceptance in token of my high respect for your character and services.

Believe me, sir, unfeigningly,

Your obedient servant,

J. MORSE.

December 26, 1806.

LINDLEY MURRAY ESQ.,

DEAR SIR, — Your polite note and the valuable books accompanying it, forwarded by our friend Perkins, of New York, have been duly and gratefully received.

You will perceive, by the number of the "Panoplist" enclosed, that we are strangers neither to your works nor your character. It has given me much pleasure as an American to make both more extensively known among my countrymen.

I have purchased several hundred of your spelling books for a charitable society to which I belong, and they have been dispersed in the new settlements in our country, where I hope they will do immediate good, besides creating a desire and demand for more. It will ever give me pleasure to hear from you when convenient. Letters left at Mr. Taylor's will find me.

I herewith send you two or three pamphlets and a copy of the last edition of my "American Gazetteer" which I pray you to accept as a small token of the high respect and esteem with which I am

Your friend,

J. MORSE.

Young Morse now settled down to serious work as the following extracts will show, which I set down without further comment, passing rapidly over the next few years. He was, however, not entirely absorbed in his books but still longed for the pleasures of the chase: —

"May 13, 1807. Just now I asked Mr. Twining to let me go a-gunning for this afternoon. He told me you

had expressly forbidden it and he therefore could not. Now I should wish to go once in a while, for I always intend to be careful. I have no amusement now in the vacation, and it would gratify me very much if you would consent to let me go once in a while. I suppose you would tell me that my books ought to be my amusement. I cannot study all the time and I need some exercise. If I walk, that is no amusement, and if I wish to play ball or anything else, I have no one to play with. Please to write me an answer as soon as possible."

June 7, 1807.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — I hope you will excuse my not writing you sooner when I inform you that my time is entirely taken up with my studies.

In the morning I must rise at five o'clock to attend prayers and, immediately after, recitation; then I must breakfast and begin to study from eight o'clock till eleven; then recite my forenoon's lesson which takes me an hour.

At twelve I must study French till one, which is dinner-time. Directly after dinner I must recite French to Monsieur Value till two o'clock, then begin to study my afternoon lesson and recite it at five. Immediately after recitation I must study another French lesson to recite at seven in the evening; come home at nine o'clock and study my morning's lesson until ten, eleven, and sometimes twelve o'clock, and by that time I am prepared to sleep. . . . You see now I have enough to do, my hands as full as can be, not five minutes' time to take recreation. I am determined to study and, thus far, have not missed a single word. The students call me by the nickname of "Geography."

“June 18, 1807. Last week I went to Mr. Beers and saw a set of Montaigne’s ‘Essays’ in French in eight volumes, duodecimo, handsomely bound in calf and gilt, for two dollars. The reason they are so cheap is because they are wicked and bad books for me or anybody else to read. I got them because they were cheap, and have exchanged them for a handsome English edition of ‘Gil Blas’; price, \$4.50.”

In the fall of 1807 Finley Morse returned to college accompanied by his next younger brother, Sidney Edwards. In a letter of March 6, 1808, he says: “Edwards and myself are very well and I believe we are doing well, but you will learn more of that from our instructors.”

In this same letter he says: —

“I find it impossible to live in college without spending money. At one time a letter is to be paid for, then comes up a great tax from the class or society, which keeps me constantly running after money. When I have money in my hand I feel as though I had stolen it, and it is with the greatest pain that I part with it. I think every minute I shall receive a letter from home blaming me for not being more economical, and thus I am kept in distress all the time.

“The amount of my expenses for the last term was fifteen dollars, expended in the following manner: —

BILL OF EXPENSES

17

	Dols.	Cts.
"Postage	\$2.05	
Oil	.50	
Taxes, fines, etc.	3.00	
Oysters	.50	
Washbowl	.37½	
Skillet	.33	
Axe \$1.33 Catalogues .12	1.45	
Powder and shot	1.12½	
Cakes, etc. etc. etc.	1.75	
Wine, Thanks. day	.20	
Toll on bridge	.15	
Grinding axe	.08	
Museum	.25	
Poor man	.14	
Carriage for trunk	1.00	
Pitcher	.41	14.75½
Sharpening skates	.37½	
Circ. Library	.25	Paid for cutting wood .25
Post papers	.57	
Lent never to be returned	.25	
	\$14.75½	\$15.00½

"In my expenses I do not include my wood, tuition bills, board or washing bills."

How characteristic of all boys of all times the "etc., etc., etc.," tacked on to the "cakes" item, and how many boys of the present day would bewail the extravagance of fifteen dollars spent in one term on extras? In a postscript in this same letter he says: "The students are very fond of raising balloons at present. I will (with your leave) when I return home make one. They are pleasant sights."

College terms were very different in those days from what they are at present, for September 5 finds the boys still in New Haven, and Finley says, "There is but three and a half weeks to Commencement."

In this same letter he gives utterance to these filial

sentiments: "I now make those only my companions who are the most religious and moral, and I hope sincerely that it will have a good effect in changing that thoughtless disposition which has ever been a striking trait in my character. As I grow older, I begin to think better of what you have always told me when I was small. I begin to know by experience that man is born to trouble, and that temptations to do evil are as countless as the stars, but I hope I shall be enabled to shun them."

This is from a letter of January 9, 1809: —

"I have been reading the first volume of Professor Silliman's 'Journal' which he kept during his passage to and residence in Europe. I am very much pleased with it. I long for the time when I shall be able to travel with improvement to myself and society, and hope it will be in your power to assist me.

"I have a very ardent desire of travelling, but I consider that an education is indispensable to me and I mean to apply myself with all diligence for that purpose. *Diligentia vincit omnia* is my maxim and I shall endeavor to follow it. . . . I shall be employed in the vacation in the Philosophical Chamber with Mr. Dwight, who is going to perform a number of experiments in *Electricity*."

It is, of course, only a curious coincidence that these two sentences should have occurred in the same letter, but it was when travelling, many years afterwards, that the first idea of the electric telegraph found lodgment in his brain, and this certainly resulted in improvement to himself and society.

In February, 1809, he writes: "My studies are at

present Optics in Philosophy, Dialling, Homer, beside disputing, composing, attending lectures etc. etc., all which I find very interesting and especially Mr. Day's lectures who is now lecturing on *Electricity*."

Young Morse's thoughts seem to have been gradually focusing on the two subjects to which he afterwards devoted his life, for in a letter of March 8, 1809, he says: "Mr. Day's lectures are very interesting. They are upon Electricity. He has given us some very fine experiments. The whole class taking hold of hands formed the circuit of communication and we all received the shock apparently at the same moment. I never took an electric shock before. It felt as if some person had struck me a slight blow across the arms. . . . I think with pleasure that two thirds of this term only remain. As soon as that is passed away, I hope I shall again see home. I really long to see Charlestown again; I have almost forgotten how it looks. I have some thoughts of taking a view of Boston from Bunker's Hill when I go home again. It will be some pleasure to me to have some picture of my native place to look upon when I am from home."

And in August, 1809, he writes to his parents: "I employ all my leisure time in painting. I have a great number of persons engaged already to be drawn on ivory, no less than seven. They obtain the ivories for themselves. I have taken Professor Kingsley's profile for him. It is a good likeness of him and he is pleased with it. I think I shall take his likeness on ivory and present it to him as my present at the end of the year. . . . I have finished Miss Leffingwell's miniature. It is a good likeness and she is very much pleased with it."

NEW HAVEN, May 29, 1810.'

MY DEAR PARENTS, — I arrived in this place on Sabbath evening by packet from New York. I left Philadelphia on Thursday morning at eight o'clock and arrived in New York on Friday at ten. . . .

I stayed in New York but one night. I found it quite insipid after seeing Philadelphia. [The character of the two cities seems to have changed a trifle in a hundred years, for, with all her faults, no one could nowadays accuse New York of being insipid.] I went on board the packet on Saturday at twelve o'clock and arrived, as I before stated, on Sabbath evening. We had, on the whole, a very good set of passengers from New York to this place. On Sunday we had two sermons read to us by one of them, Dr. Hawley, of this place, and in the evening we sang five psalms, and during the whole of the exercises the passengers conducted themselves with perfect decorum, although one of the sermons was one hour in length. . . .

June 25, 1810.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — I received yours of the 23d this day and receive with humility your reproof. I am extremely sorry it should have occasioned so many disagreeable feelings. I felt it my duty to tell you of my debts, and, indeed, I could not feel easy without. The amount of my buttery bill is forty-two or forty-three dollars.

Mr. Nettleton is butler and is willing I should take his likeness as part pay. I shall take it on ivory, and he has engaged to allow me seven dollars for it. My price is five dollars for a miniature on ivory, and I have en-

gaged three or four at that price. My price for profiles is one dollar, and everybody is ready to engage me at that price. . . . Though I have been much to blame in the present case, yet I think it, but just that Mr. Twinning should bear his part.

I had begun with a determination to pay for everything as I got it, but was stopped in this in the very beginning, for, in going to Mr. T. to get money, I have five times out of six found him absent, sometimes for the whole day, sometimes for a week or two weeks, and once he was absent six weeks and made no sort of provision for us. Mrs. T. is never trusted with money for us. Now in such case I am obliged by necessity to get a thing charged, and I have found by sad experience that a bill increases faster than I had in the least imagined. . . .

"July 22, 1810. I am now released from college and am attending to painting. All my class were accepted as candidates for degrees. Edwards is admitted a member of Φ BK Society, and is appointed as monitor to the next Freshman Class. Richard is chosen as one of the speakers the evening before Commencement.

"Edwards and Richard are both of them very steady and good scholars, and are much esteemed by the authority of college as well as their fellow students.

"As to my choice of a profession, I still think that I was made for a painter, and I would be obliged to you to make such arrangement with Mr. Allston for my studying with him as you shall think expedient. I should desire to study with him during the winter, and,

as he expects to return to England in the spring, I should admire to be able to go with him."

In answer to this letter his father wrote: —

CHARLESTOWN, July 26, 1810.

DEAR FINLEY, — I received your letter of the 22d to-day by mail.

On the subject of your future pursuits we will converse when I see you and when you get home. It will be best for you to form no plans. Your mama and I have been thinking and planning for you. I shall disclose to you our plan when I see you. Till then suspend your mind.

It gives us great pleasure to have you speak so well of your brothers. Others do the same and we hear well of you also. It is a great comfort to us that our sons are all likely to do so well and are in good reputation among their acquaintances. Could we have reason to believe you were all pious and had chosen the "good part," our joy concerning you all would be full. I hope the Lord in due time will grant us this pleasure.

"Seek the Lord," my dear son, "while he may be found."

Your affectionate father,

J. MORSE.

September 8, 1810.

DEAR MAMA, — Papa arrived here safely this evening and I need not tell you we were glad to see him. He has mentioned to me the plan which he proposed for my future business in life, and I am pleased with it, for I was determined beforehand to conform to his and your will in everything, and, when I come home, I



ELIZABETH ANN MORSE AND SIDNEY E. MORSE

From portraits by a Mr. Sargent, who also painted portraits of the Washington family



REV. JEDEDIAH MORSE AND S. F. B. MORSE

shall endeavor to make amends for the trouble and anxiety which you have been at on my account, by assisting papa in his labors and pursuing with ardor my own business. . . .

I have been extremely low-spirited for some days past, and it still continues. I hope it will wear off by Commencement Day. . . .

I am so low in spirits that I could almost cry.

It was no wonder that he was down-hearted, for he was ambitious and longed to carve out a great career for himself, while his good parents were conservative and wished him to become independent as soon as possible. Their plan was to apprentice him to a bookseller, and he dutifully conformed to their wishes for a time, but his ambition could not be curbed, and it was not long before he broke away.

CHAPTER II

OCTOBER 31, 1810 — AUGUST 17, 1811

Enters bookshop as clerk. — Devotes leisure to painting. — Leaves shop. — Letter to his brothers on appointments at Yale. — Letters from Joseph P. Rossiter. — Morse's first love affair. — Paints "Landing of the Pilgrims." — Prepares to sail with Allstons for England. — Letters of introduction from his father. — Disagreeable stage-ride to New York. — Sails on the *Lydia*. — Prosperous voyage. — Liverpool. — Trip to London. — Observations on people and customs. — Frequently cheated. — Critical time in England. — Dr. Lettsom. — Sheridan's verse. — Longing for a telegraph. — A ghost.

AFTER his graduation from Yale College in the fall of 1810, Finley Morse returned to his home in Charlestown, Mass., and cheerfully submitted himself to his parents' wishes by entering the bookshop of a certain Mr. Mallory.

He writes under date of October 31, 1810, to his brothers who are still at college: "I am in an excellent situation and on excellent terms. I have four hundred dollars per year, but this you must not mention out. I have the choice of my hours; they are from nine till one-half past twelve, and from three till sunset."

But he still clings to the idea of becoming a painter, for he adds: "My evenings I employ in painting. I have every convenience; the room over the kitchen is fitted up for me; I have a fire there every evening, and can spend it alone or otherwise as I please. I have bought me one of the new patent lamps, those with glass chimneys, which gives an excellent light. It cost me about six dollars. Send on as soon as possible anything and everything which pertains to my painting apparatus."

The following letter was written at some time in 1810 or 1811. It was addressed to Mr. Sereno E. Dwight: —

“Mr. Mallory a few days since handed me a letter from you requesting me, if possible, to sketch a likeness of young Mr. Daggett. Accordingly I have made the attempt and take the present opportunity of forwarding you the results. The task was hard but pleasurable. It is one of the most difficult undertakings to endeavor to take a portrait from recollection of one whose countenance has not been examined particularly for the purpose. When I made the first attempt, not a single feature could I recall distinctly to my memory and I almost despaired of a likeness, but the thought of lessening the affliction of such a distressed family determined me to attempt it a second time. The result is on the ivory. I then showed it to my brothers, to Mr. Evarts, to Mr. Hillhouse, to Mr. Mallory, and to Mr. Read, all of whom had not the least suspicion of anything of the kind, and they have severally and separately pronounced it a likeness of young Mr. Daggett. This encouraged me, and I made the two other sketches which are thought likewise to be resemblances of him.

“If these or any one of them can be recognized by the afflicted family as a resemblance of him they have lost, it will be an ample compensation to me to think that I have in any degree been the means of alleviating their suffering. . . .”

On December 8, 1810, he writes to his brother: “I have almost completed my landscape. It is ‘proper handsome,’ so they say, and they want to make me believe it is so, but I shan’t yet awhile.”

This shows the right frame of mind for an artist,

and yet, like most youthful painters, he attempted more than his proficiency warranted, for in this same letter he adds: "I am going to begin, as soon as I have finished it [the landscape], a piece, the subject of which will be 'Marius on the Ruins of Carthage.'"

On December 28, 1810, he writes: "I shall leave Mr. Mallory's next week and study painting exclusively till summer."

He had at last burst his bonds, and his wise parents, seeing that his heart was only in his painting, decided to throw no further obstacles in his way, but, at the cost of much self-sacrifice on their part, to further in every way his ambition.

January 15, 1811.

MY DEAR BROTHERS, — We have just received Richard's letter of the 8th inst., and I can have a pretty correct idea of your feelings at the beginning of a vacation. You must not be melancholy and hang yourself. If you do you will have a terrible scolding when you get home again. As for Richard's getting an appointment so low, if I was in his situation, I should not trouble myself one fig concerning *appointments*. They cost more than they are worth. I shall not esteem him the less for not getting a higher, and not more than one millionth part of the world knows what an appointment is. You will both of you have a different opinion of appointments after you have been out of college a short time. I had rather be Richard with a dialogue than Sanford with a dispute. If appointments at college decided your fate forever, you might possibly groan and wail. But then consider where poor I should come. [He got no appointment whatever.] Think of this,

LETTERS FROM JOSEPH P. ROSSITER 27

Richard, and *don't hang yourself*. [It may, perhaps, be well to explain that "appointments" were given at Yale to those who excelled in scholarship. "Philosophical Oration" was the highest, then came "High Oration," "Oration," etc., etc.] I have left Mr. Mallory's store and am helping papa in the Geography. Shall remain at home till the latter part of next summer and then shall go to London with Mr. Allston.

The following extracts from two letters of a college friend I have introduced as throwing some light on Morse's character at that time and also as curious examples of the epistolary style of those days: —

NEW HAVEN, February 5, 1811.

DEAR FINLEY, — Yours of the 6th ult. I received, together with the books enclosed, which I delivered personally according to your request.

Did I not know the nature of your disorder and the state of your *gizzard*, I should really be surprised at the commencement, and, indeed, the whole tenor of your letter, but as it is I can excuse and feel for you.

Had I commenced a letter with the French *Hélas ! hélas !* it would have been no more than might reasonably have been expected considering the desolate situation of New Haven and the gloomy prospects before me. But for you, who are in the very vortex of fashionable life and surrounded by the amusements and bustle of the metropolis of New England, for you to exclaim, "How lonely I am!" is unpardonable, or at most admits of but one excuse, to wit, that you can plead the feel-

ings of the youth who exclaimed, "Gods annihilate both time and space and make two lovers happy!"

You suppose I am so much taken up with the ladies and other good things in New Haven that I have not time to think of one of my old friends. Alas! Morse, there are no ladies or anything else to occupy my attention. They are all gone and we have no amusements. Even old Value has deserted us, whose music, though an assemblage of "unharmonious sounds," is infinitely preferable to the harsh grating thunder of his brother. New Haven is, indeed, this winter a dreary place. I wrote you about a month since and did then what you wish me now to do, — I mentioned all that is worth mentioning, which, by the way, is very little, about New Haven and its inhabitants.

Since then I have been to New York and saw the Miss Radcliffs, and, in passing through Stamford, the Miss Davenport. The mention of the name of Davenport would at one time have excited in your breast emotions unutterable, but now, though Ann is as lovely as ever, your heart requires the influence of another Hart to quicken its pulsations. . . . Last but not least comes the all-conquering, the angelic queen of Harts. I have not seen her since she left New Haven, but have heard from her sister Eliza that she is in good health and is going in April to New York with Mrs. Jarvis (her sister) to spend the summer and perhaps a longer time, where she will probably break many a proud heart and bend many a stubborn knee. I fear, Morse, unless you have her firmly in your toils, I fear she may not be able to withstand every attack, for New York abounds with elegant and accomplished young men.

You mention that you have again changed your mind as to the business which you intend to pursue. I really thought that the plan of becoming a bookseller would be permanent because sanctioned by parental authority, but I am now convinced that your mind is so much bent upon painting that you will do nothing else effectually. It is indeed a noble art and if pursued effectually leads to the highest eminence, for painters rank with poets, and to be placed in the scale with Milton and Homer is an honor that few of mortal mould attain unto. . . . I wish, Finley, that you would paint me a handsome piece for a keepsake as you are going to Europe and may not be back in a hurry. Present my respects to Mr. Hillhouse. His father's family are well. Adieu.

Your affectionate friend,
JOS. P. ROSSITER.

From this letter and from others we learn that young Morse's youthful affections were fixed on a certain charming Miss Jannette Hart, but, alas! he proved a faithless lover, for his friend Rossiter thus reproves him in a letter of May 8, 1811:—

“Oh! most amazing change! Can it be possible? Oh! Love, and all ye cordial powers of passion, forbid it! Still, still the dreadful words glare on my sight. Alas! alas! and is it, then, a fact? If so 't is pitiful, 't is wondrous pitiful. Cupid, tear off your bandage, new string your bow and tip your arrows with harder adamant. Oh! shame upon you, only hear the words of your exultant votarist—‘Even Love, which according to the proverb conquers all things, when put in com-

petition with painting, must yield the palm and be a willing captive.' Oh! fie, fie, good master Cupid, you shoot but poorly if a victim so often wounded can talk in terms like these.

"Poor luckless Jannette! the epithets 'divine' and 'heavenly' which have so often been applied to thee are now transferred to miserable daubings with oil and clay. Dame Nature, your triumph has been short. Poor foolish beldam, you thought, indeed, when you had formed your masterpiece and named her Jannette, that unqualified admiration would be extorted from the lips of prejudice itself, and that, at least, till age had worn off the first dazzling lustre from your favorite, your sway would have been unlimited and your exultation immeasurable. My good old Dame, hear for your comfort what a foolish, fickle youth has dared to say of your darling Jannette, and that while she is yet in the first blush and bloom of virgin loveliness — '*next to painting I love Jannette the best.*' Insufferable blasphemy! Hear, O Heavens, and be amazed! Tremble, O Earth, and be horribly afraid!"

In spite of this impassioned arraignment, Morse devoted himself exclusively to his art for the next few years, and we have only occasional references in the letters that follow to his first serious love affair.

We also hear nothing further of "Marius on the Ruins of Carthage"; but in February, 1811, he writes to his brothers: "I am painting my large piece, the landing of our forefathers at Plymouth. Perhaps I shall have it finished by the time you come home in the spring. My landscape I finished sometime since, and it is framed and hung up in the front parlor."

PREPARES TO SAIL FOR ENGLAND 31

At last in July, 1811, the great ambition of the young man was about to be realized and he prepared to set sail for England with his friend and master, Washington Allston. His father, having once made up his mind to allow his son to follow his bent, did everything possible to further his ambition and assist him in his student years. He gave him many letters of introduction to well-known persons in England and France, one of which, to His Excellency C. M. Talleyrand, I shall quote in full.

SIR, — I had the honor to introduce to you, some years since, a young friend of mine, Mr. Wilder, who has since resided in your country. Your civility to him induces me to take the liberty to introduce to you my eldest son, who visits Europe for the purpose of perfecting himself in the art of painting under the auspices of some of your eminent artists. Should he visit France, as he intends, I shall direct him to pay his respects to you, sir, assured that he will receive your protection and patronage so far as you can with convenience afford them.

In thus doing you will much oblige,

Sir, with high consideration

Your most ob'd't. Serv't,

JED. MORSE.

In another letter of introduction, to whom I cannot say, as the address on the copy is lacking, the father says: —

“His parents had designed him for a different profession, but his inclination for the one he has chosen was

so strong, and his talents for it, in the opinion of some good judges, so promising, that we thought it not proper to attempt to control his choice.

“In this country, young in the arts, there are few means of improvement. These are to be found in their perfection only in older countries, and in none, perhaps, greater than in yours. In compliance, therefore, with his earnest wishes and those of his friend and patron, Mr. Allston (with whom he goes to London), we have consented to make the sacrifice of feeling (not a small one), and a pecuniary exertion to the utmost of our ability, for the purpose of placing him under the best advantage of becoming eminent in his profession, in hope that he will consecrate his acquisitions to the glory of God and the best good of his fellow men.”

Morse arrived in New York on July 6, 1811, after a several days' journey from Charlestown which he describes as very terrible on account of the heat and dust. People were dying from the heat in New York where the thermometer reached 98° in the shade. He says: —

“My ride to New Haven was beyond everything disagreeable; the sun beating down upon the stage (the sides of which we were obliged to shut up on account of the sun) which was like an oven, and the wind, instead of being in our faces as papa supposed, was at our back and brought into our faces such columns of dust as to hinder us from seeing the other side of the stage.

“I never was so completely covered with dust in my life before. Mama, perhaps, will think that I experienced some inconvenience from such a fatigu-

ing journey, but I never felt better in my life than now."

The optimism of youth when it is doing what it wants to do.

He had taken passage on the good ship *Lydia* with Mr. and Mrs. Allston and some eleven other passengers, and the sailing of the ship was delayed for several days on account of contrary winds, but at last, on July 13, the voyage was begun.

ON BOARD THE LYDIA,
OFF SANDY HOOK, July 15, 1811.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — After waiting a great length of time I have got under way. We left New York Harbor on Saturday, 13th, about twelve o'clock and went as far as the quarantine ground on Staten Island, where, on account of the wind, we waited over Sunday.

We are now under sail with the pilot on board. We have a fair wind from S.S.W. and shall soon be out of sight of land. We have fourteen very agreeable passengers, an experienced and remarkably pleasant captain, and a strong, large, fast-sailing ship. We expect from twenty-five to thirty days' passage. . . . We have a piano-forte on board and two gentlemen who play elegantly, so we shall have fine times. I am in good spirits, though I feel rather singularly to see my native shores disappearing so fast and for so long a time.

I am not yet seasick, but expect to be a little so in a few days. We shall probably be boarded by a British vessel of war soon; there are a number off the coast, but they treat American vessels very civilly.

He kept a careful diary of the voyage to England and again resumed it when he returned to America in 1815. The voyage out was most propitious and lasted but twenty-two days in all: a very short one for that time. As the diary contains nothing of importance relating to the eastern voyage, being simply a record of good weather, fair winds, and pleasant companions, I shall not quote from it at present.

It was all pleasure to the young man, who had never before been away from home, and he sees no reason why people should dread a sea voyage.

The journal of the return trip tells a different story, as we shall see later on, for the passage lasted fifty-seven days, and head winds, gales, and even hurricanes were encountered all the way across, and he wonders why any one should go to sea who can remain safely on land.

LIVERPOOL, August 7, 1811.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — You see from the date that I have at length arrived in England. I have had a most delightful passage of twenty days from land to land and two in coming up the channel.

As this is a letter merely to inform you of my safe arrival I shall not enter into the particulars of our voyage until I get to London, to which place I shall proceed as soon as possible.

Suffice it to say that I have not been sick a moment of the passage, but, on the contrary, have never enjoyed my health better. I have not as yet got my trunks from the custom-house, but presume I shall meet with no difficulty.

I am now at the Liverpool Arms Inn. It is the same inn that Mr. Silliman put up at; it is, however, very

expensive; they charge the enormous sum, I believe, of a guinea or a guinea and a half a day.

If I should be detained a day or two in this place I shall endeavor to find out other lodgings; at present, however, it is unavoidable, as all the other passengers are at the same place with me. You may rest assured I shall do everything in my power to be economical, but to avoid imposition of some kind or other cannot be expected, since every one who has been in England and spoken of the subject to me has been imposed upon in some way or other.

You cannot think how many times I have expressed a wish that you knew exactly how I was situated. My passage has been so perfectly agreeable, I know not of a single circumstance that has interfered to render it otherwise, through the whole passage. There has been but one day in which we have not had fair winds. Mr. and Mrs. Allston are perfectly well. She has been seasick, but has been greatly benefited by it. She is growing quite healthy. I have grown about three shades darker in consequence of my voyage. I have a great deal to tell you which I must defer till I arrive in London. . . . Oh! how I wish you knew at this moment that I am safe and well in England.

Good-bye. Do write soon and often as I shall.

Your very affectionate son,

SAML. F. B. MORSE.

Everything was new and interesting to the young artist, and his critical observations on people and places, on manners and customs, are naïve and often very keen. The following are extracts from his diary: —

“As to the manners of the people it cannot be expected that I should form a correct opinion of them since my intercourse with them has been so short, but, from what little I have seen, I am induced to entertain a very favorable opinion of their hospitality. The appearance of the women as I met them in the streets struck me on account of the beauty of their complexions. Their faces may be said to be handsome, but their figures are very indifferent and their gait, in walking, is very bad.

“On Friday, the 9th of August, I went to the Mayor to get leave to go to London. He gave me ten days to get there, and told me, if he found me in Liverpool after that time, he should put me in prison, at which I could not help smiling. His name is Drinkwater, but from the appearance of his face I should judge it might be Drink-brandy.

“On account of his limiting us to ten days we prepared to set out for London immediately as we should be obliged to travel slowly. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Allston and myself ordered a post-chaise, and at twelve o'clock we set out for Manchester, intending to stay there the first night. . . . The people, great numbers of whom we passed, had cheerful, healthy countenances; they were neat in their dress and appeared perfectly happy. . . .

“Much has been said concerning the miserable state in which the lower class of people live in England but especially in large manufacturing cities. That they are so unhappy as some would think I conceive to be erroneous. We are apt to suppose people are unhappy for the reason that, were we taken from our present situation of independence and placed in their situation of depend-

ence, we should be unhappy; not considering that contentment is the foundation of happiness. As far as my own observation extends, and from what I can learn on inquiry, the lower class of people generally are contented. N.B. I have altered my opinion since writing this. . . .

“Thus far on our journey we have had a very pleasant time. There is great difference I find in the treatment of travellers. They are treated according to the style in which they travel. If a man arrives at the door of an inn in a stage-coach, he is suffered to alight without notice, and it is taken for granted that common fare will answer for him. But if he comes in a post-chaise, the whole inn is in an uproar; the whole house come to the door, from the landlord down to boots. One holds his hand to help you to alight, another is very officious in showing you to the parlor, and another gets in the baggage, whilst the landlord and landlady are quite in a bustle to know what the gentleman will please to have. This attention, however, is very pleasant, you are sure to be waited upon well and can have everything you will call for, and that of the nicest kind. It is the custom in this country to hire no servants at inns. They, on the contrary, pay for their places and the only wages they get is from the generosity of travellers.

“This circumstance at first would strike a person unacquainted with the customs of England as a very great imposition. I thought so, but, since I have considered the subject better, I believe that there could not be a wiser plan formed. It makes servants civil and obliging and always ready to do anything; for, knowing that they depend altogether on the bounty of travellers, they would fear to do anything which would in the least

offend them; and, as there is a customary price for each grade of servants, a person who is travelling can as well calculate the expense of his journey as though they were nothing of the kind."

"*London, August 15, 1811.* You see from the date that I have at length arrived at the place of my destination. I have been in the city about three hours, so you see what is my first object. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Allston with myself took a post-chaise which, indeed, is much more expensive than a stage-coach, but, on account of Mrs. Allston's health, which you know was not very good when in Boston (although she is much benefited by her voyage), we were obliged to travel slowly, and in this manner it has cost us perhaps double the sum which it would have done had we come in a stage-coach. But necessity obliged me to act as I have done. I found myself in a land of strangers, liable to be cheated out of my teeth almost, and, if I had gone to London without Mr. Allston, by waiting at a boarding-house, totally unacquainted with any living creature, I should probably have expended the difference by the time he had arrived. . . . I trust you will not think it extravagant in me for doing as I have done, for I assure you I shall endeavor to be as economical as possible.

"I also mentioned in my letter that I could scarcely expect to steer free from imposition since none of my predecessors have been able to do it. Since writing that letter I have found (in spite of all my care to the contrary) my observation true. In going from the Liverpool Arms to Mr. Woolsey's, which is over a mile, I was under the necessity of getting into a hackney-coach. Upon asking what was to pay he told me a shilling. I

offered him half a guinea to change, which I knew to be good, having taken it at the bank in New York.

“He tossed it into the air and caught it in his mouth very dexterously, and, handing it to me back again, told me it was a bad one. I looked at it and told him I was sure it was good, but, appealing to a gentleman who was passing, I found it was bad. Of course I was obliged to give him other money. When I got to my lodgings I related the circumstance to some of my friends and they told me he had cheated me in this way: that it was common for them to carry bad money about them in their mouths, and, when this fellow had caught the good half-guinea in his mouth, he changed it for a bad one. This is one of the thousand tricks they play every day. I have likewise received eleven bad shillings on the road between Liverpool and this place, and it is hardly to be wondered at, for the shilling pieces here are just like old buttons without eyes, without the sign of an impression on them, and one who is not accustomed to this sort of money will never know the difference.

“I find, as mama used to tell me, that I must watch my very teeth or they will cheat me out of them.”

“*Friday, 16th, 1811.* This morning I called on Mr. Bromfield and delivered my letters. He received me very cordially, enquired after you particularly, and invited me to dine with him at 5 o’clock, which invitation I accepted. . . . I find I have arrived in England at a very critical state of affairs. If such a state continues much longer, England must fall. American measures affect this country more than you can have any idea of. The embargo, if it had continued six weeks longer, it is said would have forced this country into any measures.”

“Saturday, 17th. I have been unwell to-day in some degree, so that I have not been able to go out all day. It was a return of the colic. I sent my letter of introduction to Dr. Lettsom with a request that he would call on me, which he did and prescribed a medicine which cured me in an hour or two, and this evening I feel well enough to resume my letter.

“Dr. Lettsom is a very singular man. He looks considerably like the print you have of him. He is a moderate Quaker, but not precise and stiff like the Quakers of Philadelphia. He is a very pleasant and sociable man and withal very blunt in his address. He is a man of excellent information and is considered among the greatest literary characters here. There is one peculiarity, however, which he has in conversation, that of using the verb in the third person singular with the pronoun in the first person singular and plural, as instead of ‘I show’ or ‘we show,’ he says ‘I shows,’ ‘we shows,’ etc., upon which peculiarity the famous Mr. Sheridan made the following lines in ridicule of him:—

“If patients call, both one and all
I bleeds ’em and I sweats ’em,
And if they die, why what care I—
I. LETTSOM.

“This is a liberty I suppose great men take with each other. . . .

“Perhaps you may have been struck at the lateness of the hour set by Mr. Bromfield for dinner [5 o’clock!], but that is considered quite early in London. I will tell you the fashionable hours. A person to be genteel must rise at twelve o’clock, breakfast at two, dine at six, and sup at the same time, and go to bed about three o’clock

the next morning. This may appear extravagant, but it is actually practised by the greatest of the fashionables of London. . . .

"I think you will not complain of the shortness of this letter. I only wish you now had it to relieve your minds from anxiety, for, while I am writing, I can imagine mama wishing that she could hear of my arrival, and thinking of thousands of accidents that may have befallen me, and *I wish that in an instant I could communicate the information*; but three thousand miles are not passed over in an instant and we must wait four long weeks before we can hear from each other."

(The italics are mine, for on the outside of this letter written by Morse in pencil are the words: —

"A longing for the telegraph even in this letter.")

"There has a ghost made its appearance a few streets only from me which has alarmed the whole city. It appears every night in the form of shriekings and groanings. There are crowds at the house every night, and, although they all hear the noises, none can discover from whence they come. The family have quitted the house. I suppose 't is only a hoax by some rogue which will be brought out in time."

CHAPTER III

AUGUST 24, 1811 — DECEMBER 1, 1811

Benjamin West. — George III. — Morse begins his studies. — Introduced to West. — Enthusiasms. — Smuggling and lotteries. — English appreciation of art. — Copley. — Friendliness of West. — Elgin marbles. — Cries of London. — Custom in knocking. — Witnesses balloon ascension. — Crowds. — Vauxhall Gardens. — St. Bartholomew's Fair. — Efforts to be economical. — Signs of war. — Mails delayed. — Admitted to Royal Academy. — Disturbances, riots, and murders.

AT this time Benjamin West the American was President of the Royal Academy and at the zenith of his power and fame. Young Morse, admitted at once into the great man's intimacy through his connection with Washington Allston and by letters of introduction, was dazzled and filled with enthusiasm for the works of the master. He considered him one of the greatest of painters, if not the greatest, of all times. The verdict of posterity does not grant him quite so exalted a niche in the temple of Fame, but his paintings have many solid merits and his friendship and favor were a source of great inspiration to the young artist.

Mr. Prime in his biography of Morse relates this interesting anecdote: —

“During the war of American Independence, West, remaining true to his native country, enjoyed the continued confidence of the King, and was actually engaged upon his portrait when the Declaration of Independence was handed to him. Mr. Morse received the facts from the lips of West himself, and communicated them to me in these words: —

“‘I called upon Mr. West at his house in Newman

Street one morning, and in conformity with the order given to his servant, Robert, always to admit Mr. Leslie and myself, even if he was engaged in his private studies, I was shown into his studio.

“As I entered, a half-length portrait of George III stood before me upon an easel, and Mr. West was sitting with back toward me copying from it upon canvas. My name having been mentioned to him, he did not turn, but, pointing with the pencil he had in his hand to the portrait from which he was copying, he said:—

“ “Do you see that picture, Mr. Morse?”

“ “Yes sir!” I said; “I perceive it is the portrait of the King.”

“ “Well,” said Mr. West, “the King was sitting to me for that portrait when the box containing the American Declaration of Independence was handed to him.”

“ “Indeed,” I answered; “what appeared to be the emotions of the King? what did he say?”

“ “Well, sir,” said Mr. West, “he made a reply characteristic of the goodness of his heart,” or words to that effect. “Well, if they can be happier under the government they have chosen than under mine, I shall be happy.” ” ” ”

On August 24, 1811, Morse writes to his parents:—

“I have begun my studies, the first part of which is drawing. I am drawing from the head of Demosthenes at present, to get accustomed to handling black and white chalk. I shall then commence a drawing for the purpose of trying to enter the Royal Academy. It is a much harder task to enter now than when Mr. Allston was here, as they now require a pretty accurate knowledge of anatomy before they suffer them to enter, and

I shall find the advantage of my anatomical lectures. I feel rather encouraged from this circumstance, since the harder it is to gain admittance, the greater honor it will be should I enter. I have likewise begun a large landscape which, at a bold push, I intend for the Exhibition, though I run the risk of being refused. . . .

"I was introduced to Mr. West by Mr. Allston and likewise gave him your letter. He was very glad to see me, and said he would render me every assistance in his power.

"At the British Institution I saw his famous piece of Christ healing the sick. He said to me: 'This is the piece I intended for America, but the British would have it themselves; but I shall give America the better one.' He has begun a copy, which I likewise saw, and there are several alterations for the better, if it is possible to be better. A sight of that piece is worth a voyage to England of itself. When it goes to America, if you don't go to see it, I shall think you have not the least taste for paintings.

"The encomiums which Mr. West has received on account of that piece have given him new life, and some say he is at least ten years younger. He is now likewise about another piece which will probably be superior to the other. He favored me with a sight of the sketch, which he said he granted to me because I was an American. He had not shown it to anybody else. Mr. Allston was with me and told me afterwards that, however superior his last piece was, this would far exceed it. The subject is Christ before Pilate. It will contain about fifty or sixty figures the size of life.

"Mr. West is in his seventy-sixth year (I think), but,

to see him, you would suppose him only about five-and-forty. He is very active; a flight of steps at the British Gallery he ran up as nimbly as I could. . . . I walked through his gallery of paintings of his own productions; there were upward of two hundred, consisting principally of the original sketches of his large pieces. He has painted in all upwards of six hundred pictures, which is more than any artist ever did with the exception of Rubens the celebrated Dutch painter. . . .

“I was surprised on entering the gallery of paintings in the British Institution, at seeing eight or ten *ladies* as well as gentlemen, with their easels and palettes and oil colors, employed in copying some of the pictures. You can see from this circumstance in what estimation the art is held here, since ladies of distinction, without hesitation or reserve, are willing to draw in public. . . .

“By the way, I digress a little to inform you how I got my segars on shore. When we first went ashore I filled my pockets and hat as full as I could and left the rest in the top of my trunk intending to come and get them immediately. I came back and took another pocket load and left about eight or nine dozen on the top of my clothes. I went up into the city again and forgot the remainder until it was too late either to take them out or hide them under the clothes. So I waited trembling (for contraband goods subject the whole trunk to seizure), but the custom-house officer, being very good-natured and clever, saw them and took them up. I told him they were only for my own smoking and there were so few that they were not worth seizing. ‘Oh,’ says he, ‘I shan’t touch them; I won’t know they are here,’ and then

shut down the trunk again. As he smoked, I gave him a couple of dozen for his kindness."

What a curious commentary on human nature it is that even the most pious, up to our own time, can see no harm in smuggling and bribery. And, as another instance of how the standards of right and wrong change with the changing years, further on in this same letter to his strict and pious parents young Morse says: —

"I have just received letters and papers from you by the Galen which has arrived. I was glad to see American papers again. I see by them that the lottery is done drawing. How has my ticket turned out? If the weight will not be too great for one shipload, I wish you would send the money by the next vessel."

The lottery was for the benefit of Harvard College.

"*September 3, 1811.* I have finished a drawing which I intended to offer at the Academy for admission. Mr. Allston told me it would undoubtedly admit me, as it was better than two thirds of those generally offered, but advised me to draw another and remedy some defects in handling the chalks (to which I am not at all accustomed), and he says I shall enter with some *éclat*. I showed it to Mr. West and he told me it was an extraordinary production, that I had talent, and only wanted knowledge of the art to make a great painter."

In a letter to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, dated September 17, 1811, he says: —

"I was astonished to find such a difference in the encouragement of art between this country and America. In America it seemed to lie neglected, and only thought to be an employment suited to a lower class of people; but here it is the constant subject of conversation, and

the exhibitions of the several painters are fashionable resorts. No person is esteemed accomplished or well educated unless he possesses almost an enthusiastic love for paintings. To possess a gallery of pictures is the pride of every nobleman, and they seem to vie with each other in possessing the most choice and most numerous collection. . . . I visited Mr. Copley a few days since. He is very old and infirm. I think his age is upward of seventy, nearly the age of Mr. West. His powers of mind have almost entirely left him; his late paintings are miserable; it is really a lamentable thing that a man should outlive his faculties. He has been a first-rate painter, as you well know. I saw at his room some exquisite pieces which he painted twenty or thirty years ago, but his paintings of the last four or five years are very bad. He was very pleasant, however, and agreeable in his manners.

“Mr. West I visit now and then. He is very liberal to me and gives me every encouragement. He is a very friendly man; he talked with me like a father and wished me to call and see him often and be intimate with him. Age, instead of impairing his faculties, seems rather to have strengthened them, as his last great piece testifies. He is soon coming out with another which Mr. Allston thinks will far surpass even this last. The subject is Christ before Pilate.

“I went last week to Burlington House in Piccadilly, about forty-five minutes’ walk, the residence of Lord Elgin, to see some of the ruins of Athens. Lord Elgin has been at an immense expense in transporting the great collection of splendid ruins, among them some of the original statues of Phidias, the celebrated ancient

sculptor. They are very much mutilated, however, and impaired by time; still there was enough remaining to show the inferiority of all subsequent sculpture. Even those celebrated works, the Apollo Belvedere, Venus di Medicis, and the rest of those noble statues, must yield to them. . . .

"The cries of London, of which you have doubtless heard, are very annoying to me, as indeed they are to all strangers. The noise of them is constantly in one's ears from morning till midnight, and, with the exception of one or two, they all appear to be the cries of distress. I don't know how many times I have run to the window expecting to see some poor creature in the agonies of death, but found, to my surprise, that it was only an old woman crying 'Fardin' apples,' or something of the kind. Hogarth's picture of the enraged musician will give you an excellent idea of the noise I hear every day under my windows. . . .

"There is a singular custom with respect to knocking at the doors of houses here which is strictly adhered to. A servant belonging to the house rings the bell only; a strange servant knocks once; a market man or woman knocks once and rings; the penny post knocks twice; and a gentleman or lady half a dozen quick knocks, or any number over two. A nobleman generally knocks eight or ten times very loud.

"The accounts lately received from America look rather gloomy. They are thought here to wear a more threatening aspect than they have heretofore done. From my own observation and opportunity of hearing the opinion of the people generally, they are extremely desirous of an amicable adjustment of differences, and seem

as much opposed to the idea of war as the better part of the American people. . . .

“In this letter you will perceive all the variety of feeling which I have had for a fortnight past; sometimes in very low, sometimes in very high spirits, and sometimes a balance of each; which latter, though very desirable, I seldom have, but generally am at one extreme or the other. I wrote this in the evenings of the last two weeks, and this will account, and I hope apologize, for its great want of connection.”

In a long letter to a friend, dated September 17, 1811, he thus describes some of the sights of London: —

“A few days since I walked about four miles out of town to a village of the name of Hackney to witness the ascension of a Mr. Sadler and another gentleman in a balloon. It was a very grand sight, and the next day the aeronauts returned to Hackney, having gone nearly fifty miles in about an hour and a half. The number of people who attended on this occasion might be fairly estimated at 300,000, such a concourse as I never before witnessed.

“When the balloon was out of sight the crowd began to return home, and such a confusion it is almost impossible for me to describe. A gang of pickpockets had contrived to block up the way, which was across a bridge, with carriages and carts, etc., and as soon as the people began to move it created such an obstruction that, in a few moments, this great crowd, in the midst of which I had unfortunately got, was stopped. This gave the pickpockets an opportunity and the people were plundered to a great amount.

“I was detained in this manner, almost suffocated,

in a great shower of rain, for about an hour, and, what added to the misery of the scene, there were a great many women and children crying and screaming in all directions, and no one able to assist them, not even having a finger at liberty, they were wedged in in such a manner. I had often heard of the danger of a London crowd, but never before experienced it, and I think once is amply sufficient and shall rest satisfied with it.

“A few evenings since I visited the celebrated Vauxhall Gardens, of which you have doubtless often heard. I must say they far exceeded my expectations; I never before had an idea of such splendor. The moment I went in I was almost struck blind with the blaze of light proceeding from thousands of lamps and those of every color.

“In the midst of the gardens stands the orchestra box in the form of a large temple and most beautifully illuminated. In this the principal band of music is placed. At a little distance is another smaller temple in which is placed the Turkish band. On one side of the gardens you enter two splendid saloons illuminated in the same brilliant manner. In one of them the Pandean band is placed, and in the other the Scotch band. All around the gardens is a walk with a covered top, but opening on the sides under curtains in festoons, and these form the most splendid illuminated part of the whole gardens. The amusements of the evening are music, waterworks, fireworks, and dancing.

“The principal band plays till about ten o’clock, when a little bell is rung, and the whole concourse of people (the greater part of which are females) run to a dark part of the gardens where there is an admirable decep-

tion of waterworks. A bridge is seen over which stages and wagons, men and horses, are seen passing; birds flying across and the water in great cataracts falling down from the mountains and passing over smaller falls under the bridges; men are seen rowing a boat across, and, indeed, everything which could be devised in such an exhibition was performed.

“This continues for about fifteen minutes, when they all return into the illuminated part of the gardens and are amused by music from the same orchestra till eleven o’clock. They then are called away again to the dark part of the gardens, where is an exhibition of the most splendid fireworks; sky-rockets, serpents, wheels, and fountains of fire in the greatest abundance, occupying twenty minutes more of the time.

“After this exhibition is closed, they again return into the illuminated parts of the gardens, where the music strikes up from the chief orchestra, and hundreds of groups are immediately formed for dancing. Respectable ladies, however, seldom join in this dance, although gentlemen of the first distinction sometimes for amusement lend a hand, or rather a foot, to the general cheerfulness.

“All now is gayety throughout the gardens; every one is in motion, and care, that bane of human happiness, for a time seems to have lost her dominion over the human heart. Had the Eastern sage, who was in search of the land of happiness, at this moment been introduced into Vauxhall, I think his most exalted conceptions of happiness would have been surpassed, and he would rest contented in having at last found the object of his wishes.

“In a few minutes the chief orchestra ceases and is relieved in turn by the other bands, the company following the music. The Scotch band principally plays Scotch reels and dances. The music and this course of dancing continue till about four o’clock in the morning, when the lights are extinguished and the company disperses. On this evening, which was by no means considered as a full night, the company consisted of perhaps three thousand persons.

“I had the pleasure a few days since of witnessing one of the oddest exhibitions, perhaps, in the world. It was no other than *St. Bartholomew’s Fair*. It is held here in London once a year and continues three days. There is a ceremony in opening it by the Lord Mayor, which I did not see. At this fair the lower orders of society are let loose and allowed to amuse themselves in any lawful way they please. The fair is held in Smithfield Market, about the centre of the city. The principal amusement appeared to be swinging. There were large boxes capable of holding five or six suspended in large frames in such manner as to vibrate nearly through a semicircle. There were, to speak within bounds, three hundred of these. They were placed all round the square, and it almost made me giddy only to see them all in motion. They were so much pressed for room that one of these swings would clear another but about two inches, and it seemed almost miraculous to me that they did not meet with more accidents than they did.

“Another amusement were large wheels, about thirty or forty feet in diameter, on the circumference of which were four and sometimes six boxes capable of holding four persons. These are set in slow motion, and they

gradually rise to the top of the wheel and as gradually descend and so on in succession. There were various other machines on the same principle which I have not time to describe.

“In the centre of the square was an assemblage of everything in the world; theatres, wild beasts, *lusus naturæ*, mountebanks, buffoons, dancers on the slack wire, fighting and swearing, pocket-picking and stealing, music and dancing, and hubbub and confusion in every confused shape.

“The theatres are worth describing; they are temporary buildings put up and ornamented very richly on the exteriors to attract attention, while the interiors, like many persons' heads, are but very poorly furnished. Strolling companies of players occupy these, and between the plays the actors and actresses exhibit themselves on a stage before the theatre in all their spangled robes and false jewels, and strut and flourish about till the theatre is filled.

“Then they go in and turn, perhaps, a very serious tragedy into one of the most ridiculous farces. They occupy about fifteen minutes in reciting a play and then a fresh audience is collected, and so they proceed through the three days and nights, so that the poor actors and actresses are killed about fifty times in the course of a day.

“A person who goes into one of these theatres must not expect to hear a syllable of the tragedy. If he can look upon the stage it is as much as he can expect, for there is such a confused noise without of drums and fifes, clarionets, bassoons, hautboys, triangles, fiddles, bass-violis, and, in short, every possible instrument that

can make a noise, that if a person gets safe from the fair without the total loss of his hearing for three weeks he may consider himself fortunate. Contiguous to the theatres are the exhibition rooms of the jugglers and buffoons, who also between their exhibitions display their tricks on stages before the populace, and show as many antics as so many monkeys. But were I to attempt a description of everything I saw at Bartholomew Fair my letter, instead of being a few sheets, would swell to as many quires; so I must close it.

"I shall probably soon witness an exhibition of a more interesting nature; I mean a coronation. The King is now so very low that he cannot survive more than a week or two longer, and immediately on his death the ceremony of the coronation takes place. If I should see it I shall certainly describe it to you."

The King, George III, did not, however, die until 1820.

In a letter of September 20 to his parents he says: "I endeavor to be as economical as possible and am getting into the habit very fast. It must be learned by degrees. I shall not say, as Salmagundi says, — 'I shall spare no expense in discovering the most economical way of spending money,' but shall endeavor to practise it immediately."

"*September 24, 1811.* You will see by the papers which accompany this what a report respecting the capture of the U.S. frigate *President* by *Melampus* frigate prevails here. It is sufficient to say it is not in the least credited.

"In case of war I shall be ordered out of the country. If so, instead of returning home, had I not better go to

Paris, as it is cheaper living there even than in London, and there are great advantages there? I only ask the question in case of war. . . . I am going on swimmingly. Next week on Monday the Royal Academy opens and I shall present my drawing."

"*October 21, 1811.* I wrote you by the Galen about three weeks ago and have this moment heard she was still in the Downs. I was really provoked. There is great deception about vessels; they advertise for a certain day and perhaps do not sail under a month after. The Galen has been going and going till I am sick of hearing she has n't gone."

"*November 6, 1811.* After leaving this letter so long, as you see by the different dates, I again resume it. Perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you that but yesterday I heard that the Galen is still wind-bound. It makes my letters which are on board of her about five or six weeks old, besides the prospect of a long voyage. However it is not her fault. There are three or four hundred vessels in the same predicament. The wind has been such that it has been impossible for any of them to get under weigh; but I must confess I feel considerably anxious on your account. . . .

"I mentioned in one of my other letters that I had drawn a figure (the Gladiator) to admit me into the Academy. After I had finished it I was displeased with it, and concluded not to offer it, but to attempt another. I have accordingly drawn another from the Laocoön statue, the most difficult of all the statues; have shown it to the keeper of the Academy and *am admitted for a year* without the least difficulty. Mr. Allston was pleased to compliment me upon it by saying that it was better

than two thirds of the drawings of those who had been drawing at the Academy for two years."

"*November 25, 1811.* I mentioned in my last letter that I had entered the Royal Academy, which information I hope will give you pleasure. I now employ my days in painting at home and in the evenings in drawing at the Academy as is customary. I have finished a landscape and almost finished a copy of a portrait which Mr. West lent me. Mr. Allston has seen it and complimented me by saying it was just a hundred times better than he had any idea I could do, and that I should astonish Mr. West very much. I have also begun a landscape, a morning scene at sunrise, which Mr. Allston is very much pleased with. All these things encourage me, and, as every day passes away, I feel increased enthusiasm. . . .

"Distresses are increasing in this country, and disturbances, riots, etc., have commenced as you will see by the papers which accompany this. They are considered very alarming."

"*December 1, 1811.* I am pursuing my studies with increased enthusiasm, and hope, before the three years are out, to relieve you from further expense on my account. Mr. Allston encourages me to think thus from the rapid improvement he says I have made. You may rest assured I shall use all my endeavors to do it as soon as may be. . . .

"This country appears to me to be in a very bad state. I judge from the increasing disturbances at Nottingham, and more especially from the startling murders lately committed in this city.

"A few mornings since was published an account of

the murder of a family consisting of four persons, and this moment there is another account of the murder of one consisting of three persons, making the twelfth murder committed in that part of the city within three months, and not one of the murderers as yet has been discovered, although a reward of more than seven hundred pounds has been offered for the discovery.

“The inhabitants are very much alarmed, and hereafter I shall sleep with pistols at the head of my bed, although there is little to apprehend in this part of the city. Still, as I find many of my acquaintance adopting that plan, I choose rather to be on the safe side and join with them.”

CHAPTER IV

JANUARY 18, 1812 — AUGUST 6, 1812

Political opinions. — Charles R. Leslie's reminiscences of Morse, Allston, King, and Coleridge. — C. B. King's letter. — Sidney E. Morse's letter. — Benjamin West's kindness. — Sir William Beechy. — Murders, robberies, etc. — Morse and Leslie paint each other's portraits. — The elder Morse's financial difficulties. — He deprecates the war talk. — The son differs with his father. — The Prince Regent. — Orders in Council. — Estimate of West. — Alarming state of affairs in England. — Assassination of Perceval, Prime Minister. — Execution of assassin. — Morse's love for his art. — Stephen Van Rensselaer. — Leslie the friend and Allston the master. — Afternoon tea. — The elder Morse well known in Europe. — Lord Castle-reagh. — The Queen's drawing-room. — Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. — Zachary Macaulay. — Warning letter from his parents. — War declared. — Morse approves. — Gratitude to his parents, and to Allston.

THE years from 1811 to 1815 which were passed by Morse in the study of his art in London are full of historical interest, for England and America were at war from 1812 to 1814, and the campaign of the allied European Powers against Napoleon Bonaparte culminated in Waterloo and the Treaty of Paris in 1815.

The young man took a deep interest in these affairs and expressed his opinions freely and forcibly in his letters to his parents. His father was a strong Federalist and bitterly deprecated the declaration of war by the United States. The son, on the contrary, from his point of vantage in the enemy's country saw things from a different point of view and stoutly upheld the wisdom, nay, the necessity, of the war. His parents and friends urged him to keep out of politics and to be discreet, and he seems, at any rate, to have followed their advice in the latter respect, for he was not in any way molested by the authorities.

At the same time he was making steady progress in his studies and making friends, both among the Americans who were his fellow students or artists of established reputation, and among distinguished Englishmen who were friends of his father.

Among the former was Charles R. Leslie, his roommate and devoted friend, who afterwards became one of the best of the American painters of those days. In his autobiography Leslie says: —

“My new acquaintances Allston, King, and Morse were very kind, but still they were *new* acquaintances. I thought of the happy circle round my mother’s fire-side, and there were moments in which, but for my obligations to Mr. Bradford and my other kind patrons, I could have been content to forfeit all the advantages I expected from my visit to England and return immediately to America. The two years I was to remain in London seemed, in prospect, an age.

“Mr. Morse, who was but a year or two older than myself, and who had been in London but six months when I arrived, felt very much as I did and we agreed to take apartments together. For some time we painted in one room, he at one window and I at the other. We drew at the Royal Academy in the evening and worked at home in the day. Our mentors were Allston and King, nor could we have been better provided; Allston, a most amiable and polished gentleman, and a painter of the purest taste; and King, warm-hearted, sincere, sensible, prudent, and the strictest of economists.

“When Allston was suffering extreme depression of spirits after the loss of his wife, he was haunted during sleepless nights by horrid thoughts, and he told me that

diabolical imprecations forced themselves into his mind. The distress of this to a man so sincerely religious as Allston may be imagined. He wished to consult Coleridge, but could not summon resolution. He desired, therefore, that I should do it, and I went to Highgate where Coleridge was at that time living with Mr. Gillman. I found him walking in the garden, his hat in his hand (as it generally was in the open air), for he told me that, having been one of the Bluecoat Boys, among whom it is the fashion to go bareheaded, he had acquired a dislike to any covering of the head.

"I explained the cause of my visit and he said: 'Allston should say to himself, "*Nothing is me but my will*. These thoughts, therefore, that force themselves on my mind are no part of *me* and there can be no guilt in them.'" If he will make a strong effort to become indifferent to their recurrence, they will either cease or cease to trouble him.'

"He said much more, but this was the substance, and, after it was repeated to Allston, I did not hear him again complain of the same kind of disturbance."

Mr. C. B. King, the other friend mentioned by Leslie, returned to America in 1812, and writes from Philadelphia, January 3, 1813: —

MY DEAR FRIENDS, This will be handed you by Mr. Payne, of Boston, who intends passing some time in England. . . . I have not been here sufficiently long to forget the delightful time when we could meet in the evening with novels, coffee, and *music by Morse*, with the conversation of that dear fellow Allston. The reflection that it will not again take place, comes across

my mind accompanied with the same painful sensation as the thought that I must die.

That Morse was not forgotten by the good people at home is evidenced by a letter from his brother, Sidney Edwards, of January 18, 1812, part of which I transcribe:—

DEAR BROTHER, — I am sitting in the parlor in the armchair on the right of the fireplace, and, as I hold my paper in my hand, with my feet sprawled out before the fire, and with my body reclining in an oblique position against the back of the chair, I am penning you a letter such as it is, and for the inverted position of the letters of which I beg to apologize.

As I turn my eyes upward and opposite I behold the family picture painted by an ingenious artist who, I understand, is at present residing in London. If you are acquainted with him, give my love to him and my best wishes for his prosperity and success in the art to which, if report says true, he has devoted himself with much diligence.

Richard sits before me writing to you, and mama says (for I have just asked her the question) that she is engaged in the same business. Papa is upstairs very much engaged in the selfsame employment. Four right hands are at this instant writing to give you, at some future moment, the pleasure of perusing the products of their present labor. Four imaginations are now employed in conceiving of a son or a brother in a distant land. Therefore we may draw the conclusion that you are not universally forgotten, and consequently all do not forget you.

I have written you this long letter because I knew that you would be anxious for the information it contains; because papa told me I must write; because mama said I had better write; because I had nothing else to do, and because I had n't time to write a shorter. I trust for these special reasons you will excuse me for this once, especially when you consider that you asked me to write you long letters; when you consider that it is my natural disposition to express my sentiments fully; that I commonly say most when I have least *to* say; that I promise reformation in future, and that you shall hereafter hear from me on this subject.

As to news, I am sorry to say we are entirely out. We sent you the last we had by the Sally Ann. We hope to get some ready by the time the next ship sails, and then we will furnish you with the best the country affords.

From a letter of January 30, 1812, to his parents I select the following passages:—

“On Tuesday last I dined at Mr. West’s, who requested to be particularly remembered to you. He is extremely attentive and polite to me. He called on me a few days ago, which I consider a very marked attention as he keeps so confined that he seldom pays any visits. . . .

“I have changed my lodgings to No. 82 in the same street [Great Titchfield Street], and have rooms with young Leslie of Philadelphia who has just arrived. He is very promising and a very agreeable room-mate. We are in the same stage of advancement in art.

“I have painted five pieces since I have been here, two landscapes and three portraits; one of myself, one a

copy from Mr. West's copy from Vandyke, and the other a portrait of Mr. Leslie, who is also taking mine. . . . I called a day or two since on Sir William Beechy, an artist of great eminence, to see his paintings. They are beautiful beyond anything I ever imagined. His principal excellence is in coloring, which, to the many, is the most attractive part of art. Sir William is considered the best colorist now living.

"You may be apt to ask, 'If Sir William is so great and even the best, what is Mr. West's great excellence?' Mr. West is a bad colorist in general, but he excels in the grandeur of his thought. Mr. West is to painting what Milton is to poetry, and Sir William Beechy to Mr. West as Pope to Milton, so that by comparing, or rather illustrating the one art by the other, I can give you a better idea of the art of painting than in any other way. For as some poets excel in the different species of poetry and stand at the head of their different kinds, in the same manner do painters have their particular branch of their art; and as epic poetry excels all other kinds of poetry, because it addresses itself to the sublimer feelings of our nature, so does historical painting stand pre-eminent in our art, because it calls forth the same feelings. For poets' and painters' minds are the same, and I infer that painting is superior to poetry from this: — that the painter possesses with the poet a vigorous imagination, where the poet stops, while the painter exceeds him in the mechanical and very difficult part of the art, that of handling the pencil.

"I gave you a hint in letter number 12 and a particular account in number 13 of the horrid murders committed in this city. It has been pretty well ascertained from

a variety of evidence that all of them have been committed by one man, who was apprehended and put an end to his life in prison. Very horrid attempts at robbery and murder have been very frequent of late in all parts of the city, and even so near as within two doors of me in the same street, but do not be alarmed, you have nothing to fear on my account. Leslie and myself sleep in the same room and sleep armed with a pair of pistols and a sword and alarms at our doors and windows, so we are safe on that score. . . .

"In my next I shall give you some account of politics here and as it respects America. The Federalists are certainly wrong in very many things. . . .

"P.S. I wish you would keep my letter in which I enumerate all my friends, and when I say, 'Give my love to my friends,' imagine I write them all over, and distribute it out to all as you think I ought, always particularizing Miss Russell, my patroness, my brothers, relations, and Mr. Brown and Nancy [his old nurse]. This will save me time, ink, trouble, and paper."

Concerning the portraits which Morse and Leslie were painting of each other, the following letter to Morse's mother, from a friend in Philadelphia and signed "R. W. Snow," will be found interesting: —

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have this moment received a letter from Miss Vaughan in London, dated February 20, 1812, and, knowing the passage below would be interesting to you, I transcribe it with pleasure, and add my very sincere wish that all your hopes may be realized.

"Dr. Morse's son is considered a young man of very promising talents by Mr. Allston and Mr. West and by

HIS FATHER IN FINANCIAL STRAITS 65

those who have seen his paintings. We have seen him and think his modesty and apparent amiableness promise as much happiness to his friends as his talents may procure distinction for himself. He is peculiarly fortunate, not only in having Mr. Allston for an adviser and friend, but in his companion in painting, Mr. Leslie, a young man from Philadelphia highly recommended by my uncle there, and whose extreme diffidence adds to the most promising talents the patient industry and desire of improvement which are necessary to bring them to perfection. They have been drawing each other's pictures. Mr. Leslie is in the Spanish costume and Mr. Morse in Highland dress. They are in an unfinished state, but striking resemblances."

This Highland lad, I hope, my dear friend, you will see, and in due time be again blessed with the interesting original.

At this time the good father was sore distressed financially. He was generous to a fault and had, by endorsing notes and giving to others, crippled his own means. He says in a letter to his son dated March 21, 1812: —

"The Parkman case remains yet undecided and I know not that it ever will be. There is a strange mystery surrounding the business which I am not able to unravel. The court is now in session in Boston which is expected to decide the case. In a few days we shall be able to determine what we have to expect from this case. If we lose it, your mother and I have made up our minds to sit down contented with the loss. I trust we shall be enabled to pay our honest debts without it and to support ourselves.

“As to you and your brothers, I trust, with your education, you will be able to maintain yourselves, and your parents, too, should they need it in their old age. Probably this necessity laid on you for exertion, industry, and economy in early life will be better for you in the end than to be supported by your parents. In nine cases out of ten those who begin the world with nothing are richer and more useful men in life than those who inherit a large estate. . . .

“We have just heard from your brothers, who are well and in fine spirits. Edwards writes that he thinks of staying in New Haven another year and of pursuing *general science*, and afterwards of purchasing a plantation and becoming a planter in some one of the Southern States!! Perhaps he intends to marry some rich planter’s daughter and to get his plantation and negroes in that way. This, I imagine, will be his only way to do it.

“The newspapers which I shall send with this will inform you of the state of our public affairs. We have high hopes that Governor Strong will be our governor next year. I have no belief that our *war hawks* will be able to involve the country in a war with Great Britain, nor do I believe that the President really wishes it. It is thought that all the war talk and preparations are intended to effect the reelection of Mr. Madison. The *Henry Plot* is a farce intended for the same purpose, but it can never be got up. It will operate against its promoters.”

While the father was thus writing, on March 21, of the political conditions in America from his point of view, almost at the same moment the son in England was expressing himself as follows: —

“March 25, 1812. With respect to politics I know very little, my time being occupied with much pleasanter subjects. I, however, can answer your question whether party spirit is conducted with such virulence here as in America. It is by no means the case, for, although it is in some few instances very violent, still, for the most part, their debates are conducted with great coolness.

“As to the Prince Regent, you have, perhaps, heard how unpopular he has made himself. He has disappointed the expectations of very many. Among the most unpopular of his measures may be placed the retention of the Orders in Council, which orders, notwithstanding the declarations of Mr. Perceval [the Prime Minister] and others in the Ministry to the contrary, are fast, very fast reducing this country to ruin; and it is the opinion of some of the best politicians in this country that, should the United States either persist in the Non-Intercourse Law or declare war, this country would be reduced to the lowest extremity.¹

“Bankruptcies are daily increasing and petitions from all parts of the Kingdom, praying for the repeal of the Orders in Council, have been presented to the Prince, but he has declined hearing any of them. Also the Catholic cause remains undecided, and he refuses hearing anything on that subject. But no more of politics. I am sure you must have more than sufficient at home.

“I will turn to a more pleasant subject and give you a slight history of the American artists now in London.

¹ Orders in Council were issued by the sovereign, with the advice of the Privy Council, in periods of emergency, trusting to their future ratification by Parliament. In this case, while promulgated as a retaliatory measure against Bonaparte's Continental System, they bore heavily upon the commerce of the United States.

“At the head stands Mr. West. He stands and has stood so long preëminent that I could relate but little of his history that would be new to you, so that I shall confine myself only to what has fallen under my own observation, and, of course, my remarks will be few.

“As a painter Mr. West can be accused of as few faults as any artist of ancient or modern times. In his studies he has been indefatigable, and the result of those studies is a perfect knowledge of the philosophy of his art. There is not a line or a touch in his pictures which he cannot account for on philosophical principles. They are not the productions of accident, but of study.

“His principal excellence is considered composition, design, and elegant grouping; and his faults were said to be a hard and harsh outline and bad coloring. These faults he has of late in a great degree amended. His outline is softer and his coloring, in some pictures in which he has attempted truth of color, is not surpassed by any artist now living, and some have even said that Titian himself did not surpass it. However that may be, his pictures of a late date are admirable even in this particular, and it evinces that, if in general he neglected that fascinating branch of art in some of his paintings, he still possesses a perfect knowledge of all its artifices. He has just completed a picture, an historical landscape, which, for clearness of coloring combined with grandeur of composition, has never been excelled.

“In his private character he is unimpeachable. He is a man of tender feelings, but of a mind so noble that it soars above the slanders of his enemies, and he expresses pity rather than revenge towards those who,

through wantonness or malice, plan to undermine his character. No man, perhaps, ever passed through so much abuse, and none, I am confident, ever bore up against its virulence with more nobleness of spirit, with a steady perseverance in the pursuit of the sublimest of human professions. He has travelled on heedless of the sneers, the ridicule, or the detraction of his enemies, and he has arrived at that point where the lustre of his works will not fail to illuminate the dark regions of barbarism and distaste long after their bright author has ceased to exist.

“Excuse my fervor in the praise of this man. He is not a common man, not such a one as can be met with in every age. He is one of those geniuses who are doomed in their lifetime to endure the malice, the ridicule, and neglect of the world, and at their death to receive the praise and adoration of this same inconsistent world. I think there cannot be a stronger proof that human nature is always the same than that men of genius in all ages have been compelled to undergo the same disappointments and to pass through the same routine of calumny and abuse.”

The rest of this letter is missing, which is a great pity, as it would be interesting to read what Morse had to say of Allston, Leslie, and the others.

Was it a presentiment of the calumnies and abuse to which he himself was to be subjected in after life which led him to express himself so heartily in sympathy with his master West? And was it the inspiring remembrance of his master's calm bearing under these afflictions which heartened him to maintain a noble serenity under even greater provocation?

"April 21, 1812. I mentioned in my last letter that I should probably exceed my allowance this year by a few pounds, but I now begin to think that I shall not. I am trying every method to be economical and hope it will not be long before I shall relieve you from further expense on my account. . . .

"With respect to politics they appear gloomy on both sides. . . . You may depend on it England has injured us sorely and our Non-Intercourse is a just retaliation for those wrongs. Perhaps you will believe what is said in some of the Federal papers that that measure has no effect on this country. You may be assured the effects are great and severe; I am myself an eye-witness of the effects. The country is in a state of rebellion from literal starvation. Accounts are daily received which grow more and more alarming from the great manufacturing towns. Troops are in motion all over the country, and but last week measures were adopted by Parliament to prevent this metropolis from rising to rebellion, by ordering troops to be stationed round the city to be ready at a moment's warning. This I call an alarming period. Everybody thinks so and Mr. Perceval himself is frightened, and a committee is appointed to take into consideration the Orders in Council. Now, when you consider that I came to this country prejudiced against our government and its measures, and that I can have no bad motive in telling you these facts, you will not think hard of me when I say that I hope that our Non-Intercourse Law will be enforced with all its rigor, as I firmly believe it is the only way to bring this country to terms, and that, if persisted in, it will certainly bring them to terms. I know it must make some misery at

home, but it will be followed by a corresponding happiness after it. Some of you at home, I suppose, will call me a Democrat, but facts are stubborn things, and I can't deny the truth of what I see every day before my eyes. A man to judge properly of his country must, like judging of a picture, view it at a distance."

"*May 12, 1812.* I write in great haste to inform you of a dreadful event which happened here last evening, and rumors of which will probably reach you before this. Not to keep you in suspense it is no less than the *assassination* of *Mr. Perceval*, the Prime Minister of Great Britain. As he was entering the House of Commons last evening a little past five o'clock, he was shot directly through the heart by a man from behind the door. He staggered forward and fell, and expired in about ten minutes. . . .

"I have just returned from the House of Commons; there was an immense crowd assembled and very riotous. In the hall was written in large letters, 'Peace or the Head of the Regent.' This country is in a very alarming state and there is no doubt but great quantities of blood will be spilled before it is restored to order. Even while I am writing a party of Life Guards is patrolling the streets. London must soon be the scene of dreadful events.

"Last night I had an opportunity of studying the public mind. It was at the theatre; the play was 'Venice Preserved; or, the Plot Discovered.' If you will take the trouble just to read the first act you will see what relation it has to the present state of affairs. When Pierre says to Jaffier, 'Cans't thou kill a Senator?' there were three cheers, and so through the whole, whenever any-

thing was said concerning conspiracy and in favor of it, the audience applauded, and when anything was said against it they hissed. When Pierre asked the conspirators if Brutus was not a good man, the audience was in a great uproar, applauding so as to prevent for some minutes the progress of the performance. This I think shows the public mind to be in great agitation. The play of 'Venice Preserved' is not a moral play, and I should not ask you to read any part of it if I could better explain to you the feelings of the public."

A few days later, on May 17, he says in a letter to his brothers: —

"The assassin Bellingham was immediately taken into custody. He was tried on Friday and condemned to be executed to-morrow morning (Monday, 18th). I shall go to the place to see the concourse of people, for to see him executed I know I could not bear."

In a postscript written the day after he says: —

"I went this morning to the execution. A very violent rain prevented so great a crowd as was expected. A few minutes before eight o'clock Bellingham ascended the scaffold. He was very genteelly dressed; he bowed to the crowd, who cried out, 'God bless you,' repeatedly. I saw him draw the cap over his face and shake hands with the clergyman. I stayed no longer, but immediately turned my back and was returning home. I had taken but a few steps when the clock struck eight, and, on turning back, I saw the crowd beginning to disperse. I have felt the effects of this sight all day, and shall probably not get over it for weeks. It was a dreadful sight. There were no accidents."

In spite of all these momentous occurrences, the

young artist was faithfully pursuing his studies, for in this same letter to his brothers he says: —

“But enough of this; you will probably hear the whole account before this reaches you. I am wholly absorbed in the studies of my profession; it is a slow and arduous undertaking. I never knew till now the difficulties of art, and no one can duly appreciate it unless he has tried it. Difficulties, however, only increase my ardor and make me more determined than ever to conquer them.

“Mr. West is very kind to me; I visit him occasionally of a morning to hear him converse on art. He appears quite attached to me, as he is, indeed, to all young American artists. It seems to give him the greatest pleasure to think that one day the arts will flourish in America. He says that Philadelphia will be the Athens of the world. That city certainly gives the greatest encouragement of any place in the United States. Boston is most backward, so, if ever I should return to America, Philadelphia or New York would probably be my place of abode.

“I have just seen Mr. Stephen Van Rensselaer, who you know was at college with us, and with whom I was intimate. He was very glad to see me and calls on me every day while I am painting. He keeps his carriage and horses and is in the first circles here. I ride out occasionally with him; shall begin his portrait next week.”

Like a breath of fresh air, in all the heat and dust of these troublous times, comes this request from his gentle mother in a letter of May 8, 1812: —

“Miss C. Dexter requests the favor of you to take a sketch of the face of Mr. Southey and send it her.

He is a favorite writer with her and she has a great desire to see the style of his countenance. If you can get it, enclose it in a genteel note to her with a brief account of him, his age and character, etc."

The next letter of May 25, 1812, is from Morse to his parents.

"I have told you in former letters that my lodgings are at 82 Great Titchfield Street and that my room-mate is Leslie, the young man who is so much talked of in Philadelphia. We have lived together since December and have not, as yet, had a falling out. I find his thoughts of art agree perfectly with my own. He is enthusiastic and so am I, and we have not time, scarcely, to think of anything else; everything we do has a reference to art, and all our plans are for our mutual advancement in it. Our amusements are walking, *occasionally* attending the theatres, and the company of Mr. Allston and a few other gentlemen, consisting of three or four painters and poets. We meet by turn at each other's rooms and converse and laugh.

"Mr. Allston is our most intimate friend and companion. I can't feel too grateful to him for his attentions to me; he calls every day and superintends all we are doing. When I am at a stand and perplexed in some parts of the picture, he puts me right and encourages me to proceed by praising those parts which he thinks good, but he is faithful and always tells me when anything is bad.

"It is a mortifying thing sometimes to me, when I have been painting all day very hard and begin to be pleased with what I have done, on showing it to Mr. Allston, with the expectation of praise, and not only of praise

but a score of 'excellents,' 'well dones,' and 'admirables'; I say it is mortifying to hear him after a long silence say: 'Very bad, sir; that is not flesh, it is mud, sir; it is painted with brick dust and clay.'

"I have felt sometimes ready to dash my palette knife through it and to feel at the moment quite angry with him; but a little reflection restores me; I see that Mr. Allston is not a flatterer but a friend, and that really to improve I must see my faults. What he says after this always puts me in good humor again. He tells me to put a few flesh tints here, a few gray ones there, and to clear up such and such a part by such and such colors. And not only that, but takes the palette and brushes and shows me how, and in this way he assists me. I think it one of the greatest blessings that I am under his eye. I don't know how many errors I might have fallen into if it had not been for his attentions. . . .

"I am painting portraits alone at present. Our sitters are among our acquaintances. We paint them if they defray the expense of canvas and colors. . . .

"Mama wished me to send some specimens of my painting home that you might see my improvement. The pictures that I now paint would be uninteresting to you; they consist merely of studies and drawings from plaster figures, hands and feet and such things. The portraits are taken by those for whom they are painted. I shall soon begin a portrait of myself and will try and send that to you."

"*June 8, 1812.* Mama asks in one of her letters if we make our own tea. We do. The tea-kettle is brought to us boiling in the morning and evening and we make our own coffee (which, by the way, is very cheap here)

and tea. We live quite in the old bachelor style. I don't know but it will be best for me to live in this style through life; my profession seems to require all my time.

"Mr. Hurd will take a diploma to you, with others to different persons near Boston. I suppose it confers some title on you of consequence, as I saw at his house a great number to be sent to all parts of the world to distinguished men. I find papa is known here pretty extensively. Some one, hearing my name and that I am an American, immediately asks if I am related to you. . . .

"The Administration is at length formed, and, to the great sorrow of everybody, the old Ministers are re-elected. The Orders in Council are the subject of debate at the House of Commons this evening. It is an important crisis, though there is scarcely any hope of their repeal. If not, I sincerely hope that America will declare war.

"What Lord Castlereagh said at a public meeting a few days ago ought to be known in America. Respecting the Orders in Council, when some one said unless they were repealed war with America must be the consequence, he replied that, '*if the people would but support the Ministry in those measures for a short time, America would be compelled to submit, for she was not able to go to war.*' But I say, and so does every American here who sees how things are going with this country, that, should America but declare war, before hostilities commenced Great Britain would sue for peace on any terms. Great Britain is jealous of us and would trample on us if she could, and I feel ashamed when I see her supported

through everything by some of the Federal editors. I wish they could be here a few months and they would be ashamed of themselves. They are injuring their country, for it is *their* violence that induces this Government to persist in their measures by holding out hope that the parties will change, and that then they can compel America to do anything. If America loses in this contest and softens her measures towards this country, she never need expect to hold up her head again."

"*June 15, 1812.* The Queen held a drawing-room a short time since and I went to St. James's Palace to see those who attended. It was a singular sight to see the ladies and gentlemen in their court dresses. The gentlemen were dressed in buckram skirted coats without capes, long waistcoats, cocked hats, bag-wigs, swords, and large buckles on their shoes. The ladies in monstrous hoops, so that in getting into their carriages they were obliged to go edgewise. Their dresses were very rich; some ladies, I suppose, had about them to adorn them £20,000 or £30,000 worth of diamonds.

"I had a sight of the Prince Regent as he passed in his splendid state carriage drawn by six horses. He is very corpulent, his features are good, but he is very red and considerably bloated. I likewise saw the Princess Charlotte of Wales, who is handsome, the Dukes of Kent, Cambridge, Clarence, and Cumberland, Admiral Duckworth, and many others. The Prince held a levee a few days since at which Mr. Van Rensselaer was presented.

"I occasionally attend the theatres. At Covent Garden there is the best acting in the world; Mr. Kemble is the first tragic actor now in England; Cook was a rival and excelled him in some characters. Mrs. Siddons

is the first tragic actress, perhaps, that ever lived. She is now advanced in life and is about to retire from the stage; on the 29th of this month she makes her last appearance. I must say I admire her acting very much; she is rather corpulent, but has a remarkably fine face; the Grecian character is finely portrayed in it; she excels to admiration in deep tragedy. In Mrs. Beverly, in the play of the 'Gamesters' a few nights ago, she so arrested the attention of the house that you might hear your watch tick in your fob, and, at the close of the play, when she utters an hysteric laugh for joy that her husband was not a murderer, there were different ladies in the boxes who actually went into hysterics and were obliged to be carried out of the theatre. This I think is proof of good acting. Mrs. Siddons is a woman of irreproachable character and moves in the first circles; the stage will never again see her equal.

"You must n't think because I praise the acting that I am partial to theatres. I think in a certain degree they are harmless, but, too much attended, they dissipate the mind. There is no danger of my loving them too much; I like to go once in awhile after studying hard all day.

"Last night, as I was passing through Tottenham Court Road, I saw a large collection of people of the lower class making a most terrible noise by beating on something of the sounding genus. Upon going nearer and enquiring the cause, I found that a butcher had just been married, and that it is always the custom on such occasions for his brethren by trade to serenade the couple with *marrow-bones* and *cleavers*. Perhaps you have heard of the phrase 'musical as marrow-bones and cleavers'; this is the origin of it. If you wish to experi-

ence the sound let each one in the family take a pair of tongs and a shovel, and then, standing all together, let each one try to outdo the other in noise, and this will give you some idea of it. How this custom originated I don't know. I hope it is not symbolical of the *harmony* which is to exist between the parties married."

Among those eminent Englishmen to whom young Morse had letters of introduction was Zachary Macaulay, editor of the "Christian Observer," and father of the historian. The following note from him will be found of a delightful old-time flavor: —

Mr. Macaulay presents his compliments to Mr. Morse and begs to express his regret at not having yet been so fortunate as to meet with him. Mr. Macaulay will be particularly happy if it should suit Mr. Morse to dine with him at his house at Clapham on Saturday next at five o'clock. Mr. M.'s house is five doors beyond the Plough at the entrance of Clapham Common. A coach goes daily to Clapham from the Ship at Charing Cross at a quarter past three, and several leave Grace Church Street in the City every day at four. The distance from London Bridge to Mr. Macaulay's house is about four miles.

23d June, 1812.

In a letter from his mother of June 28, 1812, the anxious parent says: —

"Although we long to see you, yet we rejoice that you are so happily situated at so great a distance from our, at present, wretched, miserably distracted country, whose mad rulers are plunging us into an unnecessary

war with a country that I shall always revere as doing more to spread the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ to the benighted heathen, and those that are furnishing from lack of knowledge, than any other nation on the globe. Our hearts bleed at every pore to think of again being at war. We have not yet forgotten the wormwood and gall of the last revolution.

"We hope you will steer clear of any of the difficulties of the contest that is about to take place. We wish you to be very prudent and guarded in all your conversation and actions and not to make yourself a party man on either side. Have your opinions, but have them to yourself, and be sure you do not commit them to paper. It may do you great injury either on one side or the other, and you are not in your present situation as a politician but as an artist."

In this same letter his father adds: —

"The die is cast and our country plunged in war. . . . There is great opposition to it in the country. The papers, which you will have opportunity to see, will inform you of the state of parties. Your mother has given you sound advice as respects the course you should pursue. Be the *artist* wholly and let *politics* alone. I rejoice that you are where you are at the present time. You will do what you can without delay to support yourself, as I know not how we shall be able to procure funds to transmit to you, and, if we had them, how we could transmit them should the war continue."

To this the son answers in a letter of August 6, 1812: —

"I am improving, perhaps, the last opportunity I shall have for some time to write you. Mr. Wheeler,

an American, who has been here some time studying portrait painting, has kindly offered to deliver this to you.

“Our political affairs, it seems, have come to a crisis, which I sincerely hope will turn to the advantage of America; it certainly will not to this country. War is an evil which no man ought to think lightly of, but, if ever it was just, it now is. The English acknowledge it, and what can be more convincing proof than the confession of an enemy? I was sorry to hear of the riotous proceedings in Boston. If they knew what an injury they were doing their country in the opinion of foreign nations, they certainly would refrain from them. I assert (because I have proof) that the Federalists in the Northern States have done more injury to their country by their violent opposition measures than even a French alliance could. Their proceedings are copied into the English papers, read before Parliament, and circulated through the country, and what do they say of them? Do they say the Federalists are patriots and are firm in asserting the rights of their country? No; they call them *cowards*, a *base set*; say they are traitors to their country and ought to be hanged like traitors. These things I have heard and read, and therefore must believe them.

“I wish I could have a talk with you, papa; I am sure I could convince you that neither Federalists nor Democrats are Americans; that war with this country is just, and that the present Administration of our country has acted with perfect justice in all their proceedings against this country. . . .

“To observe the contempt with which America is spoken of, and the epithets of a ‘*nation of cheats*,’ ‘*sprung*

from convicts, 'pusillanimous,' 'cowardly,' and such like, — these I think are sufficient to make any true American's blood boil. These are not used by individuals only, but on the floor of the House of Commons. The good effects of our declaration of war begin to be perceived already. The tone of their public prints here is a little softer and more submissive. Not one has called in question the justice of the declaration of war; all say, 'We are in the wrong and we shall do well to get out of it as soon as possible.'

"I could tell you volumes, but I have not time, and it would, perhaps, be impolitic in the present state of affairs. I only wish that among the infatuated party men I may not find my father, and I hope that he will be *neutral* rather than oppose the war measure, for (if he will believe a son who loves him and his country better the longer and farther he is away from them) this war will reëstablish that character for honor and spirit which our country has lost through the proceedings of *Federalists*.

"But I will turn from this subject. My health and spirits are excellent and my love for my profession increases. I am painting a small historical piece; the subject is 'Marius in Prison,' and the soldier sent to kill him who drops his sword as Marius says, '*Durst thou kill Caius Marius?*' The historical fact you must be familiar with. I am taking great pains with it, and may possibly exhibit it in February at the British Gallery.

"I never think of my situation in this country but with gratitude to you for suffering me to pursue the profession of my choice, and for making so many sacrifices to gratify me. I hope I shall always feel grateful to the

best of parents and be able soon to show them I am so. In the mean time, if industry and application on my part can make them happy, be assured I shall use my best endeavors to be industrious, and in any other way to give them comfort. One of my greatest blessings here is Mr. Allston. He is like a brother to me, and not only is a most agreeable and entertaining companion, but he has been the means of giving me more knowledge (practical as well as theoretical) in my art than I could have acquired by myself in three years.

“In whatever circumstance I am, Mr. Allston I shall esteem as one of my best and most intimate friends, and in whatever I can assist him or his I shall feel proud in being able to do it.

“Mr. and Mrs. Allston are well. I dined with them yesterday at Captain Visscher’s, whom I have mentioned to you before as one of our passengers. He is very attentive to us, visits us constantly, and is making us presents of various kinds every day, such as half a dozen best Madeira, etc. He came out here with his lady to take possession of a fortune of £80,000 and was immensely rich before, having married Miss Van Rensselaer of Albany.”

CHAPTER V

SEPTEMBER 20, 1812 — JUNE 13, 1813

Models the "Dying Hercules." — Dreams of greatness. — Again expresses gratitude to his parents. — Begins painting of "Dying Hercules." — Letter from Jeremiah Evarts. — Morse upholds righteousness of the war. — Henry Thornton. — Political discussions. — Gilbert Stuart. — William Wilberforce. — James Wynne's reminiscences of Morse, Coleridge, Leslie, Allston, and Dr. Abernethy. — Letters from his mother and brother. — Letters from friends on the state of the fine arts in America. — "The Dying Hercules" exhibited at the Royal Academy. — Expenses of painting. — Receives Adelphi Gold Medal for statuette of Hercules. — Mr. Dunlap's reminiscences. — Critics praise "Dying Hercules."

THE young artist's letters to his parents at this period are filled with patriotic sentiments, and he writes many pages descriptive of the state of affairs in England and of the effects of the war on that country. He strongly upholds the justice of that war and pleads with his parents and brothers to take his view of the matter. They, on the other hand, strongly disapprove of the American Administration's position and of the war, and are inclined to censure and to laugh at the enthusiastic young man's heroics.

As we are more concerned with Morse's career as an artist than with his political sentiments, and as these latter, I fear, had no influence on the course of international events, I shall quote but sparingly from that portion of the correspondence, just enough to show that, whatever cause he espoused, then, and at all times during his long life, he threw himself into it heart and soul, and thoroughly believed in its righteousness. He was absolutely sincere, although he may sometimes have been mistaken.

In a letter dated September 20, 1812, he says: —

“I have just finished a model in clay of a figure (the ‘Dying Hercules’), my first attempt at sculpture. Mr. Allston is extremely pleased with it; he says it is better than all the things I have done since I have been in England put together, and says I must send a cast of it home to you, and that it will convince you that I shall make a painter. He says also that he will write to his friends in Boston to call on you and see it when I send it.

“Mr. West also was extremely delighted with it. He said it was not merely an academical figure, but displayed mind and thought. He could not have made me a higher compliment.

“Mr. West would write you, but he has been disabled from painting or writing for a long time with the gout in his right hand. This is a great trial to him.

“I am anxious to send you something to show you that I have not been idle since I have been here. My passion for my art is so firmly rooted that I am confident no human power could destroy it. [And yet, as we shall see later on, human injustice so discouraged him that he dropped the brush forever.]

“The more I study it, the greater I think is its claim to the appellation of ‘*divine*,’ and I never shall be able sufficiently to show my gratitude to my parents for their indulgence in so greatly enabling me to pursue that profession, without which I am sure I would be miserable. If ever it is my destiny to become great and worthy of a biographical memoir, my biographer will never be able to charge upon my parents that bigoted attachment to any individual profession, the exercise of which spirit

by parents toward their children has been the ruin of some of the greatest genuises; and the biography of men of genius has too often contained that reflection on their parents. If ever the contrary spirit was evident, it has certainly been shown by my parents towards me. Indeed, they have been almost too indulgent; they have watched every change of my capricious inclinations, and seem to have made it an object to study them with the greatest fondness. But I think they will say that, when my desire for change did cease, it always settled on painting.

"I hope that one day my success in my profession will reward you, in some measure, for the trouble and inconvenience I have so long put you to.

"I am now going to begin a picture of the death of Hercules from this figure, as large as life. The figure I shall send to you as soon as it is practicable, and also one of the same to Philadelphia, if possible in time for the next exhibition in May.

"I have enjoyed excellent health and spirits and am perfectly contented. The war between the two countries has not been productive of any measures against resident American citizens. I hope it will produce a good effect towards both countries."

He adds in a postscript that he has removed from 82 Great Titchfield Street to No. 8 Buckingham Place, Fitzroy Square.

The following extract from a letter to Morse written by his friend, Mr. Jeremiah Evarts, father of William M. Evarts, dated Charlestown, October 7, 1812, is interesting:—

"I am happy that you are so industriously and pros-

perously engaged in the prosecution of your profession. I hope you will let politics entirely alone for many reasons, not the least of which is a regard to the internal tranquillity of your own mind. I never yet knew a man made happy by studying politics; nor useful, unless he has great duties to perform as a citizen. You will receive this advice, I know, with your accustomed good nature."

The next letter, dated November 1, 1812, is a very long one, over eighteen large pages, and is an impassioned appeal to his father to look at the war from the son's point of view. I shall quote only a few sentences.

"Your last letter was of October 2, via Halifax, accompanying your sermon on Fast Day. The letter gave me great pleasure, but I must confess that the sentiments in the sermon appeared very *strange* to me, knowing what I, as well as every American here does, respecting the causes of the present war. . . ."Tis the character of Englishmen to be haughty, proud, and overbearing. If this conduct meets with no resistance, their treatment becomes more imperious, and the more submissive and conciliating is the object of their imperiousness, the more tyrannical are they towards it. This has been their uniform treatment towards us, and this character pervades all ranks of society, whether in public or private life.

"The only way to please John Bull is to give him a good beating, and, such is the singularity of his character that, the more you beat him, the greater is his respect for you, and the more he will esteem you. . . .

"If, after all I have now written, you still think that this war is unjust, and think it worth the trouble in

order to ascertain the truth, I wish papa would take a trip across the Atlantic. If he is not convinced of the truth of what I have written in less than two months, I will agree to support myself all the time I am in England after this date, and never be a farthing's more expense to you. . . . I was glad to hear that Cousin Samuel Breese is in the navy. I really envy him very much. I hope one day, as a painter, I may be able to hand him down to posterity as an American Nelson. . . . As to my letters of introduction, I find that a painter and a visitor cannot be united. Were I to deliver my letters the acquaintance could not be kept up, and the bare thought of encountering the English reserve is enough to deter any one. . . . This objection, however, might be got over did it not take up so much time. Every moment is precious to me now. I don't know how soon I may be obliged to return home for want of means to support me; for the difficulties which are increasing in this country take off the attention of the people from the fine arts, and they withhold that patronage from young artists which they would, from their liberality, in other circumstances freely bestow. . . .

"You mention that some of the Ralston family are in Boston on a visit, and that Mr. Codman is attached to Eliza. Once in my life, you know, if you had told me this and I had been a very bloody-minded young man, who knows but Mr. Codman might have been challenged. But I suppose he takes advantage of my being in England. If it is as you say, I am very happy to hear it, for Elizabeth is a girl whom I very much esteem, and there is no doubt that she will make an excellent wife."

In a letter from his mother of July 6, 1813, she thus

reassures him: "Mr. Codman is married. He married a Miss Wheeler, of Newburyport, so you will have no need of challenging him on account of Eliza Ralston."

In a postscript to the letter of November 1, Morse adds: —

"I have just read the political parts of this letter to my good friend Mr. A——n, and he not only approves of the sentiments in it, but pays me a compliment by saying that I have expressed the truth and nothing but the truth in a very clear and proper manner, and hopes it may do good."

Among young Morse's friends in England at that time was Henry Thornton, philanthropist and member of Parliament. In a letter to his parents of January 1, 1813, he says: —

"Last Thursday week I received a very polite invitation from Henry Thornton, Esq., to dine with him, which I accepted. I had no introduction to him, but, hearing that your son was in the country, he found me out and has shown me every attention. He is a very pleasant, sensible man, but his character is too well known to you to need any eulogium from me.

"At his table was a son of Mr. Stephen, who was the author of the odious Orders in Council. Mr. Thornton asked me at table if I thought that, if the Orders in Council had been repealed a month or two sooner, it would not have prevented the war. I told him I thought it would, at which he was much pleased, and, turning to Mr. Stephen, he said: 'Do you hear that, Mr. Stephen? I always told you so.'

"Last Wednesday I dined at Mr. Wilberforce's. I was extremely pleased with him. At his house I met Mr.

Grant and Mr. Thornton, members of Parliament. In the course of conversation they introduced America, and Mr. Wilberforce regretted the war extremely; he said it was like two of the same family quarrelling; that he thought it a judgment on this country for its wickedness, and that they had been justly punished for their arrogance and insolence at sea, as well as the Americans for their vaunting on land.

"As Mr. Thornton was going he invited me to spend a day or two at his seat at Clapham, a few miles out of town. I accordingly went and was very civilly treated. The *reserve* which I mentioned in a former letter was evident, however, here, and I felt a degree of embarrassment arising from it which I never felt in America. The second day I was a little more at my ease.

"At dinner were the two sons of the Mr. Grant I mentioned above. They are, perhaps, the most promising young men in the country, and you may possibly one day hear of them as at the head of the nation. [One of these young men was afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Glenelg.]

"After dinner I got into conversation with them and with Mr. Thornton, when America again became the topic. They asked me a great many questions respecting America which I answered to the best of my ability. They at length asked me if I did not think that the ruling party in America was very much under French influence. I replied 'No'; that I believed on the contrary that nine tenths of the American people were prepossessed strongly in favor of this country. As a proof I urged the universal prevalence of English fashions in preference to French, and English manners and customs; the uni-

versal rejoicings on the success of the English over the French; the marked attention shown to English travellers and visitors; the neglect with which they treated their own literary productions on account of the strong prejudice in favor of English works; that everything, in short, was enhanced in its value by having attached to it the name English.

“On the other hand, I told them that the French were a people almost universally despised in America, and by at least one half hated. As in England, they were esteemed the common enemies of mankind; that French fashions were discountenanced and loathed; that a Frenchman was considered as a man always to be suspected; that young men were forbidden by their parents, in many instances, to associate with them, they considering their company and habits as tending to subvert their morals, and to render them frivolous and insincere. I added that in America as well as everywhere else there were bad men, men of no principles, whose consciences never stand in the way of their ambition or avarice; but that I firmly believed that, as a body, the American Congress was as pure from corruption and foreign influence as any body of men in the world. They were much pleased with what I told them, and acknowledged that America and American visitors generally had been treated with too much contempt and neglect.

“In the course of the day I asked Mr. Thornton what were the objects that the English Government had in view when they laid the Orders in Council. He told me in direct terms, *‘the Universal monopoly of Commerce’*; that they had long desired an excuse for such measures

as the Orders in Council, and that the French decrees were exactly what they wished, and the opportunity was seized with avidity the moment it was offered. They knew that the Orders in Council bore hard upon the Americans, but they considered that as merely *incidental*.

"To this I replied that, if such was the case as he represented it, what blame could be attached to the American Government for declaring war? He said that it was urged that America ought to have considered the circumstances of the case, and that Great Britain was fighting for the liberties of the world; that America was, in a great degree, interested in the decision of the contest, and that she ought to be content to suffer a little.

"I told him that England had no right whatever to infringe on the neutrality of America, or to expect because she (England) supposed herself to have justice on her side in the contest with France, that, of course, the Americans should think the same. The moment America declared this opinion her neutrality ceased. 'Besides,' said I, 'how can they have the face to make such a declaration when you just now said that their object was universal monopoly, and they longed for an excuse to adopt measures to that end?' I told him that it showed that all the noise about England's fighting for the liberties of mankind proved to be but a thirst, a selfish desire for *universal monopoly*.

"This he said seemed to be the case; he could not deny it. He was going on to observe something respecting the French decrees when we were interrupted, and I have not been able again to resume the conversation. I returned to town with him shortly after in his carriage,

where, as there were strangers, I could not introduce it again."

After this follow two long pages giving further reasons for the stand he has taken, which I shall not include, only quoting the following sentences towards the end of the letter: —

"You will have heard before this arrives of the glorious news from Russia. Bonaparte is for once *defeated*, and will probably never again recover from it.

"My regards to Mr. Stuart [Gilbert Stuart]. I feel quite flattered at his remembrance of me. Tell him that, by coming to England, I know how more justly to appreciate his great merits. There is really no one in England who equals him.

"Accompanying this are some newspapers, some of Cobbett's, a man of no principle and a great rascal, yet a man of sense and says many good things."

I have quoted at length from this letter in order that we may gain a clearer insight into the character of the man. While in no wise neglecting his main objects in life, he yet could not help taking a deep interest in public affairs. He was frank and outspoken in his opinions, but courteous withal. He abhorred hypocrisy and vice and was unsparing in his condemnation of both. He enjoyed a controversy and was quick to discover the weak points in his opponent's arguments and to make the most of them.

These characteristics he carried with him through life, becoming, however, broader-minded and more tolerant as he grew in years and experience.

Morse's father had given him many letters of introduction to eminent men in England. Most of these he

neglected to deliver, pleading in extenuation of his apparent carelessness that he could not spare the time from his artistic studies to fulfill all the duties that would be expected of him in society, and that he also could not afford the expenses necessary to a well-dressed man.

The following note from William Wilberforce explains itself, but there seems to be some confusion of dates, for Morse had just said in his letter of January 1st that he dined at Mr. Wilberforce's over a week before.

KENSINGTON GORE,
January 4, 1813.

SIR, — I cannot help entertaining some apprehension of my not having received some letter or some card which you may have done me the favor of leaving at my house. Be this, however, as it may, I gladly avail myself of the sanction of a letter from your father for introducing myself to you; and, as many calls are mere matters of form, I take the liberty of begging the favor of your company at dinner on Wednesday next, at a quarter before five o'clock, at Kensington Gore (one mile from Hyde Park corner), and of thereby securing the pleasure of an acquaintance with you.

The high respect which I have always entertained for your father, in addition to the many obliging marks of attention which I have received from him, render me desirous of becoming personally known to you, and enable me with truth to assure you I am, with good will, sir,

Your faithful servant,

W. WILBERFORCE.

Among Morse's friends in London during the period of his student years, were Coleridge, Rogers, Lamb, and others whose names are familiar ones in the literary world.

While the letters of those days give only hints of the delightful intercourse between these congenial souls, the recollection of them was enshrined in the memory of some of their contemporaries, and the following reminiscences, preserved by Mr. James Wynne and recorded by Mr. Prime in his biography, will be found interesting:—

“Coleridge, who was a visitor at the rooms of Leslie and Morse, frequently made his appearance under the influence of those fits of despondency to which he was subject. On these occasions, by a preconcerted plan, they often drew him from this state to one of brilliant imagination.

“‘I was just wishing to see you,’ said Morse on one of these occasions when Coleridge entered with a hesitating step, and replied to their frank salutations with a gloomy aspect and deep-drawn sighs. ‘Leslie and myself have had a dispute about certain lines of beauty; which is right?’ And then each argued with the other for a few moments until Coleridge became interested, and, rousing from his fit of despondency, spoke with an eloquence and depth of metaphysical reasoning on the subject far beyond the comprehension of his auditors. Their point, however, was gained, and Coleridge was again the eloquent, the profound, the gifted being which his remarkable productions show him to be.

“‘On one occasion,’ said Morse, ‘I heard him improvise for half an hour in blank verse what he stated to be a strange dream, which was full of those wonderful

creations that glitter like diamonds in his poetical productions.' 'All of which,' remarked I, 'is undoubtedly lost to the world.' 'Not all,' replied Mr. Morse, 'for I recognize in the "Ancient Mariner" some of the thoughts of that evening; but doubtless the greater part, which would have made the reputation of any other man, perished with the moment of inspiration, never again to be recalled.'

"When his tragedy of 'Remorse,' which had a run of twenty-one nights, was first brought out, Washington Allston, Charles King, Leslie, Lamb, Morse, and Coleridge went together to witness the performance. They occupied a box near the stage, and each of the party was as much interested in its success as Coleridge himself.

"The effect of the frequent applause upon Coleridge was very manifest, but when, at the end of the piece, he was called for by the audience, the intensity of his emotions was such as none but one gifted with the fine sensibilities of a poet could experience. Fortunately the audience was satisfied with a mere presentation of himself. His emotions would have precluded the idea of his speaking on such an occasion.

"Allston soon after this became so much out of health that he thought a change of air and a short residence in the country might relieve him. He accordingly set out on his journey accompanied by Leslie and Morse.

"When he reached Salt Hill, near Oxford, he became so ill as to be unable to proceed, and requested Morse to return to town for his medical attendant, Dr. Tut-hill, and Coleridge, to whom he was ardently attached.

"Morse accordingly returned, and, procuring a post-

chaise, immediately set out for Salt Hill, a distance of twenty-two miles, accompanied by Coleridge and Dr. Tuthill.

"They arrived late in the evening and were busied with Allston until midnight, when he became easier, and Morse and Coleridge left him for the night.

"Upon repairing to the sitting-room of the hotel Morse opened Knickerbocker's 'History of New York,' which he had thrown into the carriage before leaving town. Coleridge asked him what work he had.

"'Oh,' replied he, 'it is only an American book.'

"'Let me see it,' said Coleridge.

"He accordingly handed it to him, and Coleridge was soon buried in its pages. Mr. Morse, overcome by the fatigues of the day, soon after retired to his chamber and fell asleep.

"On awakening next morning he repaired to the sitting-room, when what was his astonishment to find it still closed, with the lights burning, and Coleridge busy with the book he had lent him the previous night.

"'Why, Coleridge,' said he, approaching him, 'have you been reading the whole night?'

"'Why,' remarked Coleridge abstractedly, 'it is not late.'

"Morse replied by throwing open the blinds and permitting the broad daylight, for it was now ten o'clock, to stream in upon them.

"'Indeed,' said Coleridge, 'I had no conception of this; but the work has pleased me exceedingly. It is admirably written; pray, who is its author?'

"He was informed that it was the production of

Washington Irving. It is needless to say that, during the long residence of Irving in London, they became warm friends.

“At this period Mr. Abernethy was in the full tide of his popularity as a surgeon, and Allston, who had for some little time had a grumbling pain in his thigh, proposed to Morse to accompany him to the house of the distinguished surgeon to consult him on the cause of the ailment.

“As Allston had his hand on the bell-pull, the door was opened and a visitor passed out, immediately followed by a coarse-looking person with a large, shaggy head of hair, whom Allston at once took for a domestic. He accordingly enquired if Mr. Abernethy was in.

““What do you want of Mr. Abernethy?” demanded this uncouth-looking person with the harshest possible Scotch accent.

““I wished to see him,” gently replied Allston, somewhat shocked by the coarseness of his reception. ‘Is he at home?’

““Come in, come in, mon,” said the same uncouth personage.

““But he may be engaged,” responded Allston. ‘Perhaps I had better call another time.’

““Come in, mon, I say,” replied the person addressed; and, partly by persuasion and partly by force, Allston, followed by Morse, was induced to enter the hall, which they had no sooner done than the person who admitted them closed the street door, and, placing his back against it, said:—

““Now, tell me what is your business with Mr. Abernethy. I am Mr. Abernethy.’

“‘I have come to consult you,’ replied Allston, ‘about an affection —’

“‘What the de’il hae I to do with your affections?’ bluntly interposed Abernethy.

“‘Perhaps, Mr. Abernethy,’ said Allston, by this time so completely overcome by the apparent rudeness of the eminent surgeon as to regret calling on him at all, ‘you are engaged at present, and I had better call again.’

“‘De’il the bit, de’il the bit, mon,’ said Abernethy. ‘Come in, come in.’ And he preceded them to his office, and examined his case, which proved to be a slight one, with such gentleness as almost to lead them to doubt whether Abernethy within his consulting-room, and Abernethy whom they had encountered in the passage, was really the same personage.”

While Morse was enjoying all these new experiences in England, the good people at home were jogging along in their accustomed ruts, but were deeply interested in the doings of the absent son and brother.

His mother writes on January 11, 1813: —

“Your letters are read with great pleasure by your acquaintance. I do not show those in which you say anything on *politics*, as I do not approve your *change*, and think it would only prejudice others. For that reason I do not wish you to write on that subject, as I love to read all your observations to your friends.

“We cannot get Edwards to be a ladies’ man at all. He will not visit among the young ladies; he is as old as fifty, at least.”

This same youthful misogynist and philosopher also writes to his brother on January 11: “I intend soon writing another letter in which I shall prove to your

satisfaction that poetry is much superior to painting. You asserted the contrary in one of your letters, and brought an argument to prove it. I shall show the fallacy of that argument, and bring those to support my doctrine which are incontrovertible."

A letter from his friend, Mrs. Jarvis, the sister of his erstwhile flame, Miss Jannette Hart, informs him of the marriage of another sister to Captain Hull of the navy, commander of the Constitution. In this letter, written on March 4, 1813, at Bloomingdale, New York City, Mrs. Jarvis says: —

"I am in general proud of the spirit of my countrymen, but there is too little attention paid to the fine arts, to men of taste and science. Man here is weighed by his purse, not by his mind, and, according to the preponderance of that, he rises or sinks in the scale of individual opinion. A fine painting or marble statue is very rare in the houses of the rich of this city, and those individuals who would not pay fifty pounds for either, expend double that sum to vie with a neighbor in a piece of furniture.

"But do not tell tales. I would not say this to an Englishman, and I trust you have not yet become one. This, however, is poor encouragement for you to return to your native country. I hope better things of that country before you may return."

A friend in Philadelphia writes to him on May 3, 1813: —

"Your favor I received from the hands of Mr. King, and have been very much gratified with the introduction it afforded me to this worthy gentleman. You have doubtless heard of his safe arrival in our city, and of his

having commenced his career in America, where, I am sorry to say, the arts are not, as yet, so much patronized as I hope to see them. Those of us who love them are too poor, and those who are wealthy regard them but little. I think, however, I have already witnessed an improvement in this respect, and the rich merchants and professional men are becoming more and more liberal in their patronage of genius, when they find it among native Americans.

“From the favorable circumstances under which your studies are progressing; from the unrivalled talents of the gentleman who conducts them; and, without flattery, suffer me to add, from the early proofs of your own genius, I anticipate, in common with many of our fellow citizens, the addition of one artist to our present roll whose name shall stand high among those of American painters.

“In your companion Leslie we also calculate on a very distinguished character.

“Our Academy of Fine Arts has begun the all-important study of the live figure. Mr. Sully, Mr. Peale, Mr. Fairman, Mr. King, and several others have devoted much attention to this branch of the school, and I hope to see it in their hands highly useful and improving.

“The last annual exhibition was very splendid *for us*. Some very capital landscapes were produced, many admirable portraits and one or two historical pictures.

“The most conspicuous paintings were Mr. Peale’s picture of the ‘Roman Charity’ (or, if you please, the ‘Grecian Daughter,’ for Murphy has it so), and Mr. Sully’s ‘Lady of the Lake.’”

In a letter of May 30, 1813, to a friend, Morse says: —

“You ask in your letter what books I read and what I am painting. The little time that I can spare from painting I employ in reading and studying the old poets, Spenser, Chaucer, Dante, Tasso, etc. These are necessary to a painter.

“As to painting, I have just finished a large picture, eight feet by six feet six inches, the subject, the ‘Death of Hercules,’ which is now in the Royal Academy Exhibition at Somerset House. I have been flattered by the newspapers which seldom praise young artists, and they do me the honor to say that my picture, with that of another young man by the name of Monroe, form a distinguishing trait in this year’s exhibition. . . .

“This praise I consider much exaggerated. Mr. West, however, who saw it as soon as I had finished it, paid me many compliments, and told me that, were I to live to his age, I should never make a better composition. This I consider but a compliment and as meant only to encourage me, and as such I receive it.

“I mention these circumstances merely to show that I am getting along as well as can be expected, and, if any credit attaches to me, I willingly resign it to my country, and feel happy that I can contribute a mite to her honor.

“The American character stands high in this country as to the production of artists, but in nothing else (except, indeed, I may now say *bravery*). Mr. West now stands at the head, and has stood ever since the arts began to flourish in this country, which is only about fifty years. Mr. Copley next, then Colonel Trumbull. Stuart in America has no rival here. As these are now old men and going off the stage, Mr. Allston succeeds

in the prime of life, and will, in the opinion of the greatest connoisseurs in this country, carry the art to greater perfection than it ever has been carried either in ancient or modern times. . . . After him is a young man from Philadelphia by the name of Leslie, who is my room-mate."

How fallible is contemporary judgment on the claims of so-called genius to immortality. "For many are called, but few are chosen."

In another letter to his parents written about this time, after telling of his economies in order to make the money, advanced so cheerfully but at the cost of so much self-sacrifice on their part, last as long as possible, he adds:

"My greatest expense, next to *living*, is for canvas, frames, colors, etc., and visiting galleries. The frame of my large picture, which I have just finished, cost nearly twenty pounds, besides the canvas and colors, which cost nearly eight pounds more, and the frame was the cheapest I could possibly get. Mr. Allston's frame cost him sixty guineas.

"Frames are very expensive things, and, on that account, I shall not attempt another large picture for some time, although Mr. West advises me to paint *large* as much as possible.

"The picture which I have finished is 'The Death of Hercules'; the size is eight feet by six feet six inches. This picture I showed to Mr. West a few weeks ago, and he was extremely pleased with it and paid me very many high compliments; but as praise comes better from another than from one's self, I shall send you a complimentary note which Mr. West has promised to send me on the occasion.

"I sent the picture to the Exhibition at Somerset House which opens on the 3d of May, and have the satisfaction not only of having it received, but of having the praises of the council who decide on the admission of pictures. Six hundred were refused admission this year, so you may suppose that a picture (of the size of mine, too) must possess some merit to be received in preference to six hundred. A small picture may be received even if it is not very good, because it will serve to fill up some little space which would otherwise be empty, but a large one, from its excluding many smaller ones, must possess a great deal in its favor in order to be received.

"If you recollect I told you I had completed a model of a single figure of the same subject. This I sent to the Society of Arts at the Adelphi, to stand for the prize (which is offered every year for the best performance in painting, sculpture, and architecture and is a *gold medal*).

"Yesterday I received the note accompanying this, by which you will see that it is adjudged to me in sculpture this year. It will be delivered to me in public on the 13th of May or June, I don't know which, but I shall give you a particular account of the whole process as soon as I have received it. . . . I cannot close this letter without telling you how much I am indebted to that excellent man Mr. Allston. He is extremely partial to me and has often told me that he is proud of calling me his pupil. He visits me every evening and our conversation is generally upon the inexhaustible subject of our *divine* art, and upon *home* which is next in our thoughts.

"I know not in what terms to speak of Mr. Allston. I can truly say I do not know the slightest imperfection

in him. He is amiable, affectionate, learned, possessed of the greatest powers of mind and genius, modest, unassuming, and, above all, a religious man. . . . I could write a quire of paper in his praise, but all I could say of him would give you but a very imperfect idea of him. . . .

"You must recollect, when you tell friends that I am studying in England, that I am a pupil of Allston and not Mr. West. They will not long ask who Mr. Allston is; he will very soon astonish the world. He claims me as his pupil, and told me a day or two since, in a jocose manner, that he should have a battle with Mr. West unless he gave up all pretension to me."

We gain further information concerning Morse's first triumphs, his painting and his statuette from the following reminiscences of a friend, Mr. Dunlap: —

"It was about the year 1812 that Allston commenced his celebrated picture of the 'Dead Man restored to Life by touching the Bones of Elisha,' which is now in the Pennsylvania Academy of Arts. In the study of this picture he made a model in clay of the head of the dead man to assist him in painting the expression. This was the practice of the most eminent old masters. Morse had begun a large picture to come out before the British public at the Royal Academy Exhibition. The subject was the 'Dying Hercules,' and, in order to paint it with the more effect, he followed the example of Allston and determined to model the figure in clay. It was his first attempt at modelling.

"His original intention was simply to complete such parts of the figure as were useful in the single view necessary for the purpose of painting; but, having done this,

he was encouraged, by the approbation of Allston and other artists, to finish the entire figure.

“After completing it, he had it cast in plaster of Paris and carried it to show to West, who seemed more than pleased with it. After surveying it all round critically, with many exclamations of surprise, he sent his servant to call his son Raphael. As soon as Raphael made his appearance West pointed to the figure and said: ‘Look there, sir; I have always told you any painter can make a sculptor.’

“From this model Morse painted his picture of the ‘Dying Hercules,’ of colossal size, and sent it, in May, 1813, to the Royal Academy Exhibition at Somerset House.”

The picture was well received. A critic of one of the journals of that day in speaking of the Royal Academy thus notices Morse: —

“Of the academicians two or three have distinguished themselves in a preëminent degree; besides, few have added much to their fame, perhaps they have hardly sustained it. But the great feature in this exhibition is that it presents several works of very high merit by artists with whose performances, and even with whose names, we were hitherto unacquainted. At the head of this class are Messrs. Monroe and Morse. The prize of history may be contended for by Mr. Northcote and Mr. Stothard. We should award it to the former. After these gentlemen Messrs. Hilton, Turner, Lane, Monroe, and Morse follow in the same class.” (London “Globe,” May 14, 1813.)

In commemorating the “preëminent works of this exhibition,” out of nearly two thousand pictures, this



THE DYING HERCULES

Painted by Morse in 1813

critic places the "Dying Hercules" among the first twelve.

On June 13, 1813, Morse thus writes to his parents:—

"I send by this opportunity (Mr. Elisha Goddard) the little cast of the Hercules which obtained the prize this year at the Adelphi, and also the gold medal, which was the premium presented to me, before a large assembly of the nobility and gentry of the country, by the Duke of Norfolk, who also paid me a handsome compliment at the same time.

"There were present Lord Percy, the Margravine of Anspach, the Turkish, Sardinian, and Russian Ambassadors, who were pointed out to me, and many noblemen whom I do not now recollect.

"My great picture also has not only been received at the Royal Academy, but has one of the finest places in the rooms. It has been spoken of in the papers, which you must know is considered a great compliment; for a young artist, unless extraordinary, is seldom or never mentioned till he has exhibited several times. They not only praise me, but place my picture among the most attractive in the exhibition. This I know will give you pleasure."

CHAPTER VI

JULY 10, 1813 — APRIL 6, 1814

Letter from the father on economies and political views. — Morse deprecates lack of spirit in New England and rejoices at Wellington's victories. — Allston's poems. — Morse coat-of-arms. — Letter of Joseph Hillhouse. — Letter of exhortation from his mother. — Morse wishes to stay longer in Europe. — Amused at mother's political views. — The father sends more money for a longer stay. — Sidney exalts poetry above painting. — His mother warns him against infidels and actors. — Bristol. — Optimism. — Letter on infidels and his own religious observances. — Future of American art. — He is in good health, but thin. — Letter from Mr. Visger. — Benjamin Burritt, American prisoner. — Efforts in his behalf unsuccessful. — Capture of Paris by the Allies. — Again expresses gratitude to parents. — Writes a play for Charles Mathews. — Not produced.

THE detailed accounts of his economies which the young man sent home to his parents seem to have deeply touched them, for on July 10, 1813, his father writes to him: "Your economy, industry, and success in pursuing your professional studies give your affectionate parents the highest gratification and reward. We wish you to avoid carrying your economy to an *extreme*. Let your appearance be suited to the respectable company you keep, and your living such as will conduce most effectually to preserve health of body and vigor of mind. We shall all be willing to make sacrifices at home so far as may be necessary to the above purposes."

Farther on in this same letter the father says: "The character you give of Mr. Allston is, indeed, an exalted one, and we believe it correctly drawn. Your ardor has given it a high coloring, but the excess is that of an affectionate and grateful heart."

Referring to his son's political views, he answers in these broad-minded words: —

“I approve your love of your country and concern for its honor. Your errors, as we think them, appear to be the errors of a fair and honest mind, and are of a kind to be effectually cured by correct information of facts on both sides.

“Probably *we* may err because we are ignorant of many things which have fallen under your notice. We shall no doubt agree when we shall have opportunity to compare notes, and each is made acquainted with all that the other knows. I confidently expect an honorable peace in the course of six months, but may be deceived, as the future course of things cannot be foreseen.

“The present is one of the finest and most promising seasons I ever knew; the harvest to appearance will be very abundant. Heaven appears to be rewarding this part of the country for their conduct in opposing the present war.”

Perhaps the good father did not mean to be malicious, but this is rather a wicked little thrust at the son's vehemently expressed political views. On this very same date, July 10, 1813, Morse writes to his parents: —

“I have just heard of the unfortunate capture of the Chesapeake. Is our infant Hercules to be strangled at his birth? Where is the spirit of former times which kindled in the hearts of the Bostonians? Will they still be unmoved, or must they learn from more bitter experience that Britain is not for peace, and that the only way to procure it is to join heart and hand in a vigorous prosecution of the war?

“It is not the time now to think of party; the country is in danger; but I hope to hear soon that the honor of our navy is retrieved. The brave Captain Lawrence

will never, I am sure, be forgotten; his career of glory has been short but brilliant.

“All is rejoicing here; illuminations and fireworks and *feux de joie* for the capture of the Chesapeake and a victory in Spain.

“Imagine yourself, if possible, in my situation in an enemy’s country and hearing songs of triumph and exultation on the misfortunes of my countrymen, and this, too, on the 4th of July. A less ardent spirit than mine might perhaps tolerate it, but I cannot. I do long to be at home, to be in the navy, and teach these insolent Englishmen how to respect us. . . .

“The Marquis Wellington has achieved a great victory in Spain, and bids fair to drive the French out very soon. At this I rejoice as ought every man who abhors tyranny and loves liberty. I wish the British success against everything but *my country*. I often say with Cowper: ‘England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.’

“I am longing for Edwards’ comparison between poetry and painting, and to know how he will prove the former superior to the latter. A painter *must* be a poet, but a poet need not be a painter. How will he get over this argument?

“By the way, Mr. Allston has just published a volume of poems, a copy of which I will endeavor to send you. They are but just published, so that the opinion of the public is not yet ascertained, but there is no doubt they will forever put at rest the calumny that America has never produced a poet.

“I have lately been enquiring for the coat-of-arms which belongs to the Morse family. For this purpose

I wish to know from what part of this Kingdom the Morses emigrated, and if you can recollect anything that belongs to the arms. If you will answer these questions minutely, I can, for half a crown, ascertain the arms and crest which belong to the family, which (as there is a degree of importance attached to heraldry in this country) may be well to know. I have seen the arms of one Morse which have been in the family three hundred years. So we can trace our antiquity as far as any family."

A letter from a college-mate, Mr. Joseph Hillhouse, written in Boston on July 12, 1813, gives a pretty picture of Morse's home, and contains some quaint gossip which I shall transcribe:—

"On Saturday afternoon the beauty of the weather invited my cousin Catherine Borland, my sister Mary (who is here on a visit), and myself to take a walk over to Charlestown for the purpose of paying a visit to your good parents. We found them just preparing tea, and at once concluded to join the family party.

"Present to the eye of your fancy the closing-in of a fine, blue-skied, sunny American Saturday evening, whose tranquillity and repose rendered it the fit precursor of the Sabbath. Imagine the tea-table placed in your sitting-parlor, all the windows open, and round it, first, the housekeeper pouring out tea; next her, Miss C. Borland; next her, your mother, whose looks spoke love as often as you were mentioned, and that was not infrequently, I assure you. On your mother's right sat my sister, next whom was your father in his long green-striped study gown, his apostolic smile responding to the eye of your mother when his dear son was his theme.

I was placed (and an honorable post I considered it) at his right hand.

“There the scene for you. Can you paint it? Neither of your brothers was at home. . . .

“In home news we have little variety. The sister of your quondam flame, Miss Ann Hart, bestowed her hand last winter on Victory as personified in our little fat captain, Isaac Hull, who is now reposing in the shade of his laurels, and amusing himself in directing the construction of a seventy-four at Portsmouth. Where the fair excellence, Miss Jannette herself, is at present, I am unable to say. The sunshine of her eyes has not beamed upon me since I beheld you delightedly and gallantly figuring at her side at Daddy Value’s ball, where I exhibited sundry feats of the same sort myself.

“By the way, Mons. V. is still in fiddling condition, and the immaculate Ann Jane Caroline Gibbs, Madame, has bestowed a subject on the state!!

“A fortnight since your friend Nancy Goodrich was married to William Ellsworth. Emily Webster is soon to plight her faith to his brother Henry. Miss Mary Ann Woolsey thinks of consummating the blessedness of a Mr. Scarborough before the expiration of the summer. He is a widower of thirty or thirty-five with one child, a little girl four or five years old.

“Thus, you see, my dear friend, all here seem to be setting their faces heavenward; all seem ambitious of repairing the ravages of war. . . .

“P.S. Oh! horrid mistake I made on the preceding page! Nancy and Emily, on my knees I deprecate your wrath!! I have substituted William for Henry and

Henry for William. No, Henry is Nancy's and William Emily's. They are twins, and I, forsooth, must make them changelings!"

In a letter of July 30, 1813, his mother thus exhorts him: —

"I hope, my dear son, your success in your profession will not have a tendency to make you vain, or embolden you to look down on any in your profession whom Providence may have been less favorable to in point of talents for this particular business; and that you will observe a modesty in the reception of premiums and praises on account of your talents, that shall show to those who bestow them that you are worthy of them in more senses than merely as an artist. It will likewise convince those who are less favored that you are far from exulting in their disappointments, — as I hope is truly the case, — and prevent that jealousy and envy that too often discovers itself in those of the same profession. . . .

"We exceedingly rejoice in all your success, and hope you will persevere. Remember, my son, it is easier to get a reputation than to keep it unspotted in the midst of so much pollution as we are surrounded by. . . .

"C. Dexter thanks you for your attention to her request as it respects Southey's likeness. She does not wish you to take too much pains and trouble to get it, but she, I know, would be greatly pleased if you should send her one of him. If you should get acquainted with him, inform him that a very sensible, fine young lady in America requested it (but don't tell him her name) from having read his works."

In a long letter of August 10 and 26, 1813, after again

giving free rein to his political feelings, he returns to the subject of his art: —

“Mr. West promised me a note to you, but he is an old man and very forgetful, and I suppose he has forgotten it. I don’t wish to remind him of it directly, but, if in the course of conversation I can contrive to mention it, I will. . . .

“With respect to returning home next summer, Mr. Allston and Mr. West think it would be an injury to me. Mr. Allston says I ought not to return till I am a *painter*. I long to return as much as you can wish to have me, but, if you can spare me a little longer, I should wish it. I abide your decision, however, completely. Mr. Allston will write you fully on this subject, and I will endeavor to persuade Mr. West also to do it.

“France I could not, at present, visit with advantage; that is to say for, perhaps, a year. Mr. Allston thinks I ought to be previously well grounded in the principles of the English school to resist the corruptions of the French school; for they are corrupt in the principles of painting, as in religion and everything else; but, when well grounded in the good principles of this school, I could study and select the few beauties of the French without being in danger of following their many errors. The Louvre also would, in about a year, be of the greatest advantage to me, and also the fine works in Italy. . . .

“Mama has amused me very much in her letter where she writes on politics. She says that, next to changing one’s religion, she would dislike a man for changing his politics. Mama, perhaps, is not aware that she would in this way shut the door completely to conviction in anything. It would imply that, because a man is educated

in error, he must forever live in error. I know exactly how mama feels; she thinks, as I did when at home, that it was impossible for the Federalists to be in the wrong; but, as all men are fallible, I think they may stand a chance of being wrong as well as any other class of people. . . .

“Mama thinks my ‘error’ arises from wrong information. I will ask mama which of us is likely to get at the truth; I, who am in England and can see and hear all their motives for acting as they have done; or mama, who gets her information from the Federal papers, second-hand, with numerous additions and improvements made to answer party purposes, distorted and misrepresented?

“But to give you an instance. In the Massachusetts remonstrance they attribute the repeal of the Orders in Council to the kind disposition of the English Government, and a wish on their part to do justice, whereas it is notorious in this country that they repealed them on account of the injury it was doing themselves, and took America into consideration about as much as they did the inhabitants of Kamschatka. The conditional repeal of the Berlin and Milan decrees was a back door for them, and they availed themselves of it to sneak out of it. This necessity, this act of dire necessity, the Federal papers cry up as evincing a most forbearing spirit towards us, and really astonish the English themselves who never dreamt that it could be twisted in that way.

“Mama assigns as a reason for my thinking well of the English that they have been very polite to me, and that it is ingratitude in me if I do otherwise. A few individuals have treated me politely, and I do feel

thankful and gratified for it; but a little politeness from an individual of one nation to an individual of another is certainly not a reason that the former's Government should be esteemed incapable of wrong by the latter. I esteem the English as a nation; I rejoice in their conquests on the Continent, and would love them heartily, if they would let me; but I am afraid to tell them this, they are already too proud.

"Their treatment of America is the worse for it. They are like a poor man who has got a lottery ticket and draws a great prize, and when his poor neighbor comes sincerely to congratulate him on his success, he holds up his head, and, turning up his nose, tells him that now he is his superior and then kicks him out of doors.

"Papa says he expects peace in six months. It may be in the disposition of America to make peace, but not in the will of the English. It is in the power of the Federalists to force her to peace, but they will not do it, so she will force us to do it."

As in most discussions, political or otherwise, neither party seems to have been convinced by the arguments of the other, for the parents continue to urge him to leave politics alone; indeed, they insist on his doing so. They also urge him to make every effort to support himself, if he should decide to spend another year abroad, for they fear that they will be unable to send him any more money. However, the father, when he became convinced that it was really to his son's interest to spend another year abroad, contrived to send him another thousand dollars. This was done at the cost of great self-sacrifice on the part of himself and his family, and was all the more praiseworthy on that account.

In a letter from his brother Edwards, written also on the 17th of November, is this passage: "I must defer giving my reasons for thinking Poetry superior to Painting; I will mention only a few of the principles upon which I found my judgment. Genius in both these arts is the power of making impressions. The question then is: which is capable of making the strongest impression; which can impress upon the mind most strongly a sublime or a beautiful idea? Does the sublimest passage in Milton excite a stronger sensation in the mind of a man of taste than the sublimest painting of Michael Angelo? Or, to make the parallel more complete, does Michael Angelo convey to you a stronger impression of the Last Judgment, by his painting, than Milton could by his poetry? Could Michael Angelo convey a more sublime idea of Death by his painting than Milton has in his 'Paradise Lost'? These are the principles upon which your 'divine art' is to be degraded below Poetry."

This was rather acute reasoning for a boy of twenty who had spent his life in the Boston and New Haven of those early days. The fact that he had never seen a great painting, whereas he had greedily read the poets, will probably account for his strong partisanship.

The pious mother writes on November 25, 1813: —

"With regard to the Americans being despised and hated in England, you were apprised by your Uncle Salisbury and others before you left this country that that was the case, and you ought not to be surprised when you realized it. The reason given was that a large portion of those who visit Europe are *dissipated infidels*, which has justly given the English a bad opinion of us

as a nation. But we are happy to find that there are many exceptions to these, who do honor to the country which gave them birth, such as a West, an Allston, and many others, among whom, I am happy to say, we hope that you, my son, will be enrolled at no very distant day. . . .

“You mention being acquainted with young Payne, the play actor. I would guard you against any acquaintance with that description of people, as it will, sooner or later, have a most corrupting effect on the morals, and, as a man is known by the company he keeps, I should be very sorry to have you enrolled with such society, however pure you may believe his morals to be.

“Your father and myself were eleven days in company with him in coming from Charleston, South Carolina. His behavior was quite unexceptionable then, but he is in a situation to ruin the best morals. I hope you do not attend the theatre, as I have ever considered it a most bewitching amusement, and ruinous both to soul and body. I would therefore guard you against it.”

His brother Richard joined the rest of the family in urging the young and impulsive artist to leave politics alone, as we learn from the following words which begin a letter of November 27, 1813: —

MY DEAR BROTHER, — Your letters by the Neptune, and also the medal, gave us great pleasure. The politics, however, were very disagreeable and occupied no inconsiderable part of your letters. Your kind wishes for *our* reformation we must beg leave to retort by hoping for *your* speedy amendment.

There are gaps in the correspondence of this period. Many of the letters from both sides of the Atlantic seem never to have reached their destination, owing to the disturbed state of affairs arising from the war between the two countries.

The young artist had gone in October, 1813, to Bristol, at the earnest solicitation of friends in that city, and seems to have spent a pleasant and profitable five months there, painting a number of portraits. He refers to letters written from Bristol, but they were either never received or not preserved. Of other letters I have only fragments, and some that are quoted by Mr. Prime in his biography have vanished utterly. Still, from what remains, we can glean a fairly good idea of the life of the young man at that period. His parents continually begged him to leave politics alone and to tell them more of his artistic life, of his visits to interesting places, and of his intercourse with the literary and artistic celebrities of the day.

We, too, must regret that he did not write more fully on these subjects, for there must have been a mine of interesting material at his disposal. We also learn that there seems to have been a strange fatality attached to the little statuette of the "Dying Hercules," for, although he packed it carefully and sent it to Liverpool on June 13, 1813, to be forwarded to his parents, it never reached them until over two years later. The superstitious will say that the date of sending may have had something to do with this.

Up to this time everything, except the attitude of England towards America, had been *couleur de rose* to the enthusiastic young artist. He was making rapid

progress in his studies and was receiving the encomiums of his fellow artists and of the critics. His parents were denying themselves in order to provide the means for his support, and, while he was duly appreciative of their goodness, he could not help taking it more or less as a matter of course. He was optimistic with regard to the future, falling into the common error of gifted young artists that, because of their artistic success, financial success must of necessity follow. He had yet to be proved in the school of adversity, and he had not long to wait. But I shall let the letters tell the story better than I can. The last letter from him to his parents from which I have quoted was written on August 12 and 26, 1813.

On March 12, 1814, he writes from London after his return from Bristol: —

“There is a great drawback to my writing long letters to you; I mean the uncertainty of their reaching you.

“Mama’s long letter gave me particular pleasure. Some of her observations, however, made me smile, especially the reasons she assigns for the contempt and hatred of England for America. First, I am inclined to doubt the fact of there being so many *infidel* Americans in the country; second, if there were, there are not so many *religious* people here who would take the pains to enquire whether they had religion or not; and third, it is not by seeing the individual Americans that an opinion unfavorable to us is prevalent in England. . . .

“With respect to my religious sentiments, they are unshaken; their influence, I hope, will always guide me through life. I hear various preachings on Sundays, sometimes Mr. Burder, but most commonly the Church

of England clergy, as a church is in my neighborhood and Mr. B.'s three miles distant. I most commonly heard Dr. Biddulph, of St. James's Church, a most excellent, orthodox, evangelical man. I was on the point many times of going to hear Mr. Lowell, who is one of the dissenting clergymen of Bristol, but, as the weather proved very unfavorable, uncommonly so every Sunday I was there, and I was at a great distance from his church, I was disappointed. I shall endeavor to hear him preach when I go back to Bristol again."

This was in reply to many long exhortations in his parents' letters, and especially in his mother's, couched in the extravagant language of the very pious of those days, to seek first the welfare of his "never-dying soul."

"I have returned from Bristol to attend the exhibitions and to endeavor to get a picture into Somerset House. My stay in Bristol was very pleasant, indeed, as well as profitable. I was there five months and, in May, shall probably go again and stay all summer. I was getting into good business in the portrait way there, and, if I return, shall be enabled, probably, to support myself as long as I stay in England.

"The attention shown me by Mr. Harman Visger and family, whom I have mentioned in a former letter, I shall never forget. He is a rich merchant, an American (cousin to Captain Visscher, my fellow passenger, by whom I was introduced to him). He has a family of seven children. I lived within a few doors of him, and was in and out of his house ever day. . . .

Four pages of this letter are, unfortunately, missing. It begins again abruptly:—

"... prevented by illness from writing you before.

I shall endeavor to support myself, if not, necessity will compel me to return home an unfinished painter; it depends altogether on circumstances. I may get a good run of portraits or I may not; it depends so much on the whim of the public; if they should happen to fancy my pictures, I shall succeed; if not, why, I shall not succeed. I am, however, encouraged to hope. . . .

“If I am prohibited from writing or thinking of politics, I hope my brothers will not be so ungenerous as to give me any. . . .

“Mr. Allston’s large picture is now exhibiting in the British Gallery. It has excited a great deal of curiosity and he has obtained a wonderful share of praise for it. . . . The picture is very deservedly ranked among the highest productions of art, either in ancient or modern times. It is really a pleasant consideration that the palm of painting still rests with America, and is, in all probability, destined to remain with us. All we wish is a taste in the country and a little more wealth. . . . In order to create a taste, however, pictures, first-rate pictures, must be introduced into the country, for taste is only acquired by a close study of the merits of the old masters. In Philadelphia I am happy to find they have successfully begun. I wish Americans would unite in the thing, throw aside local prejudices and give their support to *one* institution. Let it be in Philadelphia, since it is so happily begun there, and let every American feel a pride in supporting that institution; let it be a national not a city institution. Then might the arts be so encouraged that Americans might remain at home and not, as at present, be under the painful necessity of exiling themselves from their country and their friends.

"This will come to pass in the course of time, but not in my day, I fear, unless there is more exertion made to forward the arts than at present. . . ."

In this he proved a true prophet, and, as we shall see later, his exertions were a potent factor in establishing the fine arts on a firm basis in New York.

"I am in very good health and I hope I feel grateful for it. I have not been ill for two days together since I have been in England. I am, however, of the *walking-stick* order, and think I am thinner than I was at home. They all tell me so. I'm not so good-looking either, I am told; I have lost my color, grown more sallow, and have a face approaching to the hatchet class; but none of these things concern me; if I can paint good-looking, plump ladies and gentlemen, I shall feel satisfied. . . .

"We have had a dreadfully severe winter here in England, such as has not been known for twenty-two years. When I came from Bristol the snow was up on each side of the road as high as the top of the coach in many places, especially on Marlborough Down and Hounslow Heath."

His friend Mr. Visger thus writes to him from Bristol on April 1, 1814: —

"It gave me pleasure to learn that Mr. Leslie sold his picture of Saul, etc., at so good a price. I hope it will stimulate a friend of his to use his best exertions and time to endeavor even to excel the 'Witch of Endor.' I think I perceive a few symptoms of amendment in him, and the request of his father that he must support himself is, in the opinion of his friends here, the best thing that could have befallen him. He will now have the pleasure to taste the sweets of his own labor, and I hope

will, in reality, know what true independence is. Let him not despair and he will certainly succeed.

“Excuse my having taken up so much of your time in reading what I have written about Mr. Leslie’s friend; I hope it will not make the pencil work less smoothly.

“It gave us all great pleasure to hear that Mr. Allston’s ‘Dead and Alive Man’ got the prize. It would be a great addition to our pleasure to hear that those encouragers of the fine arts have offered him fifteen hundred or two thousand guineas for it. . . .

“There is an old lady waiting your return to have her portrait painted. Bangley says one or two more are enquiring for Mr. Morse.

“You seem to have forgotten your friend in Stapleton prison. Did you not succeed in obtaining his release?”

This refers to a certain Mr. Benjamin Burritt, an American prisoner of war. Morse used every effort, through his friend Henry Thornton, to secure the release of Mr. Burritt. On December 30, 1813, he wrote to Mr. Thornton from Bristol: —

RESPECTED SIR, — I take the liberty of addressing you in behalf of an American prisoner of war now in the Stapleton depot, and I address you, sir, under the conviction that a petition in the cause of humanity will not be considered by you as obtrusive.

The prisoner I allude to is a gentleman of the name of Burritt, a native of New Haven, in the State of Connecticut; his connections are of the highest respectability in that city, which is notorious for its adherence to Federal principles. His friends and relatives are among my father’s friends, and, although I was not, until now,

personally acquainted with him, yet his face is familiar to me, and many of his relatives were my particular friends while I was receiving my education at Yale College in New Haven. From that college he was graduated in the year ——. A classmate of his was the Reverend Mr. Stuart, who is one of the professors of the Andover Theological Institution, and of whom, I think, my father has spoken in some of his letters to Mr. Wilberforce.

Mr. Burritt, after he left college, applied himself to study, so much so as to injure his health, and, by the advice of his physicians, he took to the sea as the only remedy left for him. This had the desired effect, and he was restored to health in a considerable degree.

Upon the breaking out of the war with this country, all the American coasting trade being destroyed, he took a situation as second mate in the schooner Revenge, bound to France, and was captured on the 10th of May, 1813.

Since that time he has been a prisoner, and, from the enclosed certificates, you will ascertain what has been his conduct. He is a man of excellent religious principles, and, I firmly believe, of the strictest integrity. So well assured am I of this that, in case it should be required, *I will hold myself bound to answer for him in my own person.*

His health is suffering by his confinement, and the unprincipled society, which he is obliged to endure, is peculiarly disagreeable to a man of his education.

My object in stating these particulars to you, sir, is (if possible and consistent with the laws of the country), to obtain for him, through your influence, his liberty

on his parole of honor. By so doing you will probably be the means of preserving the life of a good man, and will lay his friends, my father, and myself under the greatest obligations.

Trusting to your goodness to pardon this intrusion upon your time, I am, sir, with the highest consideration,

Your most humble, obedient servant,

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

To this Mr. Thornton replied: —

DEAR SIR, — You will perceive by the enclosed that there is, unhappily, no prospect of our effecting our wishes in respect to your poor friend at Bristol. I shall be glad to know whether you have had any success in obtaining a passport for Dr. Cushing.

I am, dear sir, yours, etc.

H. THORNTON.

The enclosure referred to by Mr. Thornton was the following letter addressed to him by Lord Melville: —

SIR, — Mr. Hay having communicated to me a letter which he received from you on the subject of Benjamin Burritt, an American prisoner of war in the depot at Stapleton, I regret much that, after consulting on this case with Sir Rupert George, and ascertaining the usual course of procedure in similar instances, I cannot discover any circumstances that would justify a departure from the rules observed toward other prisoners of the same description.

There can be no question that his case is a hard one, but I am afraid that it is inseparable from a state of

war. It is not only not a solitary instance among the French and American prisoners, but, unless we were prepared to adopt the system of releasing all others of the same description, we should find that the number who might justly complain of undue partiality to this man would be very considerable.

I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

MELVILLE.

This was a great disappointment to Morse, who had set his heart on being the means of securing the liberty of this unfortunate man. He was compelled to bow to the inevitable, however, and after this he did what he could to make the unhappy situation of the prisoner more bearable by extending to him financial assistance, although he had but little to spare at that time himself, and could but ill afford the luxury of giving.

Great events were occurring on the Continent at this time, and it is interesting to note how the intelligence of them was received in England by an enthusiastic student, not only of the fine arts, but of the humanities, who felt that, in this case, his sympathies and those of his family were in accord: —

April 6, 1814.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — I write in much haste, but it is to inform you of a most glorious event, no less than the capture of Paris, by the Allies. They entered it last Thursday, and you may conceive the sensations of the people of England on the occasion. As the cartel is the first vessel which will arrive in America to carry the news, I hope I shall have the great satisfaction of hearing that

I am the first who shall inform you of this great event; the particulars you will see nearly as soon as this.

I congratulate you and the rest of the good people of the world on the occasion. *Despotism* and *Usurpation* are fallen, never, I hope, to rise again. But what gives me the greatest pleasure in the contemplation of this occurrence is the spirit of religion and, consequently, of humanity which has constantly marked the conduct of the Allies. Their moderation through all their unparalleled successes cannot be too much extolled; they merit the grateful remembrance of posterity, who will bless them as the restorers of a blessing but little enjoyed by the greater part of mankind for centuries. I mean the inestimable blessing of *Peace*.

But I must cut short my feelings on the subject; were I to give them scope they would fill quires; they are as ardent as yours possibly can be. Suffice it to say that I see the hand of Providence so strongly in it that I think an infidel must be converted by it, and I hope I feel as a Christian should on such an occasion.

I am well, in excellent spirits and shall use my utmost endeavors to support myself, for now more than ever is it necessary for me to stay in Europe. Peace is inevitable, and the easy access to the Continent and the fine works of art there render it doubly important that I should improve them to my utmost.

I cannot ask more of my parents than they have done for me, but the struggle will be hard for me to get along and improve myself at the same time. Portraits are the only things which can support me at present, but it is insipid, indeed, for one who wishes to be at the head of the first branch of the art, to be stopped halfway, and

be obliged to struggle with the difficulty of maintaining himself, in addition to the other difficulties attendant on the profession.

But it is impossible to place this in a clear light in a letter. I wish I could talk with you on the subject, and I could in a short time make it clear to you. I cannot ask it of you and I do not till I try what I can do. You have already done more than I deserved and it would be ingratitude in me to request more of you, and I do not; only I say these things that you may not expect so much from me in the way of improvement as you may have been led to suppose.

Morse seems to have made an excursion into dramatic literature at about this time, as the following draft of a letter, without date, but evidently written to the celebrated actor Charles Mathews, will testify: —

Not having the honor of a personal acquaintance with you, I have taken the liberty of enclosing to you a farce which, if, on perusal, you should think worthy of the stage, I beg you to accept, to be performed, if consistent with your plans, on the night appointed for your benefit.

If I should be so much favored as to obtain your good opinion of it, the approbation alone of Mr. Mathews will be a sufficient reward for the task of writing it.

The pleasure which I have so often received from you in the exercise of your comic powers would alone prompt me to make some return which might show you, at least, that I can be grateful to those who have at any time afforded me pleasure.

With respect to your accepting or not accepting it, I

wish you to act your pleasure entirely. If you think it will be of benefit to you by drawing a full house, or in any other way, it is perfectly at your service. If you think it will not succeed, will you have the goodness to enclose it under cover and direct to Mr. T. G. S., artist, 82 Great Titchfield Street; and I assure you beforehand that you need be under no apprehension of giving me mortification by refusing it. It would only convince me that I had not dramatic talents, and would serve, perhaps, to increase my ardor in the pursuit of my professional studies. If, however, it should meet with your approbation and you should wish to see me on the subject, a line directed as above enclosing your address shall receive immediate attention.

I am as yet undecided what shall be its name. The character of Oxyd I had designed for you. The farce is a first attempt and has received the approbation, not only of my theatrical friends generally, but of some confessed critics by whom it has been commended.

With sentiments of respect and esteem I remain,

Your most obedient humble servant,

T. G. S.

As no further mention of this play is made I fear that the great Charles Mathews did not find it available. There is also no trace of the play itself among the papers, which is rather to be regretted. We can only surmise that Morse came to the conclusion (very wisely) that he had no "dramatic talents," and that he turned to the pursuit of his professional studies with increased ardor.

CHAPTER VII

MAY 2, 1814 — OCTOBER 11, 1814

Allston writes encouragingly to the parents. — Morse unwilling to be mere portrait-painter. — Ambitious to stand at the head of his profession. — Desires patronage from wealthy friends. — Delay in the mails. — Account of *entrée* of Louis XVIII into London. — The Prince Regent. — Indignation at acts of English. — His parents relieved at hearing from him after seven months' silence. — No hope of patronage from America. — His brothers. — Account of fêtes. — Emperor Alexander, King of Prussia, Blücher, Platoff. — Wishes to go to Paris. — Letter from M. Van Schaick about battle of Lake Erie. — Disgusted with England.

MORSE had now spent nearly three years in England. He was maturing rapidly in every way, and what his master thought of him is shown in this extract from a letter of Washington Allston to the anxious parent at home: —

“With regard to the progress which your son has made, I have the pleasure to say that it is unusually great for the time he has been studying, and indeed such as to make me proud of him as a pupil and to give every promise of future eminence. . . .

“Should he be obliged to return *now* to America, I much fear that all which he has acquired would be rendered abortive. It is true he could there paint very good portraits, but I should grieve to hear at any future period that, on the foundation now laid, he shall have been able to raise no higher superstructure than the fame of a portrait-painter. I do not intend here any disrespect to portrait-painting; I know it requires no common talent to excel in it. . . .

“In addition to this *professional report* I have the sincere satisfaction to give my testimony to his conduct as

a man, which is such as to render him still worthy of being affectionately remembered by his moral and religious friends in America. This is saying a great deal for a young man of two-and-twenty in London, but is not more than justice requires me to say of him."

On May 2, 1814, Morse writes home:—

"You ask if you are to expect me the next summer. This leads me to a little enlargement on the peculiar circumstances in which I am now placed. Mr. Allston's letter by the same cartel will convince you that industry and application have not been wanting on my part, that I have made greater progress than young men generally, etc., etc., and of how great importance it is to me to remain in Europe for some time yet to come. Indeed I feel it so much so myself that I shall endeavor to stay at all risks. If I find that I cannot support myself, that I am contracting debts which I have no prospect of paying, I shall then return home and settle down into a mere portrait-painter for some time, till I can obtain sufficient to return to Europe again; for I cannot be happy unless I am pursuing the intellectual branch of the art. Portraits have none of it; landscape has some of it, but history has it wholly. I am certain you would not be satisfied to see me sit down quietly, spending my time in painting portraits, throwing away the talents which Heaven has given me for the higher branches of art, and devoting my time only to the inferior.

"I need not tell you what a difficult profession I have undertaken. It has difficulties in itself which are sufficient to deter any man who has not firmness enough to go through with it at all hazards, without meeting with any obstacles aside from it. The more I study it,

the more I am enchanted with it; and the greater my progress, the more am I struck with its beauties, and the perseverance of those who have dared to pursue it through the thousands of natural hindrances with which the art abounds.

“I never can feel too grateful to my parents for having assisted me thus far in my profession. They have done more than I had any right to expect; they have conducted themselves with a liberality towards me, both in respect to money and to countenancing me in the pursuit of one of the noblest of professions, which has not many equals in this country. I cannot ask of them more; it would be ingratitude.

“I am now in the midst of my studies when the great works of ancient art are of the utmost service to me. Political events have just thrown open the whole Continent; the whole world will now leave war and bend their attention to the cultivation of the arts of peace. A golden age is in prospect, and art is probably destined to again revive as in the fifteenth century.

“The Americans at present stand unrivalled, and it is my great ambition (and it is certainly a commendable one) to stand among the first. My country has the most prominent place in my thoughts. How shall I raise her name, how can I be of service in refuting the calumny, so industriously spread against her, that she has produced no men of genius? It is this more than anything (aside from painting) that inspires me with a desire to excel in my art. It arouses my indignation and gives me tenfold energy in the pursuit of my studies. I should like to be the greatest painter *purely out of revenge*.

“But what a damper is thrown upon my enthusiasm

when I find that, the moment when all the treasures of art are before me, just within my reach; that advantages to the artist were never greater than now; Paris with all its splendid depository of the greatest works but a day or two's journey from me, and open to my free inspection, — what a damper, I say, is it to find that my three years' allowance is just expired; that while all my contemporary students and companions are revelling in these enjoyments, and rapidly advancing in their noble studies, they are leaving me behind, either to return to my country, or, by painting portraits in Bristol, just to be able to live through the year. The thought makes me melancholy, and, for the first time since I left home, have I had one of my desponding fits. I have got over it now, for I would not write to you in that mood for the world. My object in stating this is to request patronage from some rich individual or individuals for a year or two longer at the rate of £250 per year. This to be advanced to me, and, if required, to be returned in money as soon as I shall be able, or by pictures to the amount when I have completed my studies. . . . If Uncle Salisbury or Miss Russell could do it, it would be much more grateful to me than from any others. . . .

“The box containing my plaster cast I found, on enquiry, is still at Liverpool where it has been, to my great disappointment, now nearly a year. I have given orders to have it sent by the first opportunity. Mr. Wilder will tell you that he came near taking out my great picture of the Hercules to you. It seems as though it is destined that nothing of mine shall reach you. I packed it up at a moment's warning and sent it to Liverpool to go by the cartel, and I found it arrived

the day after she had sailed. I hope it will not be long before both the boxes will have an opportunity of reaching you.

“I am exceedingly sorry you have forgotten a passage in one of my letters where I wished you not to feel anxious if you did not hear from me as often as you had done. I stated the reason, that opportunities were less frequent, more circuitous, and attended with greater interruptions. I told you that I should write at least once in three weeks, and that you must attribute it to anything but neglect on my part.

“Your last letter has hurt me considerably, for, owing to some accident or other, my letters have miscarried, and you upbraid me with neglect, and fear that I am not as industrious or correct as formerly. I know you don’t wish to hurt me, but I cannot help feeling hurt when I think that my parents have not the confidence which I thought they had in me; that some interruptions, which all complain of and which are natural to a state of warfare, having prevented letters, which I have written, from being received; instead of making allowances for these things, to have them attribute it to a falling-off in industry and attention wounds me a great deal. Mrs. Allston, to her great surprise, received just such a letter from her friends, and it hurt her so that she was ill in consequence. . . .

“I dine at Mr. Macaulay’s at five o’clock to-day, and shall attend the House of Commons to-morrow evening, where I expect to hear Mr. Wilberforce speak on the Slave Trade, with reference to the propriety of making the universal abolition of it an article in the pending negotiations. If I have time in this letter I will give you

some account of it. In the mean time I will give you a slight account of some scenes of which I have been a happy witness in the great drama now acting in the Theatre of Europe.

“You will probably, before this reaches you, hear of the splendid *entrée* of Louis XVIII into London. I was a spectator of this scene. On the morning of the day, about ten o’clock, I went into Piccadilly through which the procession was to pass. I did not find any great concourse of people at that hour except before the Pultney Hotel, where the sister of Emperor Alexander resides on a visit to this country, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg. I thought it probable that, as the procession would pass this place, there would be some uncommon occurrence taking place before it, so I took my situation directly opposite, determined, at any rate, to secure a good view of what happened.

“I waited four or five hours, during which time the people began to collect from all quarters; the carriages began to thicken, the windows and fronts of the houses began to be decorated with the white flag, white ribbons, and laurel. Temporary seats were fitted up on all sides, which began to be filled, and all seemed to be in preparation. About this time the King’s splendid band of music made its appearance, consisting, I suppose, of more than fifty musicians, and, to my great gratification, placed themselves directly before the hotel. They began to play, and soon after the grand duchess, attended by several Russian noblemen, made her appearance on the balcony, followed by the Queen of England, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the Princess Mary, Princess Elizabeth, and all the female part of the royal

family. From this fortunate circumstance you will see that I had an excellent opportunity of observing their persons and countenances.

“The Duchess of Oldenburg is a common-sized woman of about four or five and twenty; she has rather a pleasant countenance, blue eyes, pale complexion, regular features, her cheek-bones high, but not disagreeably so. She resembles very much her brother the Emperor, judging from his portrait. She had with her her little nephew, Prince Alexander, a boy of about three or four years old. He was a lively little fellow, playing about, and was the principal object of the attention of the royal family.

“The Queen, if I was truly directed to her, is an old woman of very sallow complexion, and nothing agreeable either in her countenance or deportment; and, if she was not called a queen, she might as well be any ugly old woman. The Princess Charlotte of Wales I thought pretty; she has small features, regular, pale complexion, great amiability of expression and condescension of manners; the Princess Elizabeth is extremely corpulent, and, from what I could see of her face, was agreeable though nothing remarkable.

“One of the others, I think it was the Princess Mary, appeared to have considerable vivacity in her manners; she was without any covering to her head, her hair was sandy, which she wore cropped; her complexion was probably fair originally, but was rather red now; her features were agreeable.

“It now began to grow late, the people were beginning to be tired, wanting their dinners, and the crowd to thicken, when a universal commotion and murmur

through the crowd and from the housetops indicated that the procession was at hand. This was followed by the thunder of artillery and the huzzas of the people toward the head of the street, where the houses seemed to be alive with the twirling of hats and shaking of handkerchiefs. This seemed to mark the progress of the King; for, as he came opposite each house, these actions became most violent, with cries of '*Vivent les Bourbons!*' '*Vive le Roi!*' '*Vive Louis!*' etc.

"I now grew several inches taller; I stretched my neck and opened my eyes. One carriage appeared, drawn by six horses, decorated with ribbons, and containing some of the French *noblesse*; another, of the same description, with some of the French royal family. At length came a carriage drawn by eight beautiful Arabian cream-colored horses. In this were seated Louis XVIII, King of France, the Prince Regent of England, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI, and the Prince of Condé. They passed rather quickly, so that I had but a glance at them, though a distinct one. The Prince Regent I had often seen before; the King of France I had a better sight of afterwards, as I will presently relate. The Duchesse d'Angoulême had a fine expression of countenance, owing probably to the occasion, but a melancholy cast was also visible through it; she was pale. The Prince of Condé I have no recollection of.

"After this part of the procession had passed, the crowd became exceedingly oppressive, rushing down the street to keep pace with the King's carriage. As the King passed the royal family he bowed, which they returned by kissing their hands to him and shaking their handkerchiefs with great enthusiasm. After they had

gone by, the royal family left the balcony, where they had been between two and three hours.

“My only object now was to get clear of the crowd. I waited nearly three quarters of an hour, and at length, by main strength, worked myself edgewise across the street, where I pushed down through stables and houses and by-lanes to get thoroughly clear, not caring where I went, as I knew I could easily find my way when I got into a street. This I at last gained, and, to my no small astonishment, found myself by mere chance directly opposite the hotel where Louis and his suite were.

“The Prince Regent had just left the place, and with his carriage went a great part of the mob, which left the space before the house comparatively clear. It soon filled again; I took advantage, however, and got directly before the windows of the hotel, as I expected the King would show himself, for the people were calling for him very clamorously.

“I was not disappointed, for, in less than half a minute he came to the window, which was open, before which I was. I was so near him I could have touched him. He stayed nearly ten minutes, during which time I observed him carefully. He is very corpulent, a round face, dark eyes, prominent features; the character of countenance much like the portraits of the other Louises; a pleasant face, but, above all, such an expression of the moment as I shall never forget, and in vain attempt to describe.

“His eyes were suffused with tears, his mouth slightly open with an unaffected smile full of gratitude, and seemed to say to every one, ‘Bless you.’ His hands were a little extended sometimes as if in adoration to heaven, at others as if blessing the people. I entered into his

feelings. I saw a monarch who, for five-and-twenty years, had been an exile from his country, deprived of his throne, and, until within a few months, not a shadow of a hope remaining of ever returning to it again. I saw him raised, as if by magic, from a private station in an instant to his throne, to reign over a nation which has made itself the most conspicuous of any nation on the globe. I tried to think as he did, and, in the heat of my enthusiasm, I joined with heart and soul in the cries of '*Vive le roi!*' '*Vive Louis!*' which rent the air from the mouths of thousands. As soon as he left the window, I returned home much fatigued, but well satisfied that my labor had not been for naught. . . .

"Mr. Wilberforce is an excellent man; his whole soul is bent on doing good to his fellow men. Not a moment of his time is lost. He is always planning some benevolent scheme or other, and not only planning but executing; he is made up altogether of affectionate feeling. What I saw of him in private gave me the most exalted opinion of him as a Christian. Oh, that such men as Mr. Wilberforce were more common in this world. So much human blood would not then be shed to gratify the malice and revenge of a few wicked, interested men.

"I hope Cousin Samuel Breese will distinguish himself under so gallant a commander as Captain Perry. I shall look with anxiety for the sailing of the *Guerrière*. There will be plenty of opportunity for him, for peace with us is deprecated by the people here, and it only remains for us to fight it out gallantly, as we are able to do, or submit slavishly to any terms which they please to offer us. A number of *humane* schemes are under contemplation, such as burning New London for the sake

of the frigates there; arming the blacks in the Southern States; burning all of our principal cities, and such like plans, which, from the supineness of the New England people, may be easily carried into effect. But no, the *humane, generous* English cannot do such base things — I hope not; let the event show it. It is perhaps well I am here, for, with my present opinions, if I were at home, I should most certainly be in the army or navy. My mite is small, but, when my country's honor demands it, it might help to sustain it.

“There can now be no French party. I wish very much to know what effect this series of good news will have at home. I congratulate you as well as all other good people on the providential events which have lately happened; they must produce great changes with us; I hope it will be for the best.

“I am in excellent health, and am painting away; I am making studies for the large picture I contemplate for next year. It will be as large, I think, as Mr. Allston's famous one, which was ten feet by fourteen.”

It can hardly be wondered at that the parents should have been somewhat anxious, when we learn from letters of June, 1814, that they had not heard from their son for *seven months*. They were greatly relieved when letters did finally arrive, and they rejoiced in his success and in the hope of a universal peace, which should enable their sons “to act their part on the stage of life in a calmer period of the world.”

His mother keeps urging him to send some of his paintings home, as they wish to judge of his improvement, having, as yet, received nothing but the small pen-and-ink portrait of himself, which they do not

think a very good likeness. She also emphatically discourages any idea of patronage from America, owing to the hard times brought on by the war, and the father tells his son that he will endeavor to send him one thousand dollars more, which must suffice for the additional year's study and the expenses of the journey home.

It is small wonder that the three sons always manifested the deepest veneration and affection for their parents, for seldom has there been seen as great devotion and self-sacrifice, and seldom were three sons more worthy of it. Sidney was at this time studying law at Litchfield, Connecticut, and Richard was attending the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. Both became eminent in after life, though, curiously enough, neither in the law nor in the ministry. But we shall have occasion to treat more specifically of this later on. The three brothers were devotedly attached to each other to the very end of their long lives, and were mutually helpful as their lives now diverged and now came together again.

The next letter from Morse to his parents, written on June 15, 1814, gives a further account of the great people who were at that time in London:—

“I expected at this time to have been in Bristol with Mr. and Mrs. Allston, who are now there, but the great fêtes in honor of the peace, and the visit of the allied sovereigns, have kept me in London till all is over. There are now in London upward of twenty foreign princes; also the great Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia. A week ago yesterday they arrived in town, and, contrary to expectation, came in a very private manner. I went to see their *entrée*, but was disappointed

with the rest of the people, for the Emperor Alexander, disliking all show and parade, came in a private carriage and took an indirect route here.

“The next and following day I spent in endeavoring to get a sight of them. I have been very fortunate, having seen the Emperor Alexander no less than fourteen times, so that I am quite familiar with his face; the King of Prussia I have seen once; Marshal Blücher, five or six times; Count Platoff, three or four times; besides Generals de Yorck, Bülow, etc., all whose names must be perfectly familiar to you, and the distinguished parts they have all acted in the great scenes just past.

“The Emperor Alexander I am quite in love with; he has every mark of a great mind. His countenance is an uncommonly fine one; he has a fair complexion, hair rather light, and a stout, well-made figure; he has a very cheerful, benevolent expression, and his conduct has everywhere evinced that his face is the index of his mind. When I first saw him he was dressed in a green uniform with two epaulets and stars of different orders; he was conversing at the window of his hotel with his sister, the Duchess of Oldenburg. I saw him again soon after in the superb coach of the Prince Regent, with the Duchess, his sister, going to the court of the Queen. In a few hours after I saw him again on the balcony of the Pultney Hotel; he came forward and bowed to the people. He was then dressed in a red uniform, with a broad blue sash over the right shoulder; he appeared to great advantage; he stayed about five minutes. I saw him again five or six times through the day, but got only indifferent views of him. The following day, however, I was determined to get a better and nearer view of him

than before. I went down to his hotel about ten o'clock, the time when I supposed he would leave it; I saw one of the Prince's carriages drawn up, which opened at the top and was thrown back before and behind. In a few minutes the Emperor with his sister made their appearance and got into it. As the carriage started, I pressed forward and got hold of the ring of the coach door and kept pace with it for about a quarter of a mile. I was so near that I could have touched him; he was in a plain dress, a brown coat, and altogether like any other gentleman. His sister, the Duchess, also was dressed in a very plain, unattractive manner, and, if it had not been for the crowd which followed, they would have been taken for any lady and gentleman taking an airing.

"In this unostentatious manner does he conduct himself, despising all pomp, and seems rather more intent upon inspecting the charitable, useful, and ornamental establishments of this country, with a view, probably, of benefiting his own dominions by his observations, than of displaying his rank by the splendor of dress and equipage.

"His condescension also is no less remarkable. An instance or two will exemplify it. On the morning after his arrival he was up at six o'clock, and, while the lazy inhabitants of this great city were fast asleep in their beds, he was walking with his sister, the Duchess, in Kensington Gardens. As he came across Hyde Park he observed a corporal drilling some recruits, upon which he went up to him and entered into familiar conversation with him, asking him a variety of questions, and, when he had seen the end of the exercise, shook him heartily by the hand and left him. When he was rid-

ing on horseback, he shook hands with all who came round him.

“A few days ago, as he was coming out of the gate of the London Docks on foot, after having inspected them, a great crowd was waiting to see him, among whom was an old woman of about seventy years of age, who seemed very anxious to get near him, but, the crowd pressing very much, she exclaimed, ‘Oh, if I could but touch his clothes!’ The Emperor overheard her, and, turning round, advanced to her, and, pulling off his glove, gave her his hand, and, at the same time dropping a guinea into hers, said to her, ‘Perhaps this will do as well.’ The old woman was quite overcome, and cried, ‘God bless Your Majesty,’ till he was out of sight.

“An old woman in her ninetieth year sent a pair of warm woolen stockings to the Emperor, and with them a letter stating that she had knit them with her own hands expressly for him, and, as she could not afford to send him silk, she thought that woolen would be much more acceptable, and would also be more useful in his climate. The Emperor was very much pleased, and determined on giving her his miniature set in gold and diamonds, but, upon learning that her situation in life was such that money would be more acceptable, he wrote her an answer, and, thanking her heartily for her present, enclosed her one hundred pounds.

“These anecdotes speak more than volumes in praise of the Emperor Alexander. He is truly a great man. He is a great conqueror, for he has subdued the greatest country in the world, and overthrown the most alarming despotism that ever threatened mankind. He is great also because he is good; his whole time seems

spent in distributing good to all around him; and wherever he goes he makes every heart rejoice. He is very active and is all the time on the alert in viewing everything that is worth seeing. The Emperor is also extremely partial to the United States; everything American pleases him, and he seems uncommonly interested in the welfare of our country.

"I was introduced to-day to Mr. Harris, our *chargé d'affaires* to the court of Russia. He is a very intelligent, fine man, and is a great favorite with Alexander. From a conversation with him I have a scheme in view which, when I have matured, I will submit to you for your approbation.

"The King of Prussia I have seen but once, and then had but an imperfect view of him. He came to the window with the Prince Regent and bowed to the people (at St. James's Palace). He is tall and thin, has an agreeable countenance, but rather dejected in consequence of the late loss of his queen, to whom he was very much attached.

"General Blücher, now Prince Blücher, I have seen five or six times. I saw him on his entrance into London, all covered with dust, and in a very ordinary kind of vehicle. On the day after I saw him several times in his carriage, drawn about wherever he wished by the *mob*. He is John's greatest favorite, and they have almost pulled the brave general and his companion, Count Platoff, to pieces out of pure affection. Platoff had his coat actually torn off him and divided into a thousand pieces as *relics* by the good people — their kindness knows no bounds, and, I think, in all the battles which they have fought, they never have run so much risk of

losing their limbs as in encountering their friends in England.

“Blücher is a veteran-looking soldier, a very fine head, monstrous mustaches. His head is bald, like papa’s, his hair gray, and he wears powder. Understanding that he was to be at Covent Garden Theatre, I went, as the best place to see him, and I was not disappointed. He was in the Prince’s box, and I had a good view of him during the whole entertainment, being directly before him for three or four hours. A few nights since I also went to the theatre to see Platoff, the *hetman* (chief) of the Cossacks. He has also a very fine countenance, a high and broad forehead, dark complexion, and dark hair. He is tall and well-made, as I think the Cossacks are generally. He was very much applauded by a crowded house, the most part collected to see him.”

The following letter is from Washington Allston written in Bristol, on July 5, 1814: —

MY DEAR SIR, — I received your last on Saturday and should have answered your first letter but for two reasons.

First, that I had nothing to say; which, I think, metaphysicians allow to be the most natural as well as the most powerful cause of silence.

Second, that, if I had had anything to say, the daily expectation which I entertained of seeing you allowed no confidence in the hope that you would hear what I had to say should I have said it.

I thank you for your solicitude, and can assure you that both Mrs. Allston and myself are in every respect better than when we left London. Mr. King received

me, as I wished, with undiminished kindness, and was greatly pleased with the pictures. He has not, however, seen the large one, which, to my agreeable surprise, I have been solicited from various quarters to exhibit, and that, too, without my having given the least intimation of such a design. I have taken Merchant Tailors' Hall (a very large room) for this purpose, and shall probably open it in the course of next week.

Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that I have been retouching it. I have just concluded a fortnight's hard work upon it, and have the satisfaction to add that I have been seldom better satisfied than with my present labor. I have repainted the greater part of the draperies — indeed, those of all the principal figures, excepting the Dead Man — with powerful and positive colors, and added double strength to the shadows of every figure, so that for force and distinctness you would hardly know it for the same picture. The "Morning Chronicle" would have no reason now to complain of its "wan red." . . .

I am sorry that Parliament has been so unpolite to you in procrastinating the fireworks. But they are an unpolished set and will still be in the dark age of incivility notwithstanding their late illuminations. However I am in great hopes that the good people of England will derive no small degree of moral embellishment from their pure admiration of the illustrious General B——, who, it is said, for drinking and gaming has no equal.

BRISTOL, September 9, 1814.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — Your kind letters of June last I have received, and return you a thousand thanks for them. They have relieved me from a painful state of

anxiety with respect to my future prospects. I cannot feel too thankful for such kind parents who have universally shown so much indulgence to me. Accept my gratitude and love; they are all I can give.

You allow me to stay in Europe another year. Your letters are not in answer to some I have subsequently sent requesting leave to reside in Paris. Mr. Allston, as well as all my friends, think it by all means necessary I should lose no time in getting to France to improve myself for a year in drawing (a branch of art in which I am very deficient).

I shall therefore set out for Paris in about two weeks, unless your letters in answer to those sent by Drs. Heyward and Cushing should arrive and say otherwise. Since coming to Bristol I have not found my prospects so good as I before had reason to expect (owing in a great degree to political irritation). I have, however, contrived to make sufficient to pay off *all* my *debts*, which have given me some considerable uneasiness.

I can live much more reasonably in Paris (indeed, some say for half what I can in London); I can improve myself more; and, therefore, all things taken into consideration, I believe it would be agreeable to my parents. As to the political state of Paris, there is nothing to fear from that. It appears perfectly tranquil, and should at any time any difficulties arise, it is but three days' journey back to England again. Besides this, I hope my parents will not feel any solicitude for me lest I should fall into any bad way, when they consider that I am now between twenty-three and twenty-four years of age, and that this is an age when the habits are generally fixed.

As for expense, I must also request your confidence. Feeling as I do the great obligations I am under to my parents, they must think me destitute of gratitude if they thought me capable, after all that has been said to me, of being prodigal. The past I trust you will find to be an example for the future.

In a letter from a friend, M. Van Schaick, written from Dartmouth, October 13, 1814, after speaking in detail of the fortifications of New York Harbor, which he considers "impregnable," we find the following interesting information: —

"But what satisfies my mind more than anything else is that all the heights of Brooklyn on Long Island are occupied by strong chains of forts; the Captain calls it an iron-work; and that the steamboat frigate, carrying forty-four 32-pounders, must by this time be finished. Her sides are eight feet thick of solid timber. No ball can penetrate her. . . . The steamboat frigate is 160 feet long, 40 wide, carries her wheels in the centre like the ferry-boats, and will move six miles an hour against a common wind and tide. She is the wonder and admiration of all beholders."

From this same gentleman is the following letter, dated October 21, 1814: —

MY DEAR FRIEND, — My heart is so full that I do not know how to utter its emotions. Thanks, all thanks to Heaven and our glorious heroes! My satisfaction is full; it is perfect. It partakes of the character of the victory and wants nothing to make it complete.

I return your felicitations upon this happy and heart-

cheering occasion, and hope it may serve to suppress every sigh and to enliven every hope that animates the bosoms of my friends at Bristol. Give Mr. Allston a hearty squeeze of the hand for me in token of my gratification at this event and my remembrance of him.

I enter into your feelings; I enjoy your triumph as much as if I was with you. May it do you good and lengthen your lives. Really I think it is much more worth my regard to live now than ever it was before. This gives a tone to one's nerves, a zest to one's appetite, and a reality to existence that pervades all nature and exhibits its effects in every word and action.

Among the heroes whose names shall be inscribed upon the broad base of American Independence and Glory, the names of the heroes of Lake Erie and Lake Champlain will be recognized as brilliant and every way worthy; and it will hereafter be said that the example and exertions of New York have saved the nation. . . . What becomes of Massachusetts now and its sage politicians? Oh! shut the picture; I cannot bear the contrast. Like a dead carcass she hangs upon the living spirit which animates the heart, and she impedes its motions. Her consequence is gone, and I am sorry for it, because I have been accustomed to admire the noble spirit she once displayed, and the virtues which adorned her brighter days. . . .

We sail on Sunday or Monday. I have received the box. Everything is right. Heaven bless you.

Going back a few days in point of time, the following letter was written to his parents: —

BRISTOL, October 11, 1814.

Your letters to the 31st of August have been received, and I have again to express to you my thanks for the sacrifices you are making for me. One day I hope it will be in my power to repay you for the many acts of indulgence to me. . . .

Your last letters mention nothing about my going to France. I perceive you have got my letters requesting leave, but you are altogether silent on the subject. Everything is in favor of my going, my improvement, my expenses, and, last though not least, *the state of my feelings*. I shall be ruined in my feelings if I stay longer in England. I cannot endure the continued and daily insults to my feelings as an American. But on this head I promised not to write anything more; still allow me to say but a few words — On second thoughts, however, I will refer you entirely to Dr. Romeyn. If it is possible, as you value my comfort, see him as speedily as possible. He will give you my sentiments exactly, and I fully trust that, after you have heard him converse for a short time, you will completely liberate me from the imputation of error. . . .

Mr. Bromfield [the merchant through whom he received his allowance] thinks I had better wait until I receive positive leave from you to go to France. Do write me soon and do give me leave. I long to bury myself in the Louvre in a country at least not hostile to mine, and where guns are not firing and bells ringing for victory over my countrymen. . . . Where is American patriotism, — how long shall England, already too proud, glory in the blood of my countrymen? Oh! for

the genius of Washington! Had I but his talents with what alacrity would I return to the relief of that country which (without affectation, my dear parents) is dearer to me than my life. Willingly (I speak with truth and deliberation), willingly would I sacrifice my life for her honor.

Do not think ill of me for speaking thus strongly. You cannot judge impartially of my feelings until you are placed in my situation. Do not say I suffer myself to be carried away by my feelings; your feelings could never have been tried as mine have; you cannot see with the eyes I do; you cannot have the means of ascertaining facts on this side of the water that I have. But I will leave this subject and only say *see Dr. Romeyn*. . . .

I find no encouragement whatever in Bristol in the way of my art. National feeling is mingled with everything here; it is sufficient that I am an American, a title I would not change with the greatest king in Europe.

I find it more reasonable, living in Bristol, or I should go to London immediately. Mr. and Mrs. Allston are well and send you their respects. They set out for London in a few days after some months' *unsuccessful* (between ourselves) residence here. All public feeling is absorbed in one object, the *conquest of the United States*; no time to encourage an artist, especially an American artist.

I am well, extremely well, but not in good spirits, as you may imagine from this letter. I am painting a little landscape and am studying in my mind a great historical picture, to be painted, by your leave, in Paris.

CHAPTER VIII

NOVEMBER 9, 1814 — APRIL 23, 1815

Does not go to Paris. — Letter of admonition from his mother. — His parents' early economies. — Letter from Leslie. — Letter from Rev. S. F. Jarvis on politics. — The mother tells of the economies of another young American, Dr. Parkman. — The son resents constant exhortations to economize, and tells of meanness of Dr. Parkman. — Writes of his own economies and industry. — Disgusted with Bristol. — Prophesies peace between England and America. — Estimates of Morse's character by Dr. Romeyn and Mr. Van Schaick. — The father regrets reproof of son for political views. — Death of Mrs. Allston. — Disagreeable experience in Bristol. — More economies. — Napoleon I. — Peace.

MORSE did not go to Paris at this time. The permission from his parents was so long delayed, owing to their not having received certain letters of his, and his mentor, Mr. Bromfield, advising against it, he gave up the plan, with what philosophy he could bring to bear on the situation.

His mother continued to give him careful advice, covering many pages, in every letter. On November 9, 1814, she says: —

“We wish to know what the plan was that you said you were maturing in regard to the Emperor of Russia. You must not be a schemer, but determine on a steady, uniform course. It is an old adage that ‘a rolling stone never gathers any moss’; so a person that is driving about from pillar to post very seldom lays up anything against a rainy day. You must be wise, my son, and endeavor to get into such steady business as will, with the divine blessing, give you a support. Secure that first, and then you will be authorized to indulge your taste and exercise your genius in other ways that may not be immediately connected with a living.

“You mention patronage from this country, but such a thing is not known here unless you were on the spot, and not then, indeed, but for value received. You must therefore make up your mind to labor for yourself without leaning on any one, and look up to God for his blessing upon your endeavors. This is the way your parents set out in life about twenty-five years ago. They had nothing to look to for a support but their salary, which was a house, twenty cords of wood, and \$570 a year. The reception and circulation of the Geography was an experiment not then made. With the blessing of Heaven on these resources we have maintained an expensive family, kept open doors for almost all who chose to come and partake of our hospitality. Enemies, as well as friends, have been welcomed. We have given you and your brothers a liberal education, have allowed you \$4000, are allowing your brothers about \$300 a year apiece, and are supporting our remaining family at the rate of \$2000 a year. This is a pretty correct statement, and I make it to show you what can be done by industry and economy, with the blessing of Heaven.”

While Morse was in Bristol, his friend C. R. Leslie thus writes to him in lead pencil from London, on November 29, 1814: —

MOST POTENT, GRAVE AND REVEREND DOCTOR, —
I take up my pencil to make ten thousand apologies for addressing you in humble black lead. Deeply impressed as I am with the full conviction that you deserve the very best Japan ink, the only excuse I can make to you is the following. It is, perhaps, needless to remind you that the tools with which ink is applied to paper, in order

to produce writing, are made from goose quills, which quills I am goose enough not to keep a supply of; and not having so much money at present in my breeches pocket as will purchase one, I am forced to betake myself to my pencil; an instrument which, without paying myself any compliment, I am sure I can wield better than a pen.

I am glad to hear that you are so industrious, and that Mr. Allston is succeeding so well with portraits. I hope he will bring all he has painted to London. I am looking out for you every day. I think we form a kind of family here, and I feel in an absence from Mr. and Mrs. Allston and yourself as I used to do when away from my mother and sisters.

By the bye, I have not had any letters from home for more than a month. It seems the Americans are all united and we shall now have war in earnest. I am glad of it for many reasons; I think it will not only get us a more speedy and permanent peace, but may tend to crush the demon of party spirit and strengthen our government.

I am done painting the gallery, and have finished my drawings for the frieze. Thank you for your good wishes.

I thought Mr. Allston knew how proud I am of being considered his student. Tell him, if he thinks it worth while to mention me at all in his letter to Delaplaine, I shall consider it a great honor to be called his student.

The father, in a letter of December 6, 1814, after again urging him to leave politics alone, adds this postscript:

“P.S. If you can make up your mind to remain in

London and finish your great picture for the exhibition; to suppress your political feelings, and resolutely turn a deaf ear to everything which does not concern your professional studies; not to talk on politics and preserve a conciliating course of conduct and conversation; make as many friends as you can, and behave as a good man ought to in your situation, and put off going to France till after your exhibition, — this plan would suit us best. But with the observations and advice now before you, we leave you to judge for yourself. Let us early know your determination and intended plans. You must rely on your own resources after this year.”

The following letter is from his warm friend, the Reverend Samuel F. Jarvis, written in New York, December 14, 1814: —

“I am not surprised at the feelings you express with regard to England or America. The English in general have so contemptuous an opinion of us and one so exalted of themselves, that every American must feel a virtuous indignation when he hears his country traduced and belied. But, my dear sir, it is natural, on the other hand, for an exile from his native land to turn with fond remembrance to its excellences and forget its defects. You will be able some years hence to speak with more impartiality on this subject than you do at present.

“The men who have involved the country in this war are wicked and corrupt. A systematic exclusion of all Federalists from any office of trust is the leading feature of this Administration, yet the Federalists comprehend the majority of the wealth, virtue, and intelligence of the community. It is the power of the ignorant multitude by which they are supported, and I conceive that

America will never be a respectable nation in the eyes of the world, till the extreme democracy of our Constitution is done away with, and there is a representation of the property rather than of the population of the country. You feel nothing of the oppressive, despotic sway of the *soi-disant* Republicans, but we feel it in all its bitterness, and know that it is far worse than that of the most despotic sovereigns in Europe. With such men there can be no union.

“The repulsion of British invasion is the duty, and will be the pride, of every American; but, while prepared to bare his arm in defence of his much-wronged country against a proud and arrogant, and, in some instances, a cruel, foe, he cannot be blind to the unprincipled conduct of her internal enemies, and such he must conceive the present ruling party to be.”

On December 19, 1814, his mother writes: —

“I was not a little astonished to hear you say, in one of your letters from Bristol, that you had earned money enough there to pay off your debts. I cannot help asking what debts you could have to discharge with your own earnings after receiving one thousand dollars a year from us, which we are very sure must have afforded you, even by your own account of your expenses, ample means for the payment of all just, fair, and honorable debts, and I hope you contract no others. We are informed by others that they made six hundred dollars a year not only pay all their expenses of clothing, board, travelling, learning the French language, etc., etc., but they were able out of it to purchase books to send home, and actually sent a large trunk full of elegant books. Now the person who told us that he did this has a father

who is said to be worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars; therefore the young man was not pinched for means, but was thus economical out of consideration to his parents, and to show his gratitude to them, as I suppose. Now think, my dear son, how much more your poor parents are doing for you, how good your dear brothers are to be satisfied with so little done for them in comparison with what we are doing for you, and let the thought stimulate you to more economy and industry. I greatly fear you have been falling off in both these since the *éclat* you received for your first performances. It has always been a failing of yours, as soon as you found you could excel in what you undertook, to be tired of it and not trouble yourself any further about it. I was in hopes that you had got over this fickleness ere this. . .

“You must not expect to paint anything in this country, for which you will receive any money to support you, but portraits; therefore do everything in your power to qualify you for painting and taking them in the best style. That is all your hope here, and to be very obliging and condescending to those who are disposed to employ you. . . .

“I think young Leslie is a very estimable young man to be, as I am told he is, supporting himself and assisting his widowed mother by his industry.”

I shall anticipate a little in order to give at once the son's answer to this reproof. He writes on April 23, 1815: —

“I wish I could persuade my parents that they might place some little confidence in my judgment at the age I now am (nearly twenty-four), an age when, in ordinary people, the judgment has reached a certain degree of

maturity. It is a singular and, I think, an unfortunate fact that I have not, that I recollect, since I have been in England, had a turn of low spirits except when I have received letters from home. It is true I find a great deal of affectionate solicitude in them, but with it I also find so much complaint and distrust, so much fear that I am doing wrong, so much doubt as to my morals and principles, and fear lest I should be led away by bad company and the like, that, after I have read them, I am miserable for a week. I feel as though I had been guilty of every crime, and I have passed many sleepless nights after receiving letters from you. I shall not sleep to-night in consequence of passages in your letters just received."

Here he quotes from his mother's letter and answers:

"Now as to the young man's living for six hundred dollars, I know who it is of whom you speak. It is Dr. Parkman, who made it his boast that he would live for that sum, but you did not enquire *how* he lived. I can tell you. He never refused an invitation to dine, breakfast, or tea, which he used to obtain often by pushing himself into everybody's company. When he did not succeed in getting invitations, he invited himself to breakfast, dine, or sup with some of his friends. He has often walked up to breakfast with us, a distance of three or four miles. If he failed in getting a dinner or meal at any of these places, he either used to go without, or a bit of bread answered the purpose till next meal. In his dress he was so shabby and uncouth that any decent person would be ashamed to walk with him in the street. Above all, his notorious meanness in his money matters, his stickling with his poor washerwoman for a halfpenny and with others for a farthing, and his uniform stingi-

ness on all occasions rendered him notoriously disgusting to all his acquaintances, and affords, I should imagine, but a poor example for imitation. . . .

“The fact is I could live for *fifty* pounds a year if my only object was to live cheap, and, on the other hand, if I was allowed one thousand pounds a year, I could spend it all without the least extravagance in obtaining greater advantages in my art. But as your goodness has allowed me but two hundred pounds (and I wish you again to receive my sincere thanks for this allowance), should not my sole endeavor be to spend all this to the utmost advantage; to keep as closely within the bounds of that allowance as possible, and would not *economy* in this instance consist in rigidly keeping up to this rule? If this is a true statement of the case, then have I been perfectly economical, for I have not yet overrun my allowance, and I think I shall be able to return home without having exceeded it a single shilling. If I have done this, and still continue to do it, why, in every letter I receive from home, is the injunction repeated of *being economical*? It makes me exceedingly unhappy, especially when I am conscious of having used my utmost endeavors, ever since I have been in England, to be rigidly so.

“As to *industry*, in which mama fears I am falling off, I gave you an account in my last letter (by Mr. Ralston) of the method I use in parcelling out my time. Since writing that letter the spring and summer are approaching fast, and the days increasing. Of course I can employ more of the time than in the winter. Mr. Leslie and myself rise at five o'clock in the morning and walk about a mile and a half to Burlington, where are the famous

Elgin Marbles, the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, brought by Lord Elgin from Athens. From these we draw three hours every morning, wet or dry, before breakfast, and return home just as the bustle begins in London, for they are late risers in London. When we go out of a morning we meet no one but the watchman, who goes his rounds for an hour and a half after we are up. Last summer Mr. Leslie and I used to paint in the open air in the fields three hours before breakfast, and often before sunrise, to study the morning effect on the landscape.

“Now, being conscious of employing my time in the most industrious manner possible, you can but faintly conceive the mortification and sorrow with which I read that part of mama’s letter. I was so much hurt that I read it to Mr. Allston, and requested he would write to you and give you an account of my spending my time. He seemed very much astonished when I read it to him, and *authorized me to tell you from him that it was impossible for any one to be more indefatigable in his studies than I am.*

“Mama mentions in her letter that she hears that Mr. Leslie supports his mother and sisters by his labors. This is not the case. Leslie was supported by three or four individuals in Philadelphia till within a few months past. About a year ago he sold a large picture which he painted (whilst I was on my fruitless trip to Bristol for money) for a hundred guineas. Since that he has had a number of commissions in portraits and is barely able to support himself; indeed, he tells me this evening that he has but £20 left. He is a very economical and a most excellent young man. His expenses in a year are, on an

average, from £230 to £250; Mr. Allston's (single) expenses not less than £300 per annum, and I know of no artist among all my acquaintance whose expenses in a year are less than £200."

Returning now to the former chronological order, I shall include the following vehement letter written from London on December 22, 1814: —

MY DEAR PARENTS, — I arrived yesterday from Bristol, where I have been for several months past endeavoring to make a little in the way of my profession, but have completely failed, owing to several causes.

First, the total want of anything like partiality for the fine arts in that place; the people there are but a remove from brutes. A "Bristol hog" is as proverbial in this country as a "Charlestown gentleman" is in Boston. Their whole minds are absorbed in trade; barter and gain and interest are all they understand. If I could have painted a picture for half a guinea by which they could have made twenty whilst I starved, *I could have starved*.

Secondly, the virulence of national prejudice which rages now with tenfold acrimony. They no longer despise, they hate, the Americans. The battle on Champlain and before Plattsburgh has decided the business; the moans and bewailings for this business are really, to an American, quite comforting after their arrogant boasting of reducing us to unconditional submission.

Is it strange that I should feel a little the effects of this universal hatred? I have felt it, and I have left Bristol after six months' perfect neglect. After having been invited there with promises of success, I have had

the mortification to leave it without having, from Bristol, a single commission. More than that, and by far the worst, if I have not gone back in my art these six months, I have at least stood still, and to me this is the most trying reflection of all. I have been immured in the paralyzing atmosphere of trade till my mind was near partaking the infection. I have been listening to the grovelling, avaricious devotees of mammon, whose souls are narrowed to the studious contemplation of a hard-earned shilling, whose leaden imaginations never soared above the prospect of a good bargain, and whose *summum bonum* is the inspiring idea of counting a hundred thousand: I say I have been listening to these miserly beings till the idea did not seem so repugnant of lowering my noble art to a trade, of painting for money, of degrading myself and the soul-enlarging art which I possess, to the narrow idea of merely getting money.

Fie on myself! I am ashamed of myself; no, never will I degrade myself by making a trade of a profession. If I cannot live a gentleman, I will starve a gentleman. But I will dismiss this unpleasant subject, the particulars of which I can better relate to you than write. Suffice it to say that my ill-treatment does not prey upon my spirits; I am in excellent health and spirits and have great reason to be thankful to Heaven for thousands of blessings which one or two reverses shall not make me forget. Reverses do I call them? How trifling are my troubles to the millions of my fellow creatures who are afflicted with all the dreadful calamities incident to this life. Reverses do I call them? No, they are blessings compared with the miseries of thousands.

Indeed, I am too ungrateful. If a thing does not result

just as I wish, I begin to repine; I forget the load of blessings which I enjoy: life, health, parents whose kindness exceeds the kindest; brothers, relatives, and friends; advantages which no one else enjoys for the pursuit of a favorite art, besides numerous others; all which are forgotten the moment an unpleasant disappointment occurs. I am very ungrateful.

With respect to peace, I can only say I should not be surprised if the preliminaries were signed before January. My reasons are that Great Britain cannot carry on the war any longer. She may talk of her inexhaustible resources, but she well knows that the great resource, the property tax, must fail next April. The people will not submit any longer; they are taking strong measures to prevent its continuance, and without it they cannot continue the war.

Another great reason why I think there will be peace is the absolute *fear* which they express of us. They fear the increase of our navy; they fear the increase of the army; they fear for Canada, and they are in dread of the further disgrace of their national character. Mr. Monroe's plan for raising 100,000 men went like a shock through the country. They saw the United States assume an attitude which they did not expect, and the same men who cried for "war, war," "thrash the Americans," now cry most lustily for peace.

The union of the parties also has convinced them that we are determined to resist their most arrogant pretensions.

Love to all, brothers, Miss Russell; etc.

Yours very affectionately,

SAML. F. B. MORSE.

He ends the letter thus abruptly, probably realizing that he was beginning to tread on forbidden ground, but being unable to resist the temptation.

While from this letter and others we can form a just estimate of the character and temperament of the man, it is also well to learn the opinion of his contemporaries; I shall, therefore, quote from a letter to the elder Morse of the Dr. Romeyn, whom the son was so anxious to have his father see, also from a letter of Mr. Van Schaick to Dr. Romeyn.

The former was written in New York, on December 27, 1814.

“The enclosed letter of my friend Mr. Van Schaick will give you the information concerning your son which you desire. He has been intimately acquainted with your son for a considerable time. You may rely on his account, as he is not only a gentleman of unquestionable integrity, but also a professor of the Lord Christ. What I saw and heard of your son pleased me, and I cannot but hope he will repay all your anxieties and realize your reasonable expectations by his conduct and the standing which he must and will acquire in society by that conduct.”

Mr. Van Schaick's letter was written also in New York, on December 14, 1814:—

“To those passages of Dr. Morse's letter respecting his son, to which you have directed my attention, I hasten to reply without any form, because it will gratify me to relieve the anxiety of the parents of my friend. His religious and moral character is unexceptionally good. He feels strongly for his country and expresses those feelings among his American friends with great

sensibility. I do not know that he ever indulges in any observations in the company of Englishmen which are calculated to injure his standing among them. But, my dear sir, you fully know that an American cannot escape the sting of illiberal and false charges against his country and even its moral character, unless he almost entirely withholds himself from society. It cannot be expected that any human being should be so unfeeling as to suffer indignity in total silence.

"But I do not think that any political collisions, which may incidentally and very infrequently arise, can injure him as an artist; for it is well known to you that the simple fact of his being an American is sufficient to prevent his rising rapidly into notice, since the possession of that character clogs the efforts, or, at least, somewhat clouds the fame of men of superior genius and established talent. . . . I advised Samuel to go to France and bury himself for six months in the Louvre; from thence to Italy, the seat of the arts. He inclined to the first part of the plan, and then to return home, but deferred putting it into execution till he heard from his father. Mr. Allston intended to winter in London. Morse has a fine taste and colors well. His drawing is capable of much improvement, but he is anxious to place himself at the head of his profession, and, with a little judicious encouragement, will probably succeed. That patient industry which has in all ages characterized the masters of the art, he will find it to his interest to apply to his studies the farther he advances in them. His success has been moderately good. If he could sell the pictures he has on hand, the avails would probably pay his way into France."

Referring to these letters the father, writing on January 25, 1815, says: —

“We have had letters from Dr. Romeyn and Mr. Van Schaick concerning you which have comforted us much. Since receiving them we don’t know but we have expressed ourselves, in our letters in answer to your last, a little stronger than we ought in regard to your *political* feelings and conduct. I find others who have returned feel pretty much as you do. But it should be remembered that your situation as an artist is different from theirs. It is your wisdom to leave politics to politicians and be solely the artist. But if you are in France these cautions will probably not be necessary, as you will have no temptation to enter into any political discussions.”

On the 3d of February, 1815, Morse, in writing to his parents, has a very sad piece of news to communicate to them: —

“I write in great haste and much agitation. Mrs. Allston, the wife of our beloved friend, died last evening, and the event overwhelmed us all in the utmost sorrow. As for Mr. Allston, for several hours after the death of his wife he was almost bereft of reason. Mr. Leslie and I are applying our whole attention to him, and we have so far succeeded as to see him more composed.”

This was a terrible grief to all the little coterie of friends, for whom the Allston house had been a home. One of them, Mr. J. J. Morgan, in a long letter to Morse written from Wiltshire, thus expresses himself: —

“Gracious God! unsearchable, indeed, are thy ways! The insensible, the brutish, the wicked are powerful and everywhere, in everything successful; while Allston, who is everything that is amiable, kind, and good, has been

bruised, blow after blow, and now, indeed, his cup is full. I am too unwell, too little recovered from the effect of your letter, to write much. Coleridge intends writing to-day; I hope he will. Allston may derive some little relief from knowing how much his friends partake of his grief."

This was a time of great discouragement to the young artist. Through the failure of some of his letters to reach his parents in time, he had not received their permission to go to France until it was too late for him to go. The death of Mrs. Allston cast a gloom over all the little circle, and, to cap the climax, he was receiving no encouragement in his profession. On March 10, 1815, he writes: —

"My jaunt to Bristol in quest of money completely failed. When I was first there I expected, from the little connection I got into, I should be able to support myself. I was obliged to come to town on account of the exhibitions, and stayed longer than I expected, intending to return to Bristol. During this time I received two pressing letters from Mr. Visscher (which I will show you), inviting me to come down, saying that I should have plenty of business. I accordingly hurried off. A gentleman, for whom I had before painted two portraits, had promised, if I would let him have them for ten guineas apiece, twelve being my price, that he would procure me five sitters. This I acceded to. I received twenty guineas and have heard nothing from the man since, though I particularly requested Mr. Visscher to enquire and remind him of his promise. Yet he never did anything more on the subject. I was there three months, gaining nothing in my art and without a single

commission. Mr. Breed, of Liverpool, then came to Bristol. He took two landscapes which I had been amusing myself with (for I can say nothing more of them) at ten guineas each. I painted two more landscapes which are unsold.

“Mr. Visscher, a man worth about a hundred thousand pounds, and whose annual expenses, with a large family of seven children, are not one thousand, had a little frame for which he repeatedly desired me to paint a picture. I told him I would as soon as I had finished one of my landscapes. I began it immediately, without his knowing it, and determined to surprise him with it. I also had two frames which fitted Mr. Breed’s pictures, and which I was going to give to Mr. Breed with his pictures. But Mr. Visscher was particularly pleased with the frames, as they were a pair, and told me not to send them to Mr. Breed as he should like to have them himself, and wished I would paint him pictures to fit them (the two other landscapes before mentioned). I accordingly was employed three months longer in painting these three pictures. I finished them; he was very much pleased with them; all his family were very much pleased with them; all who saw them were pleased with them. But he *declined taking them* without even asking my price, and said that he had more pictures than he knew what to do with.

“Mr. and Mrs. Allston heard him say twenty times he wished I would paint him a picture for the frame. Mr. Allston, who knew what I was about, told him, no doubt, I would do it for him, and in a week after I had completed it. I had told Mr. Visscher also that I was considerably in debt, and that, when he had paid me for

these pictures, I should be something in pocket; and, by his not objecting to what I said, I took it for granted (and from his requesting me to paint the picture) that the thing was certain. But thus it was, without giving any reason in the world, except that he had pictures enough, he declined taking them, making me spend three months longer in Bristol than I otherwise should have done; standing still in my art, if not actually going back; and forcing me to run in debt for some necessary expenses of clothing in Bristol, and my passage from and back to London. During all this time not a single commission for a portrait, *many* of which were promised me, nor a single call from any one to look at my pictures. Thus ended my jaunt in quest of money.

“Do not think that this disappointment is in consequence of any misconduct of mine. Mr. Allston, who was with me, experienced the same treatment, and had it not been for his uncle, the American Consul, he might have starved for the Bristol people. His uncle was the only one who purchased any of his pictures. Since I have been in London I have been endeavoring to regain what I lost in Bristol, and I hope I have so far succeeded as to say: *‘I have not gone back in my art.’*”

“In order to retrench my expenses I have taken a painting-room out of the house, at about half of the expense of my former room. Though inconvenient in many respects, yet my circumstances require it and I willingly put up with it. As for *economy*, do not be at any more pains in introducing that personage to me. We have long been friends and necessary companions. If you could look in on me and see me through a day I think you would not tell me in every letter *to economize more*. It

is impossible; I cannot economize more. I live on as plain food and as little as is for my health; less and plainer would make me ill, for I have given it a fair experiment. As for clothes, I have been decent and that is all. If I visited a great deal this would be a heavy expense, but, the less I go out, the less need I care for clothes, except for cleanliness. My only heavy expenses are colors, canvas, frames, etc., and these are heavy."

A number of pages of this letter are missing, much to my regret. He must have been telling of some of the great events which were happening on the Continent, probably of the Return from Elba, for it begins again abruptly.

"— when he might have avoided it by quietness; by undertaking so bold an attempt as he has done without being completely sure of success, and having laid his plans deeply; and, thirdly, I knew the feelings of the French people were decidedly in his favor, more especially the military. They feel as though Louis XVIII was forced upon them by their conquerors; they feel themselves a conquered nation, and they look to Bonaparte as the only man who can retrieve their character for them.

"All these reasons rushing into my mind at the time, I gave it as my opinion that Napoleon would again be Emperor of the French, and again set the world by the ears, unless he may have learned a lesson from his adversity. But this cannot be expected. I fear we are apt yet to see a darker and more dreadful storm than any we have yet seen. This is, indeed, an age of wonders.

"Let what will happen in Europe, let us have peace at home, among ourselves more particularly. But the

character we have acquired among the nations of Europe in our late contest with England, has placed us on such high ground that none of them, England least of all, will wish to embroil themselves with us."

This was written just after peace had been established between England and America, and in a letter from his mother, written about the same time in March, 1815, she thus comments on the joyful news: "We have now the heartfelt pleasure of congratulating you on the return of peace between our country and Great Britain. May it never again be interrupted, but may both countries study the things that make for peace, and love as brethren."

It never has been interrupted up to the present day, for, as I am pursuing my pleasant task of bringing these letters together for publication, in the year of our Lord 1911, the newspapers are agitating the question of a fitting commemoration of a hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States.

Further on in this same letter the mother makes this request of her son: "When you return we wish you to bring some excellent black or corbeau cloth to make your good father and brothers each a suit of clothes. Your papa also wishes you to get made a handsome black cloth cloak for him; one that will fit you he thinks will fit him. Be sure and attend to this. Your mama would like some grave colored silk for a gown, if it can be had but for little. Don't forget that your mother is no dwarf, and that a large pattern suits her better than a small one."

The letter of April 23, from which I have already quoted, has this sentence at the beginning: "Your letters

suppose me in Paris, *but I am not there*; you hope that I went in October last; I intended going and wished it at that time exceedingly, but I had not leave from you to go and Mr. Bromfield advised me by no means to go until I heard from you. You must perceive from this case how impossible it is for me to form plans, and transmit them across the Atlantic for approbation, thus letting an opportunity slip which is irrecoverable."

CHAPTER IX

MAY 3, 1815 — OCTOBER 18, 1815

Decides to return home in the fall. — Hopes to return to Europe in a year. — Ambitions. — Paints "Judgment of Jupiter." — Not allowed to compete for premium. — Mr. Russell's portrait. — Reproof of his parents. — Battle of Waterloo. — Wilberforce. — Painting of "Dying Hercules" received by parents. — Much admired. — Sails for home. — Dreadful voyage lasting fifty-eight days. — Extracts from his journal. — Home at last.

It was with great reluctance that Morse made his preparations to return home. He thought that, could he but remain a year or two longer in an atmosphere much more congenial to an artist than that which prevailed in America at that time, he would surely attain to greater eminence in his profession.

He, in common with many others, imagined that, with the return of peace, an era of great prosperity would at once set in. But in this he was mistaken, for history records that just the opposite occurred. The war had made demands on manufacturers, farmers, and provision dealers which were met by an increase in inventions and in production, and this meant wealth and prosperity to many. When the war ceased, this demand suddenly fell off; the soldiers returning to their country swelled the army of the unemployed, and there resulted increased misery among the lower classes, and a check to the prosperity of the middle and upper classes. It would seem, therefore, that Fate dealt more kindly with the young man than he, at that time, realized; for, had he remained, his discouragements would undoubtedly have increased; whereas, by his return to his native land, although meeting with many disappointments

and suffering many hardships, he was gradually turned into a path which ultimately led to fame and fortune.

On May 3, 1815, he writes to his parents: —

“With respect to returning home, I shall make my arrangements to be with you (should my life be spared) by the end of September next, or the beginning of October; but it will be necessary that I should be in England again (provided always Providence permits) by September following, as arrangements which I have made will require my presence. This I will fully explain when I meet you.

“The moment I get home I wish to begin work, so that I should like to have some portraits bespoken in season. I shall charge forty dollars less than Stuart for my portraits, so that, if any of my good friends are ready, I will begin the moment I have said ‘how do ye do’ to them.

“I wish to do as much as possible in the year I am with you. If I could get a commission or two for some large pictures for a church or public hall, to the amount of two or three thousand dollars, I should feel much gratified. I do not despair of such an event, for, through your influence with the clergy and their influence with their people, I think some commission for a scripture subject for a church might be obtained; a crucifixion, for instance.

“It may, perhaps, be said that the country is not rich enough to purchase large pictures; yes, but two or three thousand dollars can be paid for an entertainment which is gone in a day, and whose effects are to demoralize and debilitate, whilst the same sum expended on a fine picture would be adding an ornament to the

country which would be lasting. It would tend to elevate and refine the public feeling by turning their thoughts from sensuality and luxury to intellectual pleasures, and it would encourage and support a class of citizens who have always been reckoned among the brightest stars in the constellation of American worthies, and who are, to this day, compelled to exile themselves from their country and all that is dear to them, in order to obtain a bare subsistence.

“I do not speak of *portrait-painters*; had I no higher thoughts than being a first-rate portrait-painter, I would have chosen a far different profession. My ambition is to be among those who shall revive the splendor of the fifteenth century; to rival the genius of a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, or a Titian; my ambition is to be enlisted in the constellation of genius now rising in this country; I wish to shine, not by a light borrowed from them, but to strive to shine the brightest.

“If I could return home and stay a year visiting my friends in various parts of the Union, and, by painting portraits, make sufficient to bring me to England again at the end of the year, whilst I obtained commissions enough to employ me and support me while in England, I think, in the course of a year or two, I shall have obtained sufficient credit to enable me to return home, if not for the remainder of my life, at least to pay a good long visit.

“In all these plans I wish you to understand me as always taking into consideration *the will of Providence*; and, in every plan for future operation, I hope I am not forgetful of the uncertainty of human life, and I wish always to say *should I live* I will do this or that. . . .

"I perceive by your late letters that you suppose I am painting a large picture. I did think of it some time ago and was only deterred on account of the expenses attending it. All this I will explain to your entire satisfaction when I see you, and why I do not think it expedient to make an exhibition when I return.

"I perceive also that you are a little too sanguine with respect to me and expect a little too much from me. You must recollect I am yet but a student and that a picture of any merit is not painted in a day. Experienced as Mr. West is (and he also paints quicker than any other artist), his last large picture cost him between three and four years' constant attention. Mr. Allston was nearly two years in painting his large picture. Young Haydon was three years painting his large picture, is now painting another on which he has been at work one year and expects to be two years more on it. Leslie was ten months painting his picture, and my 'Hercules' cost me nearly a year's study. So you see that large pictures are not the work of a moment.

"All these matters we will talk over one of these days, and all will be set right. I had better paint Miss Russell's, Aunt Salisbury's, and Dr. Bartlett's pictures at home for a very good reason I will give you."

He did, however, complete a large historical, or rather mythological, painting before leaving England. Whether it was begun before or after writing the foregoing letter, I do not know, but Mr. Dunlap (whom I have already quoted) has this to say about it: —

"Encouraged by the flattering reception of his first works in painting and in sculpture, the young artist redoubled his energies in his studies and determined to

contend for the highest premium in historical composition offered by the Royal Academy at the beginning of the year 1814. The subject was 'The Judgment of Jupiter in the case of Apollo, Marpessa and Idas.' The premium offered was a gold medal and fifty guineas. The decision was to take place in December of 1815. The composition containing four figures required much study, but, by the exercise of great diligence, the picture was completed by the middle of July.

"Our young painter had now been in England four years, one year longer than the time allowed him by his parents, and he had to return immediately home; but he had finished his picture under the conviction, strengthened by the opinion of West, that it would be allowed to remain and compete with those of the other candidates. To his regret the petition to the council of the Royal Academy for this favor, handed in to them by West and advocated strongly by him and Fuseli, was not granted. He was told that it was necessary, according to the rules of the Academy, that the artist should be present to receive the premium; it could not be received by proxy. Fuseli expressed himself in very indignant terms at the narrowness of this decision.

"Thus disappointed, the artist had but one mode of consolation. He invited West to see his picture before he packed it up, at the same time requesting Mr. West to inform him through Mr. Leslie, after the premium should be adjudged in December, what chance he would have had if he had remained. Mr. West, after sitting before the picture for a long time, promised to comply with the request, but added: 'You had better remain, sir.'"

In a letter quoted, without a date, by Mr. Prime, which was written from Bristol, but which seems to have been lost, I find the following: —

“James Russell, Esq., has been extremely attentive to me. He has a very fine family consisting of four daughters and, I think, a son who is absent in the East Indies. The daughters are very beautiful, accomplished, and amiable, especially the youngest, Lucy. I came very near being at my old game of falling in love, but I find that love and painting are quarrelsome companions, and that the house of my heart is too small for both of them; so I have turned Mrs. Love out-of-doors. Time enough, thought I (with true old bachelor complacency), time enough for you these ten years to come. Mr. Russell’s portrait I have painted as a present to Miss Russell, and will send it to her as soon as I can get an opportunity. It is an excellent likeness of him.”

He must either have said more in this letter, or have written another after the family verdict (that terrible family verdict) had been pronounced, for in the letter of April 23, 1815, from which I have already quoted, he refers to this portrait as follows: —

“As to the portrait which I painted of Mr. Russell, I am sorry you mentioned it to Miss Russell, as I particularly requested that you would not, because, in case of failure, it would be a disappointment to her; but as you have told her, I must now explain. In the first place it is not a picture that will do me any credit. I was unfortunate in the light which I chose to paint him in; I wished to make it my best picture and so made it my worst, for I worked too timidly on it. It is a likeness, indeed, a very strong likeness, but the family are not

pleased with it, and they say that I have not flattered him, that I have made him too old. So I determined I would not send it, indeed, I promised them I would not send it; but, notwithstanding, as I know Miss Russell will be good enough to comply with my conditions, I will send it directly; for, as it is a good likeness, every one except the family knowing it instantly, and Mr. Allston saying that it is *a very strong likeness*, it will on that account be a gratification to her. But I *particularly* and *expressly request* that it be kept in a private room to be shown *only* to friends and relations, and that *I may never be mentioned as the painter*; and, moreover, that no *artist or miniature painter* be allowed to see it. On these conditions I send it, taking for granted they will be complied with, and without waiting for an answer."

The parents of that generation were not frugal of counsel and advice, even when their children had reached years of discretion and had flown far away from the family nest.

The father, in a letter of May 20, 1815, thus gently reproves his son: —

"To-day we have received your letters to March 23. . . . You evidently misconceived our views in the letters to which you allude, and felt much too strongly our advice and remarks in respect to your writing us so much on politics. What we said was the affectionate advice of your parents, who loved you very tenderly, and who were not unwilling you should judge for yourself though you might differ from them. We have ever made a very candid allowance for you, and so have all your friends, and we have never for a moment believed we should differ a fortnight after you should come home and

converse with us. You have, in the ardor of feeling, construed many observations in our letters as censuring you and designed to wound your feelings, which were not intended in the remotest degree by us for any such purpose. . . .

“I am sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Thornton. He was a good man.”

His mother was much less gentle in her reproof. I cull the following sentences from a long letter of June 1, 1815:—

“In perfect consistency with the feelings towards you all, above described, we may and ought to tell you, and that with the greatest plainness, of anything that we deem improper in any part of your conduct, either in a civil, social, or religious view. This we feel it our duty to do and shall continue to do as long as we live; and it will ever be your duty to receive from us the advice, counsel, and reproof, which we may, from time to time, favor you with, with the most perfect respect and dutiful observance; and, when you differ from us on any point whatever, let that difference be conveyed to us in the most delicate and gentlemanly manner. Let this be done not only while you are under age and dependent on your parents for your support, but when you are independent, and when you are head of a family, and even of a profession, if you ever should be either. . . . I have dwelt longer on this subject, as I think you have, in some of your last letters, been somewhat deficient in that respect which your own good sense will at once convince you was, on all accounts, due, and which I know you feel the propriety of without any further observations.”

On June 2, 1815, the father writes:—

“We have just received a letter from your uncle, James E. B. Finley, of Carolina. He fears you will remain in Europe, but hopes you have so much *amor patriæ* as to return and display your talents in raising the military and naval glory of the nation, by exhibiting on canvas some of her late naval and land actions, and also promote the fine arts among us. He is, you know, an enthusiastic Republican and patriot and a warm approver of the late war, but an amiable, excellent man. I am by no means certain that it would not be best for you to come home this fall and spend a year or two in this country in painting some portraits, but especially historical pieces and landscapes. You might, I think, in this way succeed in getting something to support you afterwards in Europe for a few years.

“I hope the time is not distant when artists in your profession, and of the first class, will be honorably patronized and supported in this country. In this case you can come and live with us, which would give us much satisfaction.”

The young man still took a deep interest in affairs political, and speculated rather keenly on the outcome of the tremendous happenings on the Continent.

On June 26, 1815, he writes: —

“You will have heard of the dreadful battle in Flanders before this reaches you. The loss of the English is immense, indeed almost all their finest officers and the flower of their army; not less than 800 officers and upwards of 15,000 men, some say 20,000. But it has been decisive if the news of to-day be true, that *Napoleon has abdicated*. What the event of these unparalleled times will be no mortal can pretend to foresee. I have much to

tell you when I see you. Perhaps you had better not write after the receipt of this, as it may be more than two months before an answer could be received.

“P.S. The papers of to-night confirm the news of this morning. Bonaparte is no longer a dangerous man; he has abdicated, and, in all probability, a republican form of government will be the future government of France, if they are capable of enjoying such a government. But no one can foresee events; there may be a long peace, or the world may be torn worse than it yet has been. Revolution seems to succeed revolution so rapidly that, in looking back on our lives, we seem to have lived a thousand years, and wonders of late seem to scorn to come alone; they come in clusters.”

The battle in Flanders was the battle of Waterloo, which was fought on the 18th day of June, and on the 6th of July the allied armies again entered Paris. Referring to these events many years later, Morse said: —

“It was on one of my visits, in the year 1815, that an incident occurred which well illustrates the character of the great philanthropist [Mr. Wilberforce]. As I passed through Hyde Park on my way to Kensington Gore, I observed that great crowds had gathered, and rumors were rife that the allied armies had entered Paris, that Napoleon was a prisoner, and that the war was virtually at an end; and it was momentarily expected that the park guns would announce the good news to the people.

“On entering the drawing-room at Mr. Wilberforce’s I found the company, consisting of Mr. Thornton [his memory must have played him false in this particular as Mr. Thornton died some time before], Mr. Macaulay,

Mr. Grant, the father, and his two sons Robert and Charles, and Robert Owen of Lanark, in quite excited conversation respecting the rumors that prevailed. Mr. Wilberforce expatiated largely on the prospects of a universal peace in consequence of the probable overthrow of Napoleon, whom naturally he considered the great disturber of the nations. At every period, however, he exclaimed: 'It is too good to be true, it cannot be true.' He was altogether skeptical in regard to the rumors.

"The general subject, however, was the absorbing topic at the dinner-table. After dinner the company joined the ladies in the drawing-room. I sat near a window which looked out in the direction of the distant park. Presently a flash and a distant dull report of a gun attracted my attention, but was unnoticed by the rest of the company. Another flash and report assured me that the park guns were firing, and at once I called Mr. Wilberforce's attention to the fact. Running to the window he threw it up in time to see the next flash and hear the report. Claspings his hands in silence, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, he stood for a few moments perfectly absorbed in thought, and, before uttering a word, embraced his wife and daughters, and shook hands with every one in the room. The scene was one not to be forgotten."

We learn from a letter of his mother's dated June 27, 1815, that the painting of the "Dying Hercules" had at last been received, but that the plaster cast of the same subject was still mysteriously missing. The painting was much admired, and the mother says: —

"Your friend Mr. Tisdale says the picture of the Her-

cules ought to be in Boston as the beginning of a gallery of paintings, and that the Bostonians ought not to permit it to go from here. Whether they will or not, I know not. I place no confidence in them, but they may take a fit into their heads to patronize the fine arts, and, in that case, they have it in their power undoubtedly to do as much as any city in this country towards their support."

Morse had now made up his mind to return home, although his parents, in their letters of that time, had given him leave to stay longer if he thought it would be for his best interest, but his father had made it clear that he must, from this time forth, depend on his own exertions. He hoped that (Providence permitting) he need only spend a year at home in earning enough money to warrant his returning to Europe. Providence, however, willed otherwise, and he did not return to Europe until fourteen years later.

The next letter is dated from Liverpool, August 8, 1815, and is but a short one. I shall quote the first few sentences: —

"I have arrived thus far on my way home. I left London the 5th and arrived in this place yesterday the 7th, at which time, within an hour, four years ago, I landed in England. I have not yet determined by what vessel to return; I have a choice of a great many. The *Ceres* is the first that sails, but I do not like her accommodations. The Liverpool packet sails about the 25th, and, as she has always been a favorite ship with me, it is not improbable I may return in her."

He decided to sail in the *Ceres*, however, to his sorrow, for the voyage home was a long and dreadful one. The

record of those terrible fifty-eight days, carefully set down in his journal, reads like an Odyssey of misfortune and almost of disaster.

To us of the present day, who cross the ocean in a floating hotel, in a few days, arriving almost on the hour, the detailed account of the dangers, discomforts, and privations suffered by the travellers of an earlier period seems almost incredible. Brave, indeed, were our fathers who went down to the sea in ships, for they never knew when, if ever, they would reach the other shore, and there could be no C.Q.D. or S.O.S. flashed by wireless in the Morse code to summon assistance in case of disaster. In this case storm succeeded storm; head winds were encountered almost all the way across; fine weather and fair winds were the exception, and provisions and fresh water were almost exhausted.

The following quotations from the journal will give some idea of the terrors experienced by the young man, whose appointed time had not yet arrived. He still had work to do in the world which could be done by no other.

“Monday, August 21, 1815. After waiting fourteen days in Liverpool for a fair wind, we set sail at three o’clock in the afternoon with the wind at southeast, in company with upwards of two hundred sail of vessels, which formed a delightful prospect. We gradually lost sight of different vessels as it approached night, and at sunset they were dispersed all over the horizon. In the night the wind sprung up strong and fair, and in the morning we were past Holyhead.

“Tuesday, 22d August. Wind directly ahead; beating

all day; thick weather and gales of wind; passengers all sick and I not altogether well. Little progress to-day.

“*Wednesday, 23d August.* A very disagreeable day, boisterous, head winds and rainy. Beating across the channel from the Irish to the Welsh coast.

“*Friday, 25th August.* Dreadful still; blowing harder and harder; quite a storm and a lee shore; breakers in sight, tacked and stood over again to the Irish shore under close-reefed topsails. At night saw Waterford light again.

“*Monday, 28th August.* A fair wind springing up (ten o'clock). Going at the rate of seven knots on our true course. We have had just a week of the most disagreeable weather possible. I hope this is the beginning of better winds, and that, in reasonable time, we shall see our native shore.

“*Tuesday, 29th August.* Still disappointed in fair winds. . . . Since, then, I can find nothing consoling on deck, let us see what is in the cabin. All of us make six, four gentlemen and two ladies. Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Drake, Captain Chamberlain, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Lancaster, and myself. Our amusements are eating and drinking, sleeping and backgammon. Seasickness we have thrown overboard, and, all things considered, we try to enjoy ourselves and sometimes succeed.

“*Thursday, 31st August.* Wind as directly ahead as it can blow; squally all night and tremendous sea. What a contrast does this voyage make with my first. This day makes the tenth day out and we have advanced

towards home about three hundred miles. In my last voyage, on the tenth day, we had accomplished *one half* our voyage, sixteen hundred miles.

“*Friday, 1st September.* Dreadful weather; wind still ahead; foggy, rainy, and heavy swell; patience almost exhausted, but the will of Heaven be done. If this weather is to continue I hope we shall have fortitude to bear it. All is for the best.

· · · · ·
“*Saturday, 9th September.* Nineteenth day out and not yet more than one third of our way to Boston. Oh! when shall we end this tedious passage?

“*Sunday, 10th September.* Calm with dreadful sea. Early this morning discovered a large ship to the southward, dismasted, probably in the late gale. Discovered an unpleasant trait in our captain’s character which I shall merely allude to. I am sorry to say he did not demonstrate that promptitude to assist a fellow creature in distress which I expected to find inherent in a seaman’s breast, and especially in an American seaman’s. It was not till after three or four hours’ delay, and until the entreaties of his passengers and some threatening murmurs on my part of a public exposure in Boston of his conduct, that he ordered the ship to bear down upon the wreck, and then with slackened sail and much grumbling. A ship and a brig were astern of us, and, though farther by some miles from the distressed ship than we were, they instantly bore down for her, and rendered her this evening the assistance we might have done at noon. We are now standing on our way with a fair wind springing up at southeast, which I suppose will last a few hours. Spent the day in religious exercises,

and was happy to observe on the part of the rest of the passengers a due regard for the solemnity of the day.

“Monday, 11th September. Wind still ahead and the sky threatening.—Ten o’clock. Beginning to blow hard; taking in sails one after another. — Three o’clock. A perfect storm; the gale a few days ago but a gentle breeze to it. . . . I never witnessed so tremendous a gale; the wind blowing so that it can scarcely be faced; the sea like ink excepting the whiteness of the surge, which is carried into the air like clouds of dust, or like the driving of snow. The wind piping through our bare rigging sounds most terrific; indeed, it is a most awful sight. The sea in mountains breaking over our bows, and a single wave dispersing in mist through the violence of the storm; ship rolling to such a degree that we are compelled to keep our berths; cabin dark with the dead-lights in. Oh! who would go to sea when he can stay on shore! The wind in southwest driving us back again, so that we are losing all the advantages of our fair wind of yesterday, which lasted, as I supposed, two or three hours.

.
“Tuesday, 12th September. Gale abated, but head wind still. . . .

“Wednesday, 13th September. All last night a tremendous storm from northwest.

“Thursday, 14th September. The storm increased to a tremendous height last night. The clouds at sunset were terrific in the extreme, and, in the evening, still more so with lightning. The sea has risen frightfully and everything wears a most alarming aspect. At 3 A.M. a

squall struck us and laid us almost wholly under water; we came near losing our foremast. . . . None of us able to sleep from the dreadful noises; creakings and howlings and thousands of indescribable sounds. Lord! who can endure the terror of thy storm! . . . Yesterday's sea was as molehills to mountains compared with the sea to-day. . . .

"*Friday, 15th September.* The storm somewhat abated this morning, but still blowing hard from southwest. . . . Twenty-four days out to-day.

"*Saturday, 16th September.* Blowing a gale of wind from southwest. Noon almost calm for half an hour, when, on a sudden, the wind shifted to the northeast, when it blew such a hurricane that every one on board declared they never saw its equal. For four hours it blew so hard that all the sea was in a perfect foam, and resembled a severe snowstorm more than a dry blow. If the wind roared before, it now shrilly whistled through our rigging."

After some days of calm with winds sometimes favorable but light, and, when fresh, ahead, the journal continues: —

"*Monday, 25th September.* Another gale of wind last night, ahead, dreadful sea; took in sail and lay to all night. . . . Beginning to think of our provisions; bread mouldy and little left; sugar, little left; fresh provisions, little left; beans, none left; salt pork, little left; salt beef, a plenty; water, plenty; stores of passengers, some gone and the rest drawing to a conclusion; patience drawing to a conclusion; in short all is falling short and drawing to a conclusion except *our voyage and my journal.* . . .

"*Tuesday, 26th September.* . . . Find our captain to be a complete old woman; takes in sail at night and never knows when to set it again; the longer we know him, the more surly he grows; he is not even civil. . . . Several large turtles passed within a few feet of us yesterday and to-day, and, considering we are near the end of our provisions, one would have thought our captain would be anxious to take them; but no, it was too much trouble to lower the boat from the stern.

.
 "*Friday, 29th September.* Last night another dreadful gale, as severe as any since we have been out.

.
 "*Monday, 2d October.* Last night another gale of wind from northwest and is this morning still blowing hard and cold from the same quarter. What a dreadful passage is ours; we seem destined to have no fair wind, and to have a gale of wind every other day.

.
 "*Saturday, 7th October.* Wind still ahead and blowing hard; very cold and dismal. Oh! when shall we see home! . . . I thought I could observe a kind of warfare between the different winds since we have been at sea. The west wind seems to be the tyrant at present, as it were the Bonaparte of the air. He has been blowing his gales very lavishly, and no other wind has been able to check him with any success.

"I recollect on one day, while it was calm, a thick bank of clouds began to rise in the northeast; no other clouds were in the sky. They rose gently in the calm as if fearful of rousing their deadly foe in the west. Now they had gained one third of the heavens when, behold,

in the southwest another bank of thick black clouds came rolling up, and, reddening in the rays of the setting sun, marched on, teeming with fury. They soon gained the middle of the heavens where the frightened northeast had not yet reached. They met, they mixed, the routed northeast skulked back, while the thick column of the southwest, having driven back its enemy, slowly returned to its repose, proudly displaying a thousand various colors, as if for victory.

“At another time success seemed to be more in favor of the northeast; for, shortly after this great defeat, the southwest came forth and, like a petty tyrant intoxicated with success, began to oppress the subject ocean. It blew its gales and filled the air with clouds and rain and fog. Suddenly the northeast, as under cover of the darkness, and as one driven to desperation, burst forth on its too confident enemy with redoubled fury. Old ocean groans at the dreadful conflict; for, as in the warring of two hostile armies on the domains of a neutral, the neutral suffers most severely, so the neutral ocean seemed doomed to bear the weight of all their rancor. The southwest flies affrighted. And now the northeast, vaunting forth, stalks with the rage of an angry demon over the waters; the ocean foams beneath his breath, it steams and smokes and heaves in agony its troubled bosom.

“But, alas! how few can bear prosperity; how few, when victory crowns their efforts, can rule with moderation; how often does it happen that we reënact the same scenes for which we punished our enemy. For now has the northeast become the tyrant and rules with tenfold rigor; he pours forth all his strength and, drunk with

success as soldiers after a victory, at length sinks away into an inglorious calm.

“Now does the southwest collect his routed forces, checked but not conquered; he again advances on his recreant foe and seizes the vacant throne without a struggle. Ill-fated northeast! hadst thou but ruled with moderation when thou hadst gained, with masterly manœuvre, the throne of the air; hadst thou reserved thy forces against surprise, and not, with prodigal profuseness, lavished them on thy harmless subjects, thou hadst still been monarch of the sea and air; all would have blessed thee as the restorer of peace, and as the deliverer of the ocean from western despotism. But alas! how art thou fallen an everlasting example of overreaching oppression.

“This evening there is a fine fair wind from northeast carrying us on at the rate of five or six knots. This is the cause of the foregoing rhapsody. Had it been otherwise than a fair wind I should never have been in spirits to have written so much stuff.”

Still tantalized by baffling head winds and alternating calms and gales, they were, however, gradually approaching the coast. Omitting the entries of the next eleven days, I shall quote the final pages of the journal.

“*Wednesday, 18th October.* Last night was a sleepless night to us all. Everything wore the appearance of a hard storm; all was dull in the cabin; scarce a word was spoken; every one wore a serious aspect and, as any one came from the deck into the cabin, the rest put up an inquisitive and apprehensive look, with now and then a faint, ‘Well, how does it look now?’ Our captain, as well as the passenger captain, were both alarmed, and

On board the Ship Ceres—
Boston Harbour—

My Dear Parents,

^{My} Thanks to a kind Providence who
 has preserved me through all dangers, I have at
 length arrived in my native land!— I send this
 just to prepare you, I shall be with you as
 soon as I can possibly get on shore.— we have
 had 58 days passage long, bustling, and dangerous,
 but more when I see you — Pray tell me
 by the bearer if I shall find all well.—

Y^r Very affectionate Son.

Sam^l J. P. M. 1815.

Oct. 13. 1815.

were poring over the chart in deep deliberation. A syllable was now and then caught from them, but all seemed despairing.

“At ten o’clock we lay to till twelve; at four again till five. Rainy, thick, and hazy, but not blowing very hard. All is dull and dismal; a dreadful state of suspense, between feelings of exquisite joy in the hope of soon seeing home, and feelings of gloomy apprehension that a few hours may doom us to destruction.

“*Half-past seven.* . . . Heaven be praised! The joyful tidings are just announced of *Land!!* Oh! who can conceive our feelings now? The wretch condemned to the scaffold, who receives, at the moment he expects to die, the joyful reprieve, he can best conceive the state of our minds.

“The land is Cape Cod, distant about ten miles. Joyful, joyful is the thought. To-night we shall, in all probability, be in Boston. We are going at the rate of seven knots.

“*Half-past 9.* Manomet land in sight.

“*Ten o’clock.* Cape Ann in sight.

“*Eleven o’clock.* Boston Light in sight.

“*One o’clock.* HOME!!!”

CHAPTER X

APRIL 10, 1816 — OCTOBER 5, 1818

Very little success at home. — Portrait of ex-President John Adams. — Letter to Allston on sale of his "Dead Man restored to Life." — Also apologizes for hasty temper. — Reassured by Allston. — Humorous letter from Leslie. — Goes to New Hampshire to paint portraits. — Concord. — Meets Miss Lucretia Walker. — Letters to his parents concerning her. — His parents reply. — Engaged to Miss Walker. — His parents approve. — Many portraits painted. — Miss Walker's parents consent. — Success in Portsmouth. — Morse and his brother invent a pump. — Highly endorsed by President Day and Eli Whitney. — Miss Walker visits Charlestown. — Morse's religious convictions. — More success in New Hampshire. — Winter in Charleston, South Carolina. — John A. Alston. — Success. — Returns north. — Letter from his uncle Dr. Finley. — Marriage.

THERE is no record of the meeting of the parents and the long-absent son, but it is easy to picture the joy of that occasion, and to imagine the many heart-to-heart conversations when all differences, political and otherwise, were smoothed over.

He remained at home that winter, but seems to have met with but slight success in his profession. His "Judgment of Jupiter" was much admired, but found no purchaser, nor did he receive any commissions for such large historical paintings as it was his ambition to produce. He was asked by a certain Mr. Joseph Delaplaine, of Philadelphia, to paint a portrait of ex-President John Adams for *half price*, the portrait to be engraved and included in "Delaplaine's Repository of the Lives and Portraits of Distinguished American Characters," and, from letters of a later date, I believe that Morse consented to this.

It appears that he must also have received but few, if any, orders for portraits, for, in the following summer,

he started on a painting tour through New Hampshire, which proved to be of great moment to him in more ways than one.

Before we follow him on that tour, however, I shall quote from a letter written by him to his friend Washington Allston: —

BOSTON, April 10, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have but one moment to write you by a vessel which sails to-morrow morning. I wrote Leslie by New Packet some months since and am hourly expecting an answer.

I congratulate you, my dear sir, on the sale of your picture of the "Dead Man." I suppose you will have received notice, before this reaches you, that the Philadelphia Academy of Arts have purchased it for the sum of thirty-five hundred dollars. Bravo for our country!

I am sincerely rejoiced for you and for the disposition which it shows of future encouragement. I really think the time is not far distant when we shall be able to settle in our native land with profit as well as pleasure. Boston seems struggling in labor to bring forth an institution for the arts, but it will miscarry; I find it is all forced. They can talk, and talk, and say what a fine thing it would be, but nothing is done. I find by experience that what you have often observed to me with respect to settling in Boston is well founded. I think it will be the last in the arts, though, without doubt, it is capable of being the first, if the fit would only take them. Oh! how I miss you, my dear sir. I long to spend my evenings again with you and Leslie. I shall certainly visit Italy (should I live and no unforeseen event take place) in the course of a year or eighteen months. Could there

not be some arrangement made to meet you and Leslie there?

He lived, but the "unforeseen event" occurred to make him alter all his plans. Further on in this same letter he says: —

"My conscience accuses me, and hardly too, of many instances of pettishness and ill-humor towards you, which make me almost hate myself that I could offend a temper like yours. I need not ask you to forgive it; I know you cannot harbor anger a minute, and perhaps have forgotten the instances; but I cannot forget them. If you had failings of the same kind and I could recollect any instances where you had spoken pettishly or ill-natured to me, our accounts would then have been balanced, they would have called for mutual forgetfulness and forgiveness; but when, on reflection, I find nothing of the kind to charge you with, my conscience severely upbraids me with ingratitude to you, to whom (under Heaven) I owe all the little knowledge of my art which I possess. But I hope still I shall prove grateful to you; at any rate, I feel my errors and must mend them."

Mr. Allston thus answers this frank appeal for forgiveness: —

MY DEAR SIR, — I will not apologize for having so long delayed answering your kind letter, being, as you well know, privileged by my friends to be a lazy correspondent. I was sorry to find that you should have suffered the recollection of any hasty expressions you might have uttered to give you uneasiness. Be assured that they never were remembered by me a moment after, nor did

HUMOROUS LETTER FROM LESLIE 199

they ever in the slightest degree diminish my regard or weaken my confidence in the sincerity of your friendship or the goodness of your heart. Besides, the consciousness of warmth in my own temper would have made me inexcusable had I suffered myself to dwell on an inadvertent word from another. I therefore beg you will no longer suffer any such unpleasant reflections to disturb your mind, but that you will rest assured of my unaltered and sincere esteem.

Your letter and one I had about the same time from my sister Mary brought the first intelligence of the sale of my picture, it being near three weeks later when I received the account from Philadelphia. When you recollect that I considered the "Dead Man" (from the untoward fate he had hitherto experienced) almost literally as a *caput mortuum*, you may easily believe that I was most agreeably surprised to hear of the sale. But, pleased as I was on account of the very seasonable pecuniary supply it would soon afford me, I must say that I was still more gratified at the encouragement it seemed to hold out for my return to America.

His friend Leslie, in a letter from London of May 7, 1816, writes: "Mr. West said your picture would have been more likely than any of them to obtain the prize had you remained."

In another letter from Leslie of September 6, 1816, occurs this amusing passage: —

"The *Catalogue Raisonné* appeared according to promise, but is not near so good as the one last year. At the conclusion the author says that Mr. Payne Knight told the directors it was the custom of the Greek nobility

to strip and exhibit themselves naked to the artists in various attitudes, that they might have an opportunity of studying fine form. Accordingly those public-spirited men, the directors, have determined to adopt the plan, and are all practising like mad to prepare themselves for the ensuing exhibition, when they are to be placed on pedestals.

“It is supposed that Sir G. Beaumont, Mr. Long, Mr. Knight, etc., will occupy the principal lights. The Marquis of Stafford, unfortunately, could not recollect the attitude of any one antique figure, but was found practising having the head of the Dying Gladiator, the body of the Hercules, one leg of the Apollo, and the other of the Dancing Faun, turned the wrong way. Lord Mulgrave, having a small head, thought of representing the Torso, but he did not know what to do with his legs, and was afraid that, as Master of the Ordnance, he could not dispense with his *arms*.”

In the beginning of August, 1816, the young man started out on his quest for money. This was frankly the object of his journey, but it was characteristic of his buoyant and yet conscientious nature that, having once made up his mind to give up, for the present, all thoughts of pursuing the higher branches of his art, he took up with zest the painting of portraits.

So far from degrading his art by pursuing a branch of it which he held to be inferior, he still, by conscientious work, by putting the best of himself into it, raised it to a very high plane; for many of his portraits are now held by competent critics to rank high in the annals of art, by some being placed on a level with those of Gilbert Stuart.

On August 8, 1816, he writes to his parents from Concord, New Hampshire: —

“I have been in this place since Monday evening. I arrived safely. . . . Massabesek Pond is very beautiful, though seen on a dull day. I think that one or two elegant views might be made from it, and I think I must sketch it at some future period.

“I have as yet met with no success in portraits, but hope, by perseverance, I shall be able to find some. My stay in this place depends on that circumstance. If none offer, I shall go for Hanover on Saturday morning.

“The scenery is very fine on the Merrimack; many fine pictures could be made here alone. I made a little sketch near Contoocook Falls yesterday. I go this morning with Dr. McFarland to see some views. Colonel Kent’s family are very polite to me, and I never felt in better spirits; the weather is now fine and I feel as though I was growing fat.”

CONCORD, August 16, 1816.

I am still here and am passing my time very agreeably. I have painted five portraits at fifteen dollars each and have two more engaged and many more talked of. I think I shall get along well. I believe I could make an independent fortune in a few years if I devoted myself exclusively to portraits, so great is the desire for good portraits in the different country towns.

He must have been a very rapid worker to have painted five portraits in eight days; but, perhaps, on account of the very modest price he received, these were more in the nature of quick sketches.

The next letter is rather startling when we recall his recent assertions concerning "Mrs. Love" and the joys of a bachelor existence.

CONCORD, August 20, 1816.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — I write you a few lines just to say I am well and very industrious. Next day after tomorrow I shall have received one hundred dollars, which I think is pretty well for three weeks. I shall probably stay here a fortnight from yesterday.

I have other attractions besides money in this place. Do you know the Walkers of this place? Charles Walker Esq., son of Judge Walker, has two daughters, the elder, very beautiful, amiable, and of an excellent disposition. This is her character in town. I have enquired particularly of Dr. McFarland respecting the family, and his answer is every way satisfactory, except that they are not professors of religion. He is a man of family and great wealth. This last, you know, I never made a principal object, but it is somewhat satisfactory to know that in my profession.

I may flatter myself, but I think I might be a successful suitor.

You will, perhaps, think me a terrible harum-scarum fellow to be continually falling in love in this way, but I have a dread of being an old bachelor, and I am now twenty-five years of age.

There is still no need of hurry; the young lady is but sixteen. But all this is thinking aloud to you; I make you my confidants; I wish your advice; nothing shall be done precipitately.

Of course all that I say is between you and me, for it

all may come to nothing; I have *some experience* that way.

What I have done I have done prayerfully. I have prayed to the Giver of every good gift that He will direct me in this business; that, if it will not be to his glory and the good of his Kingdom, He will frustrate all; that, if He grants me prosperity, He will grant me a heart to use it aright; and, if adversity, that He will teach me submission to his will; and that, whatever may be my lot here, I may not fall short of eternal happiness hereafter.

I hope you will remember me in your prayers, and especially in reference to a connection in life.

I do not think that his parents took this matter very seriously at first. His was an intensely affectionate nature, and they had often heard these same raptures before. However, like wise parents, they did not scoff. His mother wrote on August 23, 1816, in answer: "With respect to the other confidential matter, I hope the Lord will direct you to a proper choice. We know nothing of the family, good or bad. We do not wish you to be an old bachelor, nor do we wish you to precipitate yourself and others into difficulties which you cannot get rid of."

In the same letter his father says: "In regard to the subject on which you ask our advice, we refer it, after the experience you have had, and with the advice you have often had from us, to your own judgment. Be not hasty in entering into any engagement; enquire with caution and delicacy; do everything that is honorable and gentlemanly respecting yourself and those con-

cerned. 'Pause, ponder, sift. — Judge before friendship — then confide till death.' (Young.) Above all, commit the subject to God in prayer and ask his guidance and blessing. I am glad to find you are doing this."

How well he obeyed his father's injunctions may be gathered from the following letter, which speaks for itself: —

CONCORD, September 2, 1816.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — I have just received yours of August 29. I leave town to-morrow morning, probably for Hanover, as there is no conveyance direct to Walpole.

I have had no more portraits since I wrote you, so that I have received just one hundred dollars in Concord. The last I took for ten dollars, as the person I painted obtained four of my sitters for me. . . .

With respect to the confidential affair, everything is successful beyond my most sanguine expectations. The more I know of her the more amiable she appears. She is very beautiful and yet no coquetry; she is modest, quite to diffidence, and yet frank and open-hearted. Wherever I have enquired concerning her I have invariably heard the same character of — "remarkably amiable, modest, and of a sweet disposition." When you learn that this is the case I think you will not accuse me of being hasty in bringing the affair to a crisis. I ventured to tell her my whole heart, and instead of obscure and ambiguous answers, which some would have given to tantalize and pain one, she frankly, but modestly and timidly, told me it was mutual. Suffice it to say we are *engaged*.

If I know my parents I know they will be pleased with

this amiable girl. Unless I was confident of it, I should never have been so hasty. I have not yet mentioned it to her parents; she requested me to defer it till next summer, or till I see her again, lest she should be thought hasty. She is but sixteen and is willing to wait two or three years if it is for our mutual interest.

Never, never was a human being so blest as I am, and yet what an ungrateful wretch I have been. Pray for me that I may have a grateful heart, for I deserve nothing but adversity, and yet have the most unbounded prosperity.

The father replies to this characteristic letter on September 4, 1816:—

“I have just received yours of the 2d inst. Its contents were deeply interesting to us, as you will readily suppose. It accounts to us why you have made so long a stay at Concord. . . . So far as we can judge from your representations (which are all we have to judge from), we cannot refuse you our approbation, and we hope that the course, on which you have entered with your characteristic rapidity and decision, will be pursued and issue in a manner which will conduce to the happiness of all concerned. . . .

“We think *her* parents should be made acquainted with the state of the business, as she is so young and the thing so important to them.”

The son answers this letter, from Walpole, New Hampshire, on September 7, 1816, thus naively: “You think the parents of the young lady should be made acquainted with the state of the business. I feel some degree of awkwardness as it respects that part of the affair; I don’t

know the manner in which it ought to be done. I wish you would have the goodness to write me immediately (at Walpole, to care of Thomas Bellows, Esq.) and inform me what I should say. Might I communicate the information by writing?"

Here he gives a detailed account of the family, and, for the first time, mentions the young lady's name — Lucretia Pickering Walker — and continues: —

"You ask how the family have treated me. They are all aware of the attachment between us, for I have made my attention so open and so marked that they all must have perceived it. I know that Lucretia must have had some conversation with her mother on the subject, for she told me one day, when I asked her what her mother thought of my constant visits, that her mother said she 'did n't think I cared much about her,' in a pleasant way. All the family have been extremely polite and attentive to me; I received constant invitations to dinner and tea, indeed every encouragement was given me. . . .

"I painted two hasty sketches of scenery in Concord. I meet with no success in Walpole. *Quacks* have been before me."

There is always a touch of quaint, dry humor in his mother's letters in spite of their great seriousness, as witness the following extracts from a letter of September 9, 1816: —

"We hope you will feel more than ever the absolute necessity laid upon you to procure for yourself and those you love a maintenance, as neither of you can subsist long upon air. . . . Remember it takes a great many hundred dollars to *make* and to *keep* the pot a-boiling.

"I wish to see the young lady who has captivated you

so much. I hope she loves religion, and that, if you and she form a connection for life, some *five or six years hence*, you may go hand in hand to that better world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage. . . .

"You have not given us any satisfaction in respect to many things about the young lady which you ought to suppose we should be anxious to know. All you have told us is that she is handsome and amiable. These are good as far as they go, but there are a great many etc's., etc's., that we want to know.

"Is she acquainted with domestic affairs? Does she respect and love religion? How many brothers and sisters has she? How old are they? Is she healthy? How old are her parents? What will they be likely to do for her some years hence, say when she is twenty years old?

"In your next answer at least some of these questions. You see your mother has not lived twenty-seven years in New England without learning to ask questions."

These questions he had already answered in a letter which must have crossed his mother's.

On September 23, 1816, he writes from Windsor, Vermont: —

"I am still here but shall probably leave in a week or two. I long to get home, or, at least, as far on my way as *Concord*. I think I shall be tempted to stay a week or two there. . . . I do not like Windsor very much. It is a very dissipated place, and dissipation, too, of the lowest sort. There is very little gentleman's society."

WINDSOR, VERMONT, September 28, 1816.

I am still in this place. . . . I have written Lucretia on the subject of acquainting her parents, and I have

no doubt she will assent. . . . I hear her spoken of in this part of the country as very celebrated, both for her beauty and, particularly, for her disposition; and this I have heard without there being the slightest suspicion of any attachment, or even acquaintance, between us. This augurs well most certainly. I know she is considered in Concord as the first girl in the place. (You know I always aimed highest.) The more I think of this attachment the more I think I shall not regret the *haste* (if it may be so called) of this proposed connection. . . .

I am doing pretty well in this place, better than I expected; I have one more portrait to do before I leave it. . . . I should have business, I presume, to last me some weeks if I could stay, but I long to get home *through Concord*. . . .

Mama's scheme of painting a large landscape and selling it to General Bradley for two hundred dollars, must give place to another which has just come into my head: that of sending to you for my great canvas and painting the quarrel at Dartmouth College, as large as life, with all the portraits of the trustees, overseers, officers of college, and students; and, if I finish it next week, to ask five thousand dollars for it and then come home in a coach and six and put Ned to the blush with his nineteen subscribers a day. Only think, \$5000 a week is \$260,000 a year, and, if I live ten years, I shall be worth \$2,600,000; a very pretty fortune for this time of day. Is it not a grand scheme?

The remark concerning his brother Sidney Edwards's subscribers refers to a religious newspaper, the "Boston Recorder," founded and edited by him. It was one

of the first of the many religious journals which, since that time, have multiplied all over the country.

Continuing his modestly successful progress, he writes next from Hanover, on October 3, 1816:—

“I arrived in this place on Tuesday evening and am painting away with all my might. I am painting Judge Woodward and lady, and think I shall have many more engaged than I can do. I painted seven portraits at Windsor, one for my board and lodging at the inn, and one for ten dollars, very small, to be sent in a letter to a great distance; so that in all I received eighty-five dollars in money. I have five more engaged at Windsor for next summer. So you see I have not been idle.

“I *must* spend a fortnight at Concord, so that I shall not probably be at home till early in November.

“I think, with proper management, that I have but little to fear as to this world. I think I can, with industry, average from two to three thousand dollars a year, which is a tolerable income, though *not equal to \$2,600,000!*”

CONCORD, October 14, 1816.

I arrived here on Friday evening in good health and spirits from Hanover. I painted four portraits altogether in Hanover, and have many engaged for next summer. I presume I shall paint some here, though I am uncertain.

I found Lucretia in good health, very glad to see me. She improves on acquaintance; she is, indeed, a most amiable, affectionate girl; I know you will love her. She has consented that I should inform her parents of our attachment. I have, accordingly, just sent a letter to her father (twelve o'clock), and am now in a state of

suspense anxiously waiting his answer. Before I close this, I hope to give you the result.

Five o'clock. I have just called and had a conversation (by request) with Mr. Walker, and I have the satisfaction to say: "I have Lucretia's parents' entire approbation." Everything successful! Praise be to the giver of every good gift! What, indeed, shall I render to Him for all his unmerited and continually increasing mercies and blessings?

In a letter to Miss Walker from a girl friend we find the following: —

"You appear to think, dear Lucretia, that I am possessed of quite an insensible *heart*; pardon me if I say the same of you, for I have heard that several have become candidates for your affections, but that you remained unmoved until Mr. M., of Charlestown, made his appearance, when, I understand, you did hope that his sentiments in your favor were reciprocal.

"I rejoice to hear this, for, though I am unacquainted with that gentleman, yet, when I heard he was likely to become a successful suitor, I have made some enquiries concerning him, and find he is possessed of every excellent and amiable quality that I should wish the person to have who was to become the husband of so dear a friend as yourself."

Morse must have returned home about the end of October, for we find no more letters until the 14th of December, when he writes from Portsmouth, New Hampshire: —

"I should have written you sooner but I have been employed in settling myself. I thought it best not to

be precipitate in fixing on a place to board and lodge, but first to sound the public as to my success. Every one thinks I shall meet with encouragement, and, on the strength of this, I have taken lodgings and a room at Mrs. Ringe's in Jaffrey Street; a very excellent and central situation. . . . I shall commence on Monday morning with Governor Langdon's portrait. He is very kind and attentive to me, as, indeed, are all here, and will do everything to aid me. I wish not to raise high expectations, but I think I shall succeed tolerably well."

About this time Finley Morse and his brother Edwards had jointly devised and patented a new "flexible piston-pump," from which they hoped great things. Edwards, always more or less of a wag, proposed to call it "Morse's Patent Metallic Double-headed Ocean-Drinker and Deluge-Spouter Valve Pump-Boxes."

It was to be used in connection with fire-engines, and seems really to have been an excellent invention, for President Jeremiah Day, of Yale College, gave the young inventors his written endorsement, and Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, thus recommends it: "Having examined the model of a fire-engine invented by Mr. Morse, with pistons of a new construction, I am of opinion that an engine may be made on that principle (being more simple and much less expensive), which would have a preference to those in common use."

In the letters of the year 1817 and of several following years, even in the letters of the young man to his *fiancée*, many long references are made to this pump and to the varying success in introducing it into general use. I shall not, however, refer to it again, and only mention it to show the bent of Morse's mind towards invention.

He spent some time in the early part of 1817 in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, meeting with success in his profession. Miss Walker was also there visiting friends, so we may presume that his stay was pleasant as well as profitable.

In February of that year he accompanied his *fiancée* to Charlestown, his parents, naturally, wishing to make the acquaintance of the young lady, and then returned to Portsmouth to finish his work there.

The visit of Miss Walker to Charlestown gave great satisfaction to all concerned. On March 4, 1817, Morse writes to his parents from Portsmouth: "I am under the agreeable necessity (shall I say) of postponing my return . . . in consequence of a *press of business*. I shall have three begun to-night; one sat yesterday (a large one), and two will sit to-day (small), and three more have it in serious contemplation. This unexpected occurrence will deprive me of the pleasure of seeing you this week at least."

And on the next day, March 5, he writes: "The unexpected application of three sitters at a time completely stopped me. Since I wrote I have taken a first sitting of a fourth (large), and a fifth (large) sits on Friday morning; so you see I am over head and ears in business."

As it is necessary to a clear understanding of Morse's character to realize the depth of his religious convictions, I shall quote the following from this same letter of March 5: —

"I wish much to know the progress of the Revival, how many are admitted next communion, and any religious news.

"I have been in the house almost ever since I came

from home sifting the scheme of Universal Salvation to the bottom. What occasioned this was an occurrence on the evening of Sunday before last. I heard the bell ring for lecture and concluded it was at Mr. Putnam's; I accordingly sallied out to go to it, when I found that it was in the Universalist meeting-house.

"As I was out and never in a Universalist meeting, I thought, for mere curiosity, I would go in. I went into a very large meeting-house; the meeting was overflowing with people of both sexes, and the singing the finest I have heard in Portsmouth. I was struck with the contrast it made to Mr. Putnam's sacramental lecture; fifteen or sixteen persons thinly scattered over the house, and the choir consisting of four or five whose united voice could scarcely be heard in the farthest corner of the church, and, when heard, so out of harmony as to set one's teeth on edge.

"The reflections which this melancholy contrast caused I could not help communicating to Mr. Putnam in the words of Mr. Spring's sermon, '*something must be done.*' He agreed it was a dreadful state of society here but almost gave up as hopeless. I told him he never should yield a post like this to the Devil without a struggle; and, at any rate, I told him that the few Christians that there were (and, indeed, they are but as one to one thousand) could pray, and I thought it was high time. I told him I would do all in my power to assist him in any scheme where I could be of use."

The year 1817 was spent by the young man in executing the commissions which had been promised him the year before in New Hampshire. In all his journeyings back and forth the road invariably led through Concord,

and the pure love of the young people for each other increased as the months rolled by. I shall not profane the sacredness of this love by introducing any of the more intimate passages of their letters of this and of later years. The young girl responded readily to the religious exhortations of her *fiancé* and became a sincere and devout Christian.

It will not be necessary to follow him in this journey, as the experiences were but a repetition of those of the year before. He painted many portraits in Concord, Hanover, and other places, and finally concluded to venture on a trip to Charleston, South Carolina, where his kinsman, Dr. Finley, and Mr. John A. Alston had urged him to come, assuring him good business.

On January 27, 1818, he arrived in that beautiful Southern city and thus announced his arrival to his parents: "I find myself in a new climate, the weather warm as our May. I have been introduced to a number of friends. I think my prospects are favorable."

At first, however, the promised success did not materialize, and it was not until after many weeks of waiting that the tide turned. But it did turn, for an excellent portrait of Dr. Finley, one of the best ever painted by Morse, aroused the enthusiasm of the Charlestonians, and orders began to pour in, so that in a few weeks he was engaged to paint one hundred and fifty portraits at sixty dollars each. Quite an advance over the meagre fifteen dollars he had received in New England. But for some of his more elaborate productions he received even more, as the following extract from a letter of Mr. John A. Alston, dated April 7, 1818, will prove: —

"I have just received your favor of the 30th ultimo,

and thank you very cordially for your goodness in consenting to take my daughter's full-length likeness in the manner I described, say twenty-four inches in length. I will pay you most willingly the two hundred dollars you require for it, and will consider myself a gainer by the bargain. I shall expect you to decorate this picture with the most superb landscape you are capable of designing, and that you will produce a masterpiece of painting. I agree to your taking it with you to the northward to finish it. Be pleased to represent my daughter in the finest attitude you can conceive."

Mr. Alston was a generous patron and paid the young artist liberally for the portraits of his children. In recognition of this Morse presented him with his most ambitious painting, "The Judgment of Jupiter." Mr. Alston prized this picture highly during his lifetime, but after his death it was sold and for many years was lost sight of. It was purchased long afterwards in England by an American gentleman, who, not knowing who the painter was, gave it to a niece of Morse's, Mrs. Parmelee, and it is still, I believe, in the possession of the family.

While he was in Charleston his father wrote to him of the dangerous illness of his mother with what he called a "peripneumony," which, from the description, must have been the term used in those days for pneumonia. Her life was spared, however, and she lived for many years after this.

In June of the year 1818, Morse returned to the North and spent the summer in completing such portraits as he had carried with him in an unfinished state, and in painting such others as he could procure commissions

for. He planned to return to Charleston in the following year, but this time with a young wife to accompany him.

His uncle, Dr. Finley, writing to him on June 16, says: —

“Your letter of 2d instant, conveying the pleasing intelligence of your safe and very short passage and happy meeting with your affectionate parents at your own home, came safe to hand in due time. . . . And so Lucretia was expected and you intended to surprise her by your unlooked-for presence.

“Finley, I am afraid you will be too happy. You ought to meet a little rub or two or you will be too much in the clouds and forget that you are among mortals. Let me see if I cannot give you a friendly twist downwards.

“Your pictures — aye — suppose I should speak of them and what is said of them during your absence. I will perform the office of him who was placed near the triumphal car of the conqueror to abuse him lest he should be too elated.

“Well — ‘His pictures,’ say people, ‘are undoubtedly good likenesses, but he paints carelessly and in too much haste and his draperies are not well done. He must be more attentive or he will lose his reputation.’ ‘See,’ say others, ‘how he flatters.’ ‘Oh!’ says another, ‘he has not flattered me’; etc., etc.

“By the bye, I saw old General C. C. Pinckney yesterday, and he told me, in his laughing, humorous way, that he had requested you to draw his brother Thomas twenty years younger than he really was, so as to be a companion to his own when he was twenty years younger

than at this time, and to flatter him as he had directed Stuart to do so to him."

Morse had now abandoned his idea of soon returning to Europe; he renounced, for the present, his ambition to devote himself to the painting of great historical pictures, and threw himself with enthusiasm into the painting of portraits. He had an added incentive, for he wished to marry at once, and his parents and those of his *fiancée* agreed that it would be wise for the young people to make the venture. Everything seemed to presage success in life, at least in a modest way, to the young couple.

On the 6th of October, 1818, the following notice appeared in the New Hampshire "Patriot," of Concord: "Married in this town, October 1st, by Rev. Dr. McFarland, Mr. Samuel F. B. Morse (the celebrated painter) to Miss Lucretia Walker, daughter of Charles Walker, Esq."

On the 5th of October the young man writes to his parents: —

"I was married, as I wrote you I should be, on Tuesday morning last. We set out at nine o'clock and reached Amherst over bad roads at night. The next day we continued our journey through Wilton to New Ipswich, eighteen miles over one of the worst roads I ever travelled, all uphill and down and very rocky, and no tavern on the road. We enquired at New Ipswich our best route to Northampton, where we intended to go to meet Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius, but we found on enquiry that there were nothing but cross-roads and these very bad, and no taverns where we could be comfortably accommodated. Our horse also was tired, so we thought

our best way was to return. Accordingly the next day we started for Concord, and arrived on Friday evening safe home again.

“Lucretia wishes to spend this week with her friends, so that I shall return (Providence permitting) on this day week, and reach home by Tuesday noon, probably to dinner. We are both well and send a great deal of love to you all. Mr. and Mrs. Walker wish me to present their best respects to you. We had delightful weather for travelling, and got home just in season to escape Saturday’s rain.”

CHAPTER XI

NOVEMBER 19, 1818 — MARCH 31, 1821.

Morse and his wife go to Charleston, South Carolina. — Hospitably entertained and many portraits painted. — Congratulates Allston on his election to the Royal Academy. — Receives commission to paint President Monroe. — Trouble in the parish at Charlestown. — Morse urges his parents to leave and come to Charleston. — Letters of John A. Alston. — Return to the North. — Birth of his first child. — Dr. Morse and his family decide to move to New Haven. — Morse goes to Washington. — Paints the President under difficulties. — Hospitalities. — Death of his grandfather. — Dr. Morse appointed Indian Commissioner. — Marriage of Morse's future mother-in-law. — Charleston again. — Continued success. — Letters to Mrs. Ball. — Liberality of Mr. Alston. — Spends the summer in New Haven. — Returns to Charleston, but meets with poor success. — Assists in founding Academy of Arts, which has but a short life. — Goes North again.

THE young couple decided to spend the winter in Charleston, South Carolina, where Morse had won a reputation the previous winter as an excellent portrait-painter, and where much good business awaited him.

The following letter was written to his parents: —

SCHOONER TONTINE, AT ANCHOR OFF CHARLESTON LIGHTHOUSE,
THURSDAY, November 19, 1818, 5 o'clock P.M.

We have arrived thus far on our voyage safely through the kind protection of Providence. We have had a very rough passage attended with many dangers and more fears, but have graciously been delivered from them all. It is seven days since we left New York. If you recollect that was the time of my last passage in this same vessel. She is an excellent vessel and has the best captain and accommodations in the trade.

Lucretia was a little seasick in the roughest times, but, on the whole, bore the voyage extremely well. She seems a little downcast this afternoon in consequence

of feeling as if she was going among strangers, but I tell her she will overcome it in ten minutes' interview with Uncle and Aunt Finley and family.

She is otherwise very well and sends a great deal of love to you all. Please let Mr. and Mrs. Walker know of our arrival as soon as may be. I will leave the remainder of this until I get up to town. We hope to go up when the tide changes in about an hour.

FRIDAY MORNING, 20th,
AT UNCLE FINLEY'S.

We are safely housed under the hospitable roof of Uncle Finley, where they received us, as you might expect, with open arms. He has provided lodgings for us at ten dollars per week. I have not yet seen them; shall go directly.

I received a letter from Richard at Savannah; he writes in fine spirits and feels quite delighted with the hospitable people of the South.

This refers to his brother Richard Carey Morse, who was still pursuing his theological studies.

The visit of the young couple to Charleston was a most enjoyable one, and the artist found many patrons eager to be immortalized by his brush.

On December 22, 1818, he writes to his parents: —

“Lucretia is well and contented. She makes many friends and we receive as much attention from the hospitable Carolinians as we can possibly attend to. She is esteemed quite handsome here; she has grown quite fleshy and healthy, and we are as happy in each other as you can possibly wish us.

"There are several painters arrived from New York, but I fear no competition; I have as much as I can do."

As a chronicle of fair weather, favorable winds, and blue skies is apt to grow monotonous, I shall pass rapidly over the next few years, only selecting from the voluminous correspondence of that period a few extracts which have more than a passing interest.

On February 4, 1819, he writes to his friend and master, Washington Allston, who had now returned to Boston: —

"Excuse my neglect in not having written you before this according to my promise before I left Boston. I can only plead as apology (what I know will gratify you) a multiplicity of business. I am painting from morning till night and have continual applications. I have added to my list, this season only, to the amount of three thousand dollars; that is since I left you. Among them are three full lengths to be finished at the North, I hope in Boston, where I shall once more enjoy your criticisms.

"I am exerting my utmost to improve; every picture I try to make my best, and in the evening I draw two hours from the antique as I did in London; for I ought to inform you that I fortunately found a fine 'Venus de Medicis' without a blemish, imported from Paris sometime since by a gentleman of this city who wished to dispose of it; also a young Apollo which was so broken that he gave it to me, saying it was useless. I have, however, after a great deal of trouble, put it together entirely, and these two figures, with some fragments, — hands, feet, etc., — make a good academy. Mr. Fraser, Mr. Cogdell, Mr. Fisher, of Boston, and myself meet here of an

evening to improve ourselves. I feel as much enthusiasm as ever in my art and love it more than ever. A few years, at the rate I am now going on, will place me independent of public patronage.

"Thus much for myself, for you told me in one of your letters from London that I must be more of an egotist or you should be less of one in your letters to me, which I should greatly regret.

"And now, permit me, my dear sir, to congratulate you on your election to the Royal Academy. I know you will believe me when I say I jumped for joy when I heard it. Though it cannot add to your merit, yet it will extend the knowledge of it, especially in our own country, where we are still influenced by foreign opinion, and more justly, perhaps, in regard to taste in the fine arts than in any other thing."

On March 1, 1819, the Common Council of Charleston passed the following resolution: —

"Resolved unanimously that His Honor the Intendant be requested to solicit James Monroe, President of the United States, to permit a full-length likeness to be taken for the City of Charleston, and that Mr. Morse be requested to take all necessary measures for executing the said likeness on the visit of the President to this city.

"Resolved unanimously that the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars be appropriated for this purpose.

"Extract from the minutes.

"WILLIAM ROACH, JR.,

"Clerk of Council."

This portrait of President Monroe was completed later on and still hangs in the City Hall of Charleston. I shall have occasion to refer to it again.

CHURCH TROUBLES IN CHARLESTOWN 223

Morse, in a letter to his parents of March 26, 1819, says: —

“Two of your letters have been lately received detailing the state of the parish and church. I cannot say I was surprised, for it is what might be expected from Charlestown people. . . . As to returning home in the way I mentioned mama need not be at all uneasy on that score. It is necessary I should visit Washington, as the President will stay so short a time here that I cannot complete the head unless I see him in Washington. . . . Now as to the parish and church business, I hope all things will turn out right yet, and I can't help wishing that nothing may occur to keep you any longer in that nest of vipers and conspirators. I think with Edwards decidedly that, on mama's account alone, you should leave a place which is full of the most unpleasant associations to all the family, and retire to some place of quiet to enjoy your old age.

“Why not come to Charleston? Here is a fine place for usefulness, a pleasant climate especially for persons advanced in life, and your children here; for I think seriously of settling in Charleston. Lucretia is willing, and I think it will be much for my advantage to remain through the year. Richard can find a place here if he will, and Edwards can come on and be *Bishop* or *President* or *Professor* in some of the colleges (for I can't think of him in a less character) after he has graduated.

“I wish seriously you would think of this. Your friends here would greatly rejoice and an opening could be found, I have no doubt. Christians want their hands strengthened, and a veteran soldier, like papa, might be of great service here in the infancy of the *Unitarian Hydra*, who

finds a population too well adapted to receive and cherish its easy and fascinating tenets."

All this refers to a movement organized by the enemies of Dr. Morse to oust him from his parish in Charlestown. He was a militant fighter for orthodoxy and an uncompromising foe to Unitarianism, which was gradually obtaining the ascendancy in and near Boston. The movement was finally successful, as we shall see later, but they did not go as far from their old haunts as Charleston.

I shall not attempt to argue the rights and wrongs of the case, which seem to have been rather complicated, for Dr. Morse, more than a year after this, in writing to a friend says: "The events of the last fifteen months are still involved in impenetrable mystery, which I doubt not will be unravelled in due time."

The winter and spring of 1819 were spent by the young couple both pleasantly and profitably in Charleston. The best society of that charming city opened its arms to them and orders flowed in in a steady stream. Mr. John A. Alston was a most generous patron, ordering many portraits of his children and friends, and sometimes insisting on paying the young man even more than the price agreed upon.

In a letter to Morse he says: "Which of my friends was it who lately observed to you that I had a picture mania? You made, I understand, a most excellent reply, 'You wished I would come to town, then, and bite a dozen.' Indeed, my very good sir, was it in my power to excite in them a just admiration of your talents, I would readily come to town and bite the whole community."

And in another letter of April 10, 1819, Mr. Alston says: "Your portrait of my daughter was left in Georgetown [South Carolina], at the house of a friend; nearly all of the citizens have seen it, and I really think it will occasion you some applications. . . . Every one thought himself at liberty to make remarks. Some declared it to be a good likeness, while others insisted it was not so, and several who made such remarks, I *knew* had *never* seen my daughter. At last a rich Jew gentleman observed, 'it was the *richest* piece of painting he had ever seen.' This being so much in character that I assure you, sir, I could contain myself no longer, which, spreading among the audience, occasioned not an unpleasant moment."

Morse and his young wife returned to the North in the early summer of 1819, and spent the summer and fall with his parents in Charlestown. The young man occupied himself with the completion of the portraits which he had brought with him from the South, and his wife was busied with preparations for the event which is thus recorded in a letter of Dr. Morse's to his son Sidney Edwards at Andover: "Since I have been writing the above, Lucretia has presented us with a fine granddaughter and is doing well. The event has filled us with joy and gratitude."

The child was christened Susan Walker Morse. In the mean time the distressing news had come from Charleston of the sudden death of Dr. Finley, to whose kindly affection and influence Morse owed much of the pleasure and success of his several visits to Charleston.

Affairs had come to a crisis in the parish at Charlestown, and Dr. Morse decided to resign and planned to

move to New Haven, Connecticut, with his family in the following spring.

The necessity for pursuing his profession in the most profitable field compelled Morse to return to Charleston by way of Washington in November, and this time he had to go alone, much against his inclinations.

He writes to his mother from New York on November 28, 1819: "I miss Lucretia and little Susan more than you can think, and I shall long to have us all together at New Haven in the spring."

His object in going to Washington was to paint the portrait of the President, and of this he says in a letter: "I began on Monday to paint the President and have almost completed the head. I am thus far pleased with it, but I find it very perplexing, for he cannot sit more than ten or twenty minutes at a time, so that the moment I feel engaged he is called away again. I set my palette to-day at ten o'clock and waited until four o'clock this afternoon before he came in. He then sat ten minutes and we were called to dinner. Is not this trying to one's patience?"

"*December 17, 1819.* I have been here nearly a fortnight. I commenced the President's portrait on Monday and shall finish it to-morrow. I have succeeded to my satisfaction, and, what is better, to the satisfaction of himself and family; so much so that one of his daughters wishes me to copy the head for her. They all say that mine is the best that has been taken of him. The daughter told me (she said as a secret) that her father was delighted with it, and said it was the only one that in his opinion looked like him; and this, too, with Stuart's in the room.

“The President has been very kind and hospitable to me; I have dined with him three times and taken tea as often; he and his family have been very sociable and unreserved. I have painted him at his house, next room to his cabinet, so that when he had a moment to spare he would come in to me.

“Wednesday evening Mrs. Monroe held a drawing-room. I attended and made my bow. She was splendidly and tastily dressed. The drawing-room and suite of rooms at the President’s are furnished and decorated in the most splendid manner; some think too much so, but I do not. Something of splendor is certainly proper about the Chief Magistrate for the credit of the nation. Plainness can be carried to an extreme, and in national buildings and establishments it will, with good reason, be styled meanness.”

“*December 23, 1819.* It is obviously for my interest to hasten to Charleston, as I shall there be immediately at work, and this is the more necessary as there is a fresh gang of adventurers in the brush line gone to Charleston before me.”

A short while after this he received the news of the death of his grandfather, Jedediah Morse, at Woodstock, Connecticut, on December 29, aged ninety-four years. Mr. Prime says of him: “He was a strong man in body and mind, an able and upright magistrate, for eighteen years one of the selectmen of the town, twenty-seven years town clerk and treasurer, fifteen years a member of the Colonial and State Legislature, and a prominent, honored, and useful member and officer of the church.”

In January of the year 1820, Dr. Morse, realizing

that it would be for the best interests of all concerned to relinquish his pastorate at Charlestown, turned his active brain in another direction, and resolved to carry out a plan which he had long contemplated. This was to secure from the Government at Washington an appointment as commissioner to the Indians on the borders of the United States of those early days, in order to enquire into their condition with a view to their moral and physical betterment. To this end he journeyed to Washington and laid his project before the President and the Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun. He was most courteously entertained by these gentlemen and received the appointment.

In the following spring with his son Richard he travelled through the northwestern frontiers of the United States, and gained much valuable information which he laid before the Government. As he was a man of delicate constitution, we cannot but admire his indomitable spirit in ever devising new projects of usefulness to his fellow men. It was impossible for him to remain idle.

But it is not within the scope of this work to follow him on his journeys, although his letters of that period make interesting reading. While he was in Washington his wife, writing to him on January 27, 1820, says: "Mrs. Salisbury and Abby drank tea with us day before yesterday. They told us that Catherine Breese was married to a lieutenant in the army. This must have been a very sudden thing, and I should suppose very grievous to Arthur."

Little did the good lady think as she penned these words that, many years afterwards, her beloved eldest son would take as his second wife a daughter of this

union. Why this marriage should have been "grievous" to the father, Arthur Breese, I do not know, unless all army officers were classed among the ungodly by the very pious of those days. As a matter of fact, Lieutenant, afterwards Captain, Griswold was a most gallant gentleman.

In the mean time Finley Morse had reached Charleston in safety after a tedious journey of many days by stage from Washington, and was busily employed in painting. On February 4, 1820, he writes to his mother: —

"I received your good letter of the 19th and 22d ult., and thank you for it. I wish I had time to give you a narrative of my journey as you wish, but you know '*time is money*,' and we must '*make hay while the sun shines*,' and '*a penny saved is a penny got*,' and '*least said soonest mended*,' and a good many other wise sayings which would be quite pat, but I can't think of them.

"The fact is I have scarcely time to say or write a word. I am busily employed in getting the cash, or else Ned's almanac for March will foretell falsely.

"I am doing well, although the city fairly swarms with painters. I am the only one that has as much as he can do; all the rest are complaining. I wish I could divide with some of them, very clever men who have families to support, and can get nothing to do. . . . I feel rejoiced that things have come to such a crisis in Charlestown that our family will be released from that region of trouble so soon.

"Keep up your spirits, mother, the Lord will show you good days according to those in which you have seen evil. . . .

"I am glad Lucretia and the dear little Susan intend

meeting me at New Haven. I think this by far the best plan; it will save me a great deal of time, which, as I said before, is money.

"I shall have to spend some time in New Haven getting settled, and I wish to commence painting as soon as possible, for I have more than a summer's work before me in the President's portrait and Mrs. Ball's.

"As soon as the cash comes in, mother, it shall all be remitted except what I immediately want. You may depend upon it that nothing shall be left undone on my part to help you and the rest of us from that hole of vipers.

"I think it very probable I shall return by the middle of May; it will depend much on circumstances, however. I wish very much to be with my dear wife and daughter. I must contrive to bring them with me next season to Charleston, though it may be more expensive, yet I do not think that should be a consideration. I think that a man should be separated from his family but very seldom, and then under cases of absolute necessity, as I consider the case to be at present with me: that is, I think they should not be separated for any length of time. If I know my own disposition I am of a domestic habit, formed to this habit, probably, by the circumstances that have been so peculiar to our family in Charlestown. I by no means regret having such a habit if it can be properly regulated. I think it may be carried to excess, and shut us from the opportunities of doing good by mixing with our fellow men."

This pronouncement was very characteristic of the man. He was always, all through his long life, happiest when at home surrounded by all his family, and yet he never shirked the duty of absenting himself from home,

even for a prolonged period, when by so doing he could accomplish some great or good work.

That a portrait-painter's lot is not always a happy one may be illustrated by the following extracts from letters of Morse to the Mrs. Ball whom he mentions in the foregoing letter to his mother, and who seems to have been a most capricious person, insisting on continual alterations, and one day pleased and the next almost insulting in her censure: —

MADAM, — Supposing that I was dealing not only with a woman of honor, but, from her professions, with a Christian, I ventured in my note of the 18th inst., to make an appeal to your conscience in support of the justness of my demand of the four hundred dollars still due from you for your portrait. By your last note I find you are disposed to take an advantage of that circumstance of which I did not suppose you capable. My sense of the justness of my demand was so strong, as will appear from the whole tenor of that note, that I venture this appeal, not imagining that any person of honor, of the least spark of generous feeling, and more especially of Christian principle, could understand anything more than the enforcing my claim by an appeal to that principle which I knew should be the strongest in a real Christian.

Whilst, however, you have chosen to put a different construction on this part of the note, and supposed that I left you to say whether you would pay me anything or nothing, you have (doubtless unconsciously) shown that your conscience has decided in favor of the whole amount which is my due, and which I can never voluntarily relinquish.

You affirm in the first part of your note that, after due consideration, you think the real value of the picture is four hundred dollars (without the frame), yet, had your crop been good, your conscience would have adjudged me the remaining four hundred dollars without hesitation; and again (if your crop should be good) you could pay me the four hundred dollars next season.

Must I understand from this, madam, that the goodness or badness of your crop is the scale on which your conscience measures your obligation to pay a just debt, and that it contracts or expands as your crop increases or diminishes? Pardon me, madam, if I say that this appears to be the case from your letter.

My wish throughout this whole business has been to accommodate the time and terms of payment as much to your convenience as I could consistently with my duty to my family and myself. As a proof of this you need only advert to my note of yesterday, in which I inform you that I am paying interest on money borrowed for the use of my family which your debt, if it had been promptly paid, would have prevented.

And in another letter he says: —

“I completed your picture in the summer with two others which have given, as far as I can learn, entire satisfaction. Yours was painted with the same attention and with the same ability as the others, and admired as a picture, after it was finished, as much by some as the others, and more by many.

“Among these latter were the celebrated Colonel Trumbull and Vanderlyn, painters of New York. . . . You cannot but recollect, madam, that when you your-

self with your children visited it, notwithstanding you expressed yourself before them in terms so strong against it and so wounding to my feelings, yet all your children dissented from you, the youngest saying it was 'mama,' and the eldest, 'I am sure, mother, it is very like you.' . . .

"Your picture, from the day I commenced it, has been the source of one of my greatest trials, and, if it has taught me in any degree patience and forbearance, I shall have abundant reason to be thankful for the affliction."

In the end he consented to take less than had been agreed upon in order to close the incident.

As a happy contrast to this episode we have the following quotation from a letter to his wife written on February 17, 1820: —

"Did I tell you in my last that Colonel Alston insisted on giving me *two hundred dollars* more than I asked for the picture of little Sally, and a commission to paint her again full length next season, smaller than the last and larger than the first portrait, for which I shall receive four hundred dollars? He intimates also that I am to paint a picture annually for him. Is not he a strange man? (as people say here). I wish some more of the great fortunes in this part of the country would be as strange and encourage other artists who are men of genius and starving for want of employment."

Morse returned to the North in the spring of 1820 and joined his mother and his wife and daughter in New Haven, where they had preceded him and where they were comfortably and agreeably settled, as will appear from the following sentence in a letter to his good friend and mentor, Henry Bromfield, of London, dated Au-

gust, 1820: "You will perceive by the heading of this letter that I am in New Haven. My father and his family have left Charlestown, Massachusetts, and are settled in this place. My own family also, consisting of wife and daughter, are pleasantly settled in this delightful spot. I have built me a fine painting-room attached to my house in which I paint my large pictures in the summer, and in the winter I migrate to Charleston, South Carolina, where I have commissions sufficient to employ me for some years to come."

He returned to Charleston in the fall of 1820 and was again compelled to go alone. He writes to his wife on December 27: "I feel the separation this time more than ever, and I felt the other day, when I saw the steamship start for New York, that I had almost a mind to return in her."

From this sentence we learn that the slow schooner of the preceding years had been supplanted by the more rapid steamship, but that is, unfortunately, all he has to say of this great step forward in human progress.

Further on in this same letter he says: "I am occupied fully so that I have no reason to complain. I have not a *press* like the first season or like the last, but still I can say I am all the time employed. . . . My President pleases very much; I have heard no dissatisfaction expressed. It is placed in the great Hall in a fine light and place. . . . Mrs. Ball wants some alterations, that is to say every five minutes she would like it to be different. She is the most unreasonable of all mortals; derangement is her only apology. I can't tell you all in a letter, must wait till I see you. I shall get the rest of the cash from her shortly."

Just at this time the wave of prosperity on which the young man had so long floated, began to subside, for he writes to his wife on January 28, 1821: —

“I wish I could write encouragingly as to my professional pursuits, but I cannot. Notwithstanding the diminished price and the increase of exertion to please, and although I am conscious of painting much better portraits than formerly (which, indeed, stands to reason if I make continual exertion to improve), yet with all I receive no new commissions, cold and procrastinating answers from those to whom I write and who had put their names on my list. I give less satisfaction to those whom I have painted; I receive less attention also from some of those who formerly paid me much attention, and none at all from most.”

But with his usual hopefulness he says later on in this letter: —

“Why should I expect my sky to be perpetually unclouded, my sun to be never obscured? I have thus far enjoyed more of the sunshine of prosperity than most of my fellow men. ‘Shall I receive good at the hands of the Lord and shall I not also receive evil?’”

In this letter, a very long one, he suggests the establishment of an academy or school of painting in New Haven, so that he may be enabled to live at home with his family, and find time to paint some of the great historical works which he still longed to do. He also tells of the formation of such an academy in Charleston: —

“Since writing this there has been formed here an Academy of Arts to be erected immediately. J. R. Poinsett, Esq., is President, and six others with myself are chosen Directors. What this is going to lead to I don’t

know. I heard Mr. Cogdell say that it was intended to have lectures read, among other things. I feel not very sanguine as to its success, still I shall do all in my power to help it on as long as I am here."

His forebodings seem to have been justified, for Mr. John S. Cogdell, a sculptor, thus writes of it in later years to Mr. Dunlap: —

"The Legislature granted a charter, but, my good sir, as they possessed no powers under the constitution to confer taste or talent, and possessed none of those feelings which prompt to patronage, they gave none to the infant academy. . . . The institution was allowed from apathy and opposition to die; but Mr. Poinsett and myself with a few others have purchased, with a hope of reviving, the establishment."

Referring to this academy the wife in New Haven, in a letter of February 25, 1821, says: "Mr. Silliman says he is not much pleased to hear that they have an academy for painting in Charleston. He is afraid they will decoy you there."

On March 11, 1821, Morse answers thus: "Tell Mr. Silliman I have stronger *magnets* at New Haven than any academy can have, and, while that is the case, I cannot be decoyed permanently from home."

I wonder if he used the word "magnets" advisedly, for it was with Professor Silliman that he at that time pursued the studies in physics, including electricity, which had so interested him while in college, and it was largely due to the familiarity with the subject which he then acquired that he was, in later years, enabled successfully to perfect his invention.

On the 12th of March, 1821, another daughter was

born to the young couple, and was named Elizabeth Ann after her paternal grandmother. The child lived but a few days, however, much to the grief of her parents and grandparents.

Charleston had now given all she had to give to the young painter, and he packed his belongings to return home with feelings both of joy and of regret. He was overjoyed at the prospect of so soon seeing his dearly loved wife and daughter, and his parents and brothers; at the same time he had met with great hospitality in Charleston; had made many firm friends; had impressed himself strongly on the life of the city, as he always did wherever he went, and had met with most gratifying success in his profession. A partial list of the portraits painted while he was there gives the names of fifty-five persons, and, as the prices received are appended, we learn that he received over four thousand dollars from his patrons for these portraits alone.

On March 31, 1821, he joyfully announces his homecoming: "I just drop you a hasty line to say that, in all probability, your husband will be with you as soon, if not sooner than this letter. I am entirely clear of all sitters, having outstayed my last application; have been engaged in finishing off and packing up for two days past and contemplate embarking by the middle or end of the coming week in the steamship for New York. You must not be surprised, therefore, to see me soon after this reaches you; still don't be disappointed if I am a little longer, as the winds most prevalent at this season are head winds in going to the North. I am busy in collecting my dues and paying my debts."

CHAPTER XII

MAY 23, 1821 — DECEMBER 17, 1824

Accompanies Mr. Silliman to the Berkshires. — Takes his wife and daughter to Concord, New Hampshire. — Writes to his wife from Boston about a bonnet. — Goes to Washington, D.C. — Paints large picture of House of Representatives. — Artistic but not financial success. — Donates five hundred dollars to Yale. — Letter from Mr. DeForest. — New York "Observer." — Discouragements. — First son born. — Invents marble-carving machine. — Goes to Albany. — Stephen Van Rensselaer. — Slight encouragement in Albany. — Longing for a home. — Goes to New York. — Portrait of Chancellor Kent. — Appointed attaché to Legation to Mexico. — High hopes. — Takes affecting leave of his family. — Rough journey to Washington. — Expedition to Mexico indefinitely postponed. — Returns North. — Settles in New York. — Fairly prosperous.

MUCH as Morse longed for a permanent home, where he could find continuous employment while surrounded by those he loved, it was not until many years afterwards and under totally different circumstances that his dream was realized. For the present the necessity of earning money for the support of his young family and for the assistance of his ageing father and mother drove him continually forth to new fields, and on May 23, 1821, which must have been only a few weeks after his return from the South, he writes to his wife from Pittsfield, Massachusetts: —

"We are thus far on our tour safe and sound. Mr. Silliman's health is very perceptibly better already. Last night we lodged at Litchfield; Mr. Silliman had an excellent night and is in fine spirits.

"At Litchfield I called on Judge Reeves and sat a little while. . . . I called at Mr. Beecher's with Mr. Silliman and Judge Gould; no one at home. Called with Mr.

Silliman at Dr. Shelden's, and stayed a few moments; sat a few moments also at Judge Gould's.

"I was much pleased with the exterior appearance of Litchfield; saw at a distance Edwards's pickerel pond.

"We left at five this morning, breakfasted at Norfolk, dined at Stockbridge. We there left the stage and have hired a wagon to go on to Middlebury, Vermont, at our leisure. We lodge here to-night and shall probably reach Bennington, Vermont, to-morrow night.

"I have made one slight pencil sketch of the Hoosac Mountain. At Stockbridge we visited the marble quarries, and to-morrow at Lanesborough shall visit the quarries of fine white marble there.

"I am much delighted with my excursion thus far. To travel with such a companion as Mr. Silliman I consider as highly advantageous as well as gratifying."

This is all the record I have of this particular trip. The Mr. Beecher referred to was the father of Henry Ward Beecher.

Later in the summer he accompanied his wife and little daughter to Concord, New Hampshire, and left them there with her father and mother. Writing to her from Boston on his way back to New Haven, he says in characteristically masculine fashion: —

"I have talked with Aunt Bartlett about getting you a bonnet. She says that it is no time to get a fashionable winter bonnet in Boston now, and that it would be much better if you could get it in New York, as the Bostonians get their fashions from New York and, of course, much later than we should in New Haven. She thinks that white is better than blue, etc., etc., etc., which she can explain to you much better than I can. She is willing,

however, to get you any you wish if you still request it. She thinks, if you cannot wait for the new fashion, that your black bonnet put into proper shape with black plumes would be as *tasty* and fashionable as any you could procure. I think so, too. You had better write Aunt particularly about it."

While Morse had conscientiously tried to put the best of himself into the painting of portraits, and had succeeded better than he himself knew, he still longed for wider fields, and in November, 1821, he went to Washington, D.C., to begin a work which he for some time had had in contemplation, and which he now felt justified in undertaking. This was to be a large painting of the House of Representatives with many portraits of the members. The idea was well received at Washington and he obtained the use of one of the rooms at the Capitol for a studio, making it easy for the members to sit for him. It could not have been all plain sailing, however, for his wife says to him in a letter of December 28, 1821: "Knowing that perseverance is a trait in your character, we do not any of us feel surprised to hear you have overcome so many obstacles. You have undertaken a great work. . . . Every one thinks it must be a very popular subject and that you will make a splendid picture of it."

Writing to his wife he says: —

"I am up at daylight, have my breakfast and prayers over and commence the labors of the day long before the workmen are called to work on the Capitol by the bell. This I continue unremittingly till one o'clock, when I dine in about fifteen minutes and then pursue my labors until tea, which scarcely interrupts me, as I often have

my cup of tea in one hand and my pencil in the other. Between ten and eleven o'clock I retire to rest. This has been my course every day (Sundays, of course, excepted) since I have been here, making about fourteen hours' study out of the twenty-four.

"This you will say is too hard, and that I shall injure my health. I can say that I never enjoyed better health, and my body, by the simple fare I live on, is disciplined to this course. As it will not be necessary to continue long so assiduously I shall not fail to pursue it till the work is done.

"I receive every possible facility from all about the Capitol. The doorkeeper, a venerable man, has offered to light the great chandelier expressly for me to take my sketches in the evening for two hours together, for I shall have it a candlelight effect, when the room, already very splendid, will appear ten times more so."

On the 2d of January, 1822, he writes: "I have commenced to-day taking the likenesses of the members. I find them not only willing to sit, but apparently esteeming it an honor. I shall take seventy of them and perhaps more; all if possible. I find the picture is becoming the subject of conversation, and every day gives me greater encouragement. I shall paint it on part of the great canvas when I return home. It will be eleven feet by seven and a half feet. . . . It will take me until October next to complete it."

The room which he painted was then the Hall of Representatives, but is now Statuary Hall. As a work of art the painting is excellent and is highly esteemed by artists of the present day. It contains eighty portraits.

His high expectations of gaining much profit from its

exhibition and of selling it for a large sum were, however, doomed to disappointment. It did not attract the public attention which he had anticipated and it proved a financial loss to him. It was finally sold to an Englishman, who took it across the ocean, and it was lost sight of until, after twenty-five years, it was found by an artist friend, Mr. F. W. Edmonds, in New York, where it had been sent from London. It was in a more or less damaged condition, but was restored by Morse. It eventually became the property of the late Daniel Huntington, who loaned it to the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, where it now hangs.¹

I find no more letters of special interest of the year 1822, but Mr. Prime has this to record: "In the winter of 1822, notwithstanding the great expenses to which Mr. Morse had been subjected in producing this picture, and before he had realized anything from its exhibition, he made a donation of five hundred dollars to the library fund of Yale College; probably the largest donation in proportion to the means of the giver which that institution ever received."

The corporation, by vote, presented the thanks of the board in the following letter: —

YALE COLLEGE,
December 4th, 1822.

DEAR SIR, — I am directed by the corporation of this college to present to you the thanks of the board for your subscription of five hundred dollars for the enlargement of the library. Should this example of liberality be generally imitated by the friends of the institution, we

¹ This painting has recently been purchased by the Trustees of the Corcoran Gallery.

should soon have a library creditable to the college and invaluable to men of literary and philosophic research.

With respectful and grateful acknowledgment,

Your obedient servant,

JEREMIAH DAY.

While he was at home in New Haven in the early part of 1823 he sought orders for portraits, and that he was successful in at least one instance is evidenced by the following letter: —

Mr. D. C. DeForest's compliments to Mr. Morse. Mr. DeForest desires to have his portrait taken such as it would have been six or eight years ago, making the necessary calculation for it, and at the same time making it a good likeness in all other respects.

This reason is not to make himself younger, but to appear to children and grandchildren more suitably matched as to age with their mother and grandmother.

If Mr. Morse is at leisure and disposed to undertake this work, he will please prepare his canvas and let me know when he is ready for my attendance.

NEW HAVEN,

30th March, 1823.

Whether Morse succeeded to the satisfaction of Mr. DeForest does not appear from the correspondence, but both this portrait and that of Mrs. DeForest now hang in the galleries of the Yale School of the Fine Arts, and are here reproduced so that the reader may judge for himself.

On the 17th of May, 1823, the first number of the New York "Observer" was published. While being a

religious newspaper the prospectus says it "contains also miscellaneous articles and summaries of news and information on every subject in which the community is interested."

This paper was founded and edited by the two brothers Sidney E. and Richard C. Morse, who had abandoned respectively the law and the ministry. It was very successful, and became at one time a power in the community and is still in existence.

The editorial offices were first established at 50 Wall Street, but later the brothers bought a lot and erected a building at the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets, and that edifice had an important connection with the invention of the telegraph. On the same site now stands the Morse Building, a pioneer sky-scraper now sadly dwarfed by its gigantic neighbors.

The year 1823 was one of mingled discouragement and hope. Compelled to absent himself from home for long periods in search of work, always hoping that in some place he would find enough to do to warrant his bringing his family and making for them a permanent home, his letters reflect his varying moods, but always with the underlying conviction that Providence will yet order all things for the best. The letters of the young wife are pathetic in their expressions of loneliness during the absence of her husband, and yet of forced cheerfulness and submission to the will of God.

On the 17th of March, 1823, another child was born, a son, who was named for his maternal grandfather, Charles Walker. The child was at first very delicate, and this added to the anxieties of the fond mother and father, but he soon outgrew his childish ailments.



MR. D. C. DE FOREST

From a painting by Morse now in the Gallery of the Yale School of the Fine Arts



From "Thistle Print," Copyright Detroit Publishing Co.

MRS. D. C. DE FOREST

Morse's active mind was ever bent on invention, and in this year he devised and sought to patent a machine for carving marble statues, "perfect copies of any model." He had great hopes of pecuniary profit from this invention and it is mentioned many times in the letters of this and the following year, but he found, on enquiry, that it was not patentable, as it would have been an infringement on the machine of Thomas Blanchard which was patented in 1820.

So once more were his hopes of independence blasted, as they had been in the case of the pump and fire-engine. He longed, like all artists, to be free from the petty cares and humiliations of the struggle for existence, free to give full rein to his lofty aspirations, secure in the confidence that those he loved were well provided for; but, like most other geniuses, he was compelled to drink still deeper of the bitter cup, to drain it to the very dregs.

In the month of August, 1823, he went to Albany, hoping through his acquaintance with the Patroon, Stephen Van Rensselaer, to establish himself there. He painted the portrait of the Patroon, confident that, by its exhibition, he would secure other orders. In a letter to his wife he says: —

"I have found lodgings — a large front room on the second story, twenty-five by eighteen feet, and twelve feet high — a fine room for painting, with a neat little bedroom, and every convenience, and board, all for six dollars a week, which I think is very reasonable. My landlord is an elderly Irish gentleman with three daughters, once in independent circumstances but now reduced. Everything bears the appearance of old-fashioned gentility which you know I always liked. Every-

thing is neat and clean and genteel. . . . Bishop Hobart and a great many acquaintances were on board of the boat upon which I came up to this city.

"I can form no idea as yet of the prospect of success in my profession here. If I get enough to employ me I shall go no farther; if not, I may visit some of the smaller towns in the interior of the State. I await with some anxiety the result of experiments with my machine. I hope the invention may enable me to remain at home."

"*16th of August.* I have not as yet received any application for a portrait. Many tell me I have come at the wrong time — the same tune that has been rung in my ears so long. I hope the right time will come by and by. The winter, it is said, is the proper season, but, as it is better in the South at that season and it will be more profitable to be there, I shall give Albany a thorough trial and do my best. If I should not find enough to employ me here, I think I shall return to New York and settle there. This I had rather not do at present, but it may be the best that I can do. Roaming becomes more and more irksome. Imperious necessity alone drives me to this course. Don't think by this I am faint-hearted; I shall persevere in this course, painful as is the separation from my family, until Providence clearly points out my duty to return."

"*August 22.* I have something to do. I have one portrait in progress and the promise of more. One hundred dollars will pay all my expenses here for three months, so that the two I am now painting will clear me in that respect and all that comes after will be clear gain. I am, therefore, easier in my mind as to this. The portrait I am now painting is Judge Moss Kent, brother of the

Chancellor. He says that I shall paint the Chancellor when he returns to Albany, and his niece also, and from these particulars you may infer that I shall be here for some little time longer, just so long as my good prospects continue; but, should they fail, I am determined to try New York City, and sit down there in my profession permanently. I believe I have now attained sufficient proficiency to venture there. My progress may be slow at first, but I believe it will be sure. I do not like going South and I have given up the idea of New Orleans or any Southern city, at least for the present. Circumstances may vary this determination, but I think a settlement in New York is more feasible now than ever before. I shall be near you and home in cases of emergency, and in the summer and sickly season can visit you at New Haven, while you can do the same to me in New York until we live again at New Haven altogether. I leave out of this calculation the *machine for sculpture*. If that should entirely succeed, my plans would be materially varied, but I speak of my present plan as if that had failed."

"*August 24.* I finished Mr. Kent's picture yesterday and received the money for it. . . . Mr. Kent is very polite to me, and has introduced me to a number of persons and families, among others to the Kanes — very wealthy people — to Governor Yates, etc. Mr. Clinton's son called on me and invited me to their house. . . . I have been introduced to Señor Rocafuerto, the Spaniard who made so excellent a speech before the Bible Society last May. He is a very handsome man, very intelligent, full of wit and vivacity. He is a great favorite with the ladies and is a man of wealth and a zealous patriot, studying our manners, customs, and improve-

ments, with a view of benefiting his own countrymen in Peru. . . . I long to be with you again and to see you all at *home*. I fear I dote on *home* too much, but mine is such an uncommon home, such a delightful home, that I cannot but feel strongly my privation of its pleasures."

"*August 27.* My last two letters have held out to you some encouraging prospects of success here, but now they seem darkened again. I have had nothing to do this week thus far but to wait patiently. I have advertised in both of the city papers that I should remain one week to receive applications, but as yet it has produced no effect. . . .

"Chancellor Kent is out of town and I was told yesterday would not be in until the end of next month. If I should have nothing to do in the mean time it is hardly worth while to stay solely for that. Many have been talking of having their portraits painted, but there it has thus far ended. I feel a little perplexed to know what to do. I find nothing in Albany which can profitably employ my leisure hours. If there were any pictures or statuary where I could sketch and draw, it would be different. . . . I have visited several families who have been very kind to me, for which I am thankful. . . .

"I shall leave Albany and return to New York a week from to-day if there is no change in my prospects. . . . The more I think of making a push at New York as a permanent place of residence in my profession, the more proper it seems that it should be pretty soon. There is now no rival that I should fear; a few more years may produce one that would be hard to overcome. New York does not yet feel the influx of wealth from the

Western canal but in a year or two she will feel it, and it will be advantageous to me to be previously identified among her citizens as a painter.

“It requires some little time to become known in such a city as New York. Colonel T—— is growing old, too, and there is no artist of education sufficiently prominent to take his place as President of the Academy of Arts. By becoming more known to the New York public, and exerting my talents to discover the best methods of promoting the arts and writing about them, I may possibly be promoted to his place, where I could have a better opportunity of doing *something for the arts in our country*, the object at which I aim.”

“*September 3.* I have nothing to do and shall pack up on the morrow for New York unless appearances change again. I have not had full employment since I have been in Albany and I feel miserable in doing nothing. I shall set out on Friday, and perhaps may go to New Haven for a day or two to look at you all.”

He did manage to pay a short visit to his home, and then he started for New York by boat, but was driven by a storm into Black Rock Harbor and continued his journey from there by land. Writing home the day after his arrival he says: “I have obtained a place to board at friend Coolidge’s at two dollars and twenty-five cents a week, and have taken for my studio a fine room in Broadway opposite Trinity Churchyard, for which I am to pay six dollars and fifty cents a week, being fifty cents less than I expected to pay.”

There has been some increase in the rental price of rooms on Broadway opposite Trinity Churchyard since that day.

Further on he says: —

“I shall go to work in a few days vigorously. It is a half mile from my room to the place where I board, so that I am obliged to walk more than three miles every day. It is good exercise for me and I feel better for it. I sleep in my room on the floor and put my bed out of sight during the day, as at Washington. I feel in the spirit of ‘buckling down to it,’ and am determined to paint and study with all my might this winter.”

The loving wife is distressed at the idea of his sleeping on the floor, and thus expresses herself in a letter which is dated, curiously enough, November 31: “You know, dear Finley, I have always set my face as a flint and have borne my testimony against your sleeping on the floor. Indeed, it makes my heart ache, when I go to bed in my comfortable chamber, to think of my dear husband sleeping without a bedstead. Your mother says she sent one to Richard, which he has since told her was unnecessary as he used a settee, and which you can get of him. But, if it is in use, do get one or I shall take no comfort.”

Soon after his arrival in New York he began the portrait of Chancellor Kent, and writing of him he says: —

“He is not a good sitter; he scarcely presents the same view twice; he is very impatient and you well know that I cannot paint an impatient person; I must have my mind at ease or I cannot paint.

“I have no more applications as yet, but it is not time to expect them. All the artists are complaining, and there are many of them, and they are all poor. The arts are as low as they can be. It is no better at the South, and all the accounts of the arts or artists are of the most discouraging nature.”

PORTRAIT OF CHANCELLOR KENT 251

The portrait of the Chancellor seems not to have brought him more orders, for a little later he writes to his wife: "I waited many days in the hope of some application in my profession, but have been disappointed until last evening I called and spent the evening with my friend Mr. Van Schaick, and told him I had thought of painting some little design from the 'Sketch Book,' so as not to be idle, and mentioned the subject of Ichabod Crane discovering the headless horseman.

"He said: 'Paint it for me and another picture of the same size, and I will take them of you.' So I am now employed. . . .

"*My secret scheme* is not yet disclosable, but I shall let you know as soon as I hear anything definite."

Still later he says: —

"I have seen many of the artists; they all agree that little is doing in the city of New York. It seems wholly given to commerce. Every man is driving at one object — the making of money — not the spending of it. . . .

"*My secret scheme* looks promising, but I am still in suspense; you shall know the moment it is decided one way or the other."

His brother, Sidney Edwards, in a letter to his parents of December 9, 1823, says: "Finley is in good spirits again; not because he has any prospect of business here, but he is dreaming of the gold mines of Mexico."

As his *secret* was now out, he explains it fully in the following letter to his wife, dated December 21, 1823:—

"My cash is almost gone and I begin to feel some anxiety and perplexity to know what to do. I have advertised, and visited, and hinted, and pleaded, and even asked one man to sit, but all to no purpose. . . . My ex-

penses, with the most rigid economy, too, are necessarily great; my rent to-morrow will amount to thirty-three dollars, and I have nothing to pay it with.

“What can I do? I have been here five weeks and there is not the smallest prospect *now* of any difference as to business. I am willing to stay and wish to stay if there is anything to do. The pictures that I am painting for Mr. Van Schaick will not pay my expenses if painted here; my rent and board would eat it all up.

“I have thought of various plans, but what to decide upon I am completely at a loss, nor can I decide until I hear definitely from Washington in regard to my Mexico expedition. Since Brother Sidney has hinted it to you I will tell you the state of it. I wrote to General Van Rensselaer, Mr. Poinsett, and Colonel Hayne, of the Senate, applying for some situation in the legation to Mexico soon to be sent thither. I stated my object in going and my wish to go free of expense and under government protection.

“I received a letter a few days ago from General Van Rennselaer in which he says: ‘I immediately laid your request before the President and seconded it with my warmest recommendations. It is impossible to predict the result at present. If our friend Mr. Poinsett is appointed minister, which his friends are pressing, he will no doubt be happy to have you in his suite.’

“Thus the case rests at present. If Mr. Poinsett is appointed I shall probably go to Mexico, if not, it will be more doubtful. . . . If I go I should take my picture of the House of Representatives, which, in the present state of favorable feeling towards our country, I should probably dispose of to advantage.

APPOINTED ATTACHÉ FOR MEXICO 253

"All accounts that I hear from Mexico are in the highest degree favorable to my enterprise, and I hear much from various quarters."

As can well be imagined, his wife did not look with unalloyed pleasure on this plan. She says in a letter of December 25, 1823: "I have felt much for you, my dearest Finley, in all your trials and perplexities. I was sorry to hear you had been unsuccessful in obtaining portraits. I hope you will, ere long, experience a change for the better. . . . As to the Mexico plan, I know not what to think of it. How can I consent to have you be at such a distance?"

However, convinced by her husband that it would be for his best interests to go, she reluctantly gave her consent and he used every legitimate effort to secure the appointment. He was finally successful. Mr. Poinsett was not appointed as minister; this honor was bestowed on the Honorable Ninian Edwards, of Illinois, but Morse was named as one of his suite.

In a note from the Honorable Robert Young Hayne, who, it will be remembered, was the opponent of Daniel Webster in the great debates on States' Rights in the Senate, Morse was thus apprised of his appointment: "Governor Edwards's suite consists of Mr. Mason, of Georgetown, D.C., secretary of the legation; Mr. Hodgson, of Virginia, private secretary; and yourself, attaché."

Morse had great hopes of increasing his reputation as a painter and of earning much money in Mexico. He was perfectly frank in stating that his principal object in seeking an appointment as attaché was that he might pursue his profession, and, in a letter to Mr. Edwards

of April 15, 1824, he thus explains why he considers this not incompatible with his duties as attaché: "That the pursuit of my profession will not be derogatory to the situation I may hold I infer from the fact that many of the ancient painters were ambassadors to different European courts, and pursued their professions constantly while abroad. Rubens, while ambassador to the English court, executed some of his finest portraits and decorated the ceiling of the chapel of White Hall with some of his best historical productions."

When it was finally decided that he should go, he made all his preparations, including a bed and bedding among his impedimenta, being assured that this was necessary in Mexico, and bade farewell to his family.

His father, his wife and children, and his sister-in-law accompanied him as far as New York. Writing of the parting he says: "A thousand affecting incidents of separation from my beloved family crowded upon my recollection. The unconscious gayety of my dear children as they frolicked in all their wonted playfulness, too young to sympathize in the pangs that agitated their distressed parents; their artless request to bring home some trifling toy; the parting kiss, not understood as meaning more than usual; the tears and sad farewells of father, mother, wife, sister, family, friends; the desolateness of every room as the parting glance is thrown on each familiar object, and 'farewell, farewell' seemed written on the very walls,—all these things bear upon my memory, and I realize the declaration that 'the places which now know us shall know us no more.'"

It must be borne in mind that a journey in those days, even one from New York to Washington, was not a few



LUCRETIA PICKERING WALKER, WIFE OF S. F. B. MORSE, AND TWO CHILDREN

Painted by Morse

hours' ride in a luxurious Pullman, but was fraught with many discomforts, delays, and even dangers.

As an example of this I shall quote the first part of a letter written by Morse from Washington to his wife on April 11, 1824:—

“I lose not a moment in informing you of my safe arrival, with all my baggage, in good order last evening. I was much fatigued, went to bed early, and this morning feel perfectly refreshed and much better for my journey.

“After leaving you on Wednesday morning I had but just time to reach the boat before she started. In the land carriage we occupied three stages over a very rough road. In crossing a small creek in a ferry-boat the stage ahead of ours left the boat a little too soon and came near upsetting in the water, which would have put the passengers into a dangerous situation. As it was the water came into the carriage and wet some of the baggage. It was about an hour before they could get the stage out of the water.

“Next came our turn. After travelling a few miles the springs on one side gave way and let us down, almost upsetting us. We got out without difficulty and, in a few minutes, by putting a rail under one side, we proceeded on again, jocosely telling the passengers in the third stage that it was their turn next.

“When we arrived at the boat in the Delaware to our surprise the third stage came in with a rail under one side, having met with a similar accident a few miles after we left them. So we all had our turn, but no injury to any of us.”

His high hopes of success in this enterprise were soon

doomed to be shattered, and once again he was made to suffer a bitter disappointment.

On April 19 he writes: "I am at this moment put into a very embarrassing state of suspense by a political occurrence which has caused a great excitement here, and will cause considerable interest, no doubt, throughout the country. This morning a remonstrance was read in the House of Representatives from the Honorable Ninian Edwards against Mr. Crawford, which contains such charges and of so serious a nature as has led to the appointment of a select committee, with power to send for *persons* and papers in order to a full investigation; and I am told by many members of Congress that Mr. Edwards will undoubtedly be sent for, which will occasion, of course, a great delay in his journey to Mexico, if not cause a suspension of his going until the next season."

The Mr. Crawford alluded to was William Harris Crawford, at that time a prominent candidate for the Presidency in the coming election.

With his customary faith in an overruling Providence, Morse says later in the same letter: "This delay and suspense tries me more than distance or even absence from my dear family. If I could be on my way and pursuing my profession I should feel much better. But all will be for the best; though things look dark I can and will trust Him who will make my path of duty plain before me. This satisfies my mind and does not allow a single desponding thought."

The sending of the legation was indefinitely postponed, and Morse, much disappointed but resolved not to be overwhelmed by this crushing of his high hopes, returned to New Haven.

He spent the summer partly at home and partly in Concord, New Hampshire (where his wife and children had gone to visit her father), and in Portsmouth, Portland, and Hartford, having been summoned to those cities by patrons who wished him to paint their portraits.

We can imagine that the young wife did not grieve over the failure of the Mexican trip. Her letters to her husband at that period are filled with expressions of the deepest affection, but with an undertone of melancholy, due, no doubt, to the increasing delicacy of her health, never very robust.

In the fall of 1824 Morse resolved to make another assault on the purses of the solid men of New York, and he established himself at 96 Broadway, where, for a time, he had the satisfaction of having his wife and children with him. They, however, returned later to New Haven, and on December 5, 1824, he writes to his wife: —

“I am fully employed and in excellent spirits. I am engaged in painting the full-length portrait of Mr. Hone’s little daughter, a pretty little girl just as old as Susan. I have made a sketch of the composition with which I am pleased, and so are the father and mother. I shall paint her with a cat set up in her lap like a baby, with a towel under its chin and a cap on its head, and she employed in feeding it with a spoon. . . .

“I am as happy and contented as I can be without my dear Lucrece and our dear children, but I hope it will not be long before we shall be able to live together without these separations.”

“*December 17, 1824.* I have everything very comfortable at my rooms. My two pupils, Mr. Agate and Mr.

Field, are very tractable and very useful. I have everything 'in Pimlico,' as mother would say.

"I have begun, and thus far carried on, a system of neatness in my painting-room which I never could have with Henry. Everything has its place, and every morning the room is swept and all things put in order. . . .

"I have as much as I can do in painting. I do not mean by this that I have the overflow that I had in Charleston, nor do I wish it. A hard shower is soon over; I wish rather the gentle, steady, continuing rain. I feel that I have a character to obtain and maintain, and therefore my pictures must be carefully studied. I shall not by this method paint so fast nor acquire property so fast, but I shall do what is better, secure a continuance of patronage and success.

"I have no disposition to be a nine days' wonder, all the rage for a moment and then forgotten forever; compelled on this very account to wander from city to city, to shine a moment in one and then pass on to another."

In a letter of a later date he says: —

"I am going on prosperously through the kindness of Providence in raising up many friends who are exerting themselves in my favor. My storms are partly over, and a clear and pleasant day is dawning upon me."

CHAPTER XIII

JANUARY 4, 1825 — NOVEMBER 18, 1825

Success in New York. — Chosen to paint portrait of Lafayette. — Hope of a permanent home with his family. — Meets Lafayette in Washington. — Mutually attracted. — Attends President's levee. — Begins portrait of Lafayette. — Death of his wife. — Crushed by the news. — His attachment to her. — Epitaph composed by Benjamin Silliman. — Bravely takes up his work again. — Finishes portrait of Lafayette. — Describes it in letter of a later date. — Sonnet on death of Lafayette's dog. — Rents a house in Canal Street, New York. — One of the founders of National Academy of Design. — Tactful resolutions on organization. — First thirty members. — Morse elected first president. — Re-elected every year until 1845. — Again made president in 1861. — Lectures on Art. — Popularity.

IT is a commonly accepted belief that a particularly fine, clear day is apt to be followed by a storm. Meteorologists can probably give satisfactory scientific reasons for this phenomenon, but, be that as it may, how often do we find a parallel in human affairs. A period of prosperity and happiness in the life of a man or of a nation is almost invariably followed by calamities, small or great; but, fortunately for individuals and for nations, the converse is also true. The creeping pendulum of fate, pausing for an instant at its highest point, dips down again to gather impetus for a higher swing.

And so it was with Morse. Fate was preparing for him a heavy blow, one of the tragedies of his eventful life, and, in order to hearten him for the trial, to give him strength to bear up under it, she cheered his professional path with the sun of prosperity.

Writing to his wife from New York on January 4, 1825, he says: —

“You will rejoice with me, I know, in my continued and increasing success. I have just learned in confidence,

from one of the members of the committee of the corporation appointed to procure a full-length portrait of Lafayette, that they have designated me as the painter of it, and that a subcommittee was appointed to wait on me with the information. They will probably call tomorrow, but, until it is thus officially announced to me, I wish the thing kept secret, except to the family, until I write you more definitely on the subject, which I will do the moment the terms, etc., are settled with the committee.

"I shall probably be under the necessity of going to Washington to take it immediately (the corporation, of course, paying my expenses). But of this in my next."

"*January 6, 1825.* I have been officially notified of my appointment to paint the full-length portrait of Lafayette for the City of New York, so that you may make it as public as you please.

"The terms are not definitely settled; the committee is disposed to be very liberal. I shall have at least seven hundred dollars — probably one thousand. I have to wait until an answer can be received from Washington, from Lafayette to know when he can see me. The answer will arrive probably on Wednesday morning; after that I can determine what to do about going on.

"The only thing I fear is that it is going to deprive me of my dear Lucretia. Recollect the old lady's saying, often quoted by mother, 'There is never a convenience but there ain't one'; I long to see you."

It was well for the young man that he did not realize how dreadfully his jesting fears were to be realized.

Further on he says: "I have made an arrangement with Mr. Durand to have an engraving of Lafayette's

portrait. I receive half the profits. Vanderlyn, Sully, Peale, Jarvis, Waldo, Inman, Ingham, and some others were my competitors in the application for this picture."

"*January 8.* Your letter of the 5th I have just received, and one from the committee of medical students engaging me to paint Dr. Smith's portrait for them when I come to New Haven. They are to give me one hundred dollars. I have written them that I should be in New Haven by the 1st of February, or, at farthest, by the 6th; so that it is only prolonging for a little longer, my dear wife, the happy meeting which I anticipated for the 25th of this month. Events are not under our own control.

"When I consider how wonderfully things are working for the promotion of the great and *long-desired* event — that of being constantly with my dear family — all unpleasant feelings are absorbed in this joyful anticipation, and I look forward to the spring of the year with delightful prospects of seeing my dear family permanently settled with me in our own hired house here. There are more encouraging prospects than I can trust to paper at present which must be left for your private ear, and which in magnitude are far more valuable than any encouragement yet made known to me. Let us look with thankful hearts to the Giver of all these blessings."

"*Washington, February 8, 1825.* I arrived safely in this city last evening. I find I have no time to lose, as the Marquis will leave here the 23d. I have seen him and am to breakfast with him to-morrow, and to commence his portrait. If he allows me time sufficient I have no fear as to the result. He has a noble face. In this I am disappointed, for I had heard that his features were

not good. On the contrary, if there is any truth in expression of character, there never was a more perfect example of accordance between the face and the character. He has all that noble firmness and consistency, for which he has been so distinguished, strongly indicated in his whole face.

“While he was reading my letters I could not but call to mind the leading events of his truly eventful life. ‘This is the man now before me, the very man,’ thought I, ‘who suffered in the dungeon of Olmütz; the very man who took the oaths of the new constitution for so many millions, while the eyes of thousands were fixed upon him (and which is so admirably described in the *Life* which I read to you just before I left home); the very man who spent his youth, and his fortune, and his time, to bring about (under Providence) our happy Revolution; the friend and companion of Washington, the terror of tyrants, the firm and consistent supporter of liberty, the man whose beloved name has rung from one end of this continent to the other, whom all flock to see, whom all delight to honor; this is the man, the very identical man!’ My feelings were almost too powerful for me as I shook him by the hand and received the greeting of — ‘Sir, I am exceedingly happy in your acquaintance, and especially on such an occasion.’”

Thus began an acquaintance which ripened into warm friendship between Morse and Lafayette, and which remained unbroken until the death of the latter.

“*February 10, 1825.* I went last night to the President’s levee, the last which Mr. Monroe will hold as President of the United States. There was a great crowd and a great number of distinguished characters, among

whom were General Lafayette; the President-elect, J. Q. Adams; Mr. Calhoun, the Vice-President elect; General Jackson, etc. I paid my respects to Mr. Adams and congratulated him on his election. He seemed in some degree to shake off his habitual reserve, and, although he endeavored to suppress his feelings of gratification at his success, it was not difficult to perceive that he felt in high spirits on the occasion. General Jackson went up to him and, shaking him by the hand, congratulated him cordially on his election. The General bears his defeat like a man, and has shown, I think, by this act a nobleness of mind which will command the respect of those who have been most opposed to him.

“The excitement (if it may be called such) on this great question in Washington is over, and everything is moving on in its accustomed channel again. All seem to speak in the highest terms of the order and decorum preserved through the whole of this imposing ceremony, and the good feeling which seems to prevail, with but trivial exceptions, is thought to augur well in behalf of the new administration.”

(There was no choice by the people in the election of that year, and John Quincy Adams had been chosen President by a vote of the House of Representatives.)

“I went last night in a carriage with four others — Captain Chauncey of the navy; Mr. Cooper, the celebrated author of the popular American novels; Mr. Causici (pronounced Cau-see-chee), the sculptor; and Mr. Owen, of Lanark, the celebrated philanthropist.

“Mr. Cooper remarked that we had on board a more singularly selected company, he believed, than any

carriage at the door of the President, namely, a *misanthropist* (such he called Captain Chauncey, brother of the Commodore), a *philanthropist* (Mr. Owen), a *painter* (myself), a *sculptor* (Mr. Causici), and an *author* (himself).

“The Mr. Owen mentioned above is the very man I sometimes met at Mr. Wilberforce’s in London, and who was present at the interesting scene I have often related that occurred at Mr. Wilberforce’s. He recollected the circumstance and recognized me, as I did him, instantly, although it is twelve years ago.

“I am making progress with the General, but am much perplexed for want of time; I mean *his time*. He is so harassed by visitors and has so many letters to write that I find it exceedingly difficult to do the subject justice. I give him the last sitting in Washington tomorrow, reserving another sitting or two when he visits New York in July next. I have gone on thus far to my satisfaction and do not doubt but I shall succeed entirely, if I am allowed the requisite number of sittings. The General is very agreeable. He introduced me to his son by saying: ‘This is Mr. Morse, the painter, the son of the geographer; he has come to Washington to take the topography of my face.’ He thinks of visiting New Haven again when he returns from Boston. He regretted not having seen more of it when he was there, as he was much pleased with the place. He remembers Professor Silliman and others with great affection.

“I have left but little room in this letter to express my affection for my dearly loved wife and children; but of that I need not assure them. I long to hear from you, but direct your letters next to New York, as I shall

probably be there by the end of next week, or the beginning of the succeeding one.

“Love to all the family and friends and neighbors. Your affectionate husband, as ever.”

Alas! that there should have been no telegraph then to warn the loving husband of the blow which Fate had dealt him.

As he was light-heartedly attending the festivities at the White House, and as he was penning these two interesting letters to his wife, letters which she never read, and anticipating with keenest pleasure a speedy reunion, she lay dead at their home in New Haven.

His father thus conveys to him the melancholy intelligence: —

“*February 8th, 1825.* My affectionately beloved Son, — Mysterious are the ways of Providence. My heart is in pain and deeply sorrowful while I announce to you the sudden and unexpected death of your dear and deservedly loved wife. Her disease proved to be an *affection of the heart* — incurable, had it been known. Dr. Smith’s letter, accompanying this, will explain all you will desire to know on this subject.

“I wrote you yesterday that she was convalescent. So she then appeared and so the doctor pronounced. She was up about five o’clock yesterday P.M. to have her bed made as usual; was unusually cheerful and social; spoke of the pleasure of being with her dear husband in New York ere long; stepped into bed herself, fell back with a momentary struggle on her pillow, her eyes were immediately fixed, the paleness of death overspread her countenance, and in five minutes more, without the slightest motion, her mortal life terminated.

"It happened that just at this moment I was entering her chamber door with Charles in my arms, to pay her my usual visit and to pray with her. The nurse met me affrighted, calling for help. Your mother, the family, our neighbors, full of the tenderest sympathy and kindness, and the doctors thronged the house in a few minutes. Everything was done that could be done to save her life, but her 'appointed time' had come, and no earthly power or skill could stay the hand of death.

"It was the Lord who gave her to you, the chiefest of all your earthly blessings, and it is He that has taken her away, and may you be enabled, my son, from the heart to say: 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' . . . The shock to the whole family is far beyond, in point of severity, that of any we have ever before felt, but we are becoming composed, we hope on grounds which will prove solid and lasting.

"I expect this will reach you on Saturday, the day after the one we have appointed for the funeral, when you will have been in Washington a week and I hope will have made such progress in your business as that you will soon be able to return. . . .

"You need not hurry home. Nothing here requires it. We are all well and everything will be taken good care of. Give yourself no concern on that account. Finish your business as well as you will be able to do it after receiving this sad news."

This blow was an overwhelming one. He could not, of course, compose himself sufficiently to continue his work on the portrait of Lafayette, and, having apprised the General of the reason for this, he received from him the following sympathetic letter:—

I have feared to intrude upon you, my dear sir, but want to tell you how deeply I sympathize in your grief — a grief of which nobody can better than me appreciate the cruel feelings.

You will hear from me, as soon as I find myself again near you, to finish the work you have so well begun.

Accept my affectionate and mournful sentiment.

LAFAYETTE.

The day after he received his father's letter he left Washington and wrote from Baltimore, where he stopped over Sunday with a friend, on February 13: —

MY DEAR FATHER, — The heart-rending tidings which you communicated reached me in Washington on Friday evening. I left yesterday morning, spend this day here at Mr. Cushing's, and set out on my return home to-morrow. I shall reach Philadelphia on Monday night, New York on Tuesday night, and New Haven on Wednesday night.

Oh! is it possible, is it possible? Shall I never see my dear wife again?

But I cannot trust myself to write on this subject. I need your prayers and those of Christian friends to God for support. I fear I shall sink under it.

Oh! take good care of her dear children.

Your agonized son,

FINLEY.

Another son had been born to him on January 20, 1825, and he was now left with three motherless children to provide for, and without the sustaining hope of a

speedy and permanent reunion with them and with his beloved wife.

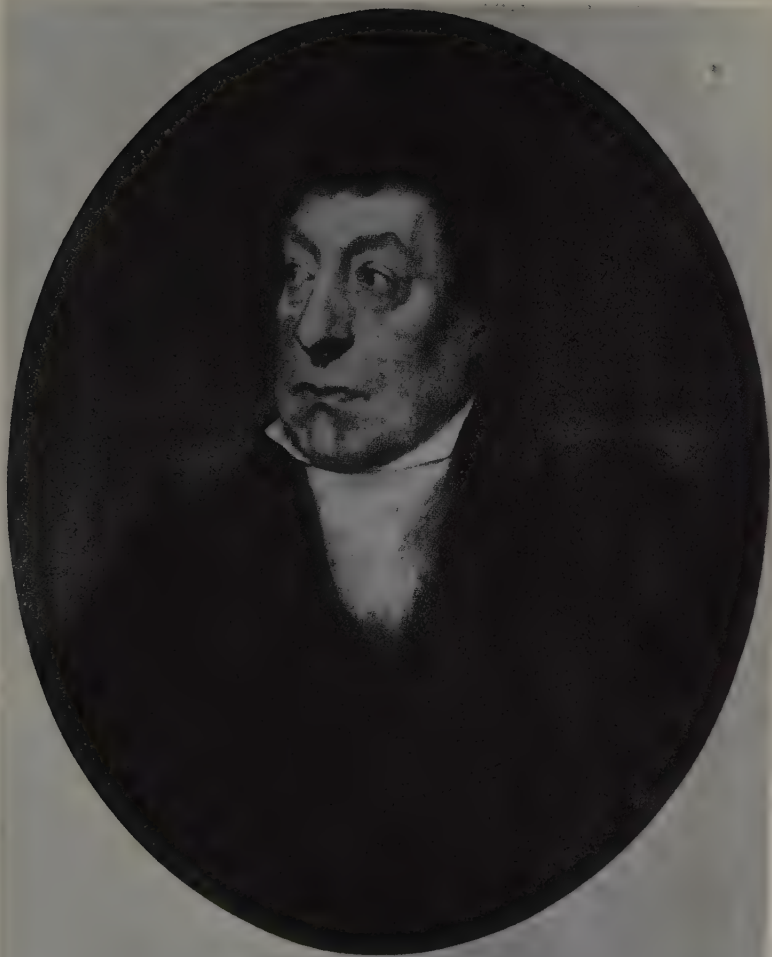
Writing to a friend more than a month after the death of his wife, he says: —

“Though late in performing the promise I made you of writing you when I arrived home, I hope you will attribute it to anything but forgetfulness of that promise. The confusion and derangement consequent on such an afflicting bereavement as I have suffered have rendered it necessary for me to devote the first moments of composure to looking about me, and to collecting and arranging the fragments of the ruin which has spread such desolation over all my earthly prospects.

“Oh! what a blow! I dare not yet give myself up to the full survey of its desolating effects. Every day brings to my mind a thousand new and fond connections with dear Lucretia, all now ruptured. I feel a dreadful void, a heart-sickness, which time does not seem to heal but rather to aggravate.

“You know the intensity of the attachment which existed between dear Lucretia and me, never for a moment interrupted by the smallest cloud; an attachment founded, I trust, in the purest love, and daily strengthening by all the motives which the ties of nature and, more especially, of religion, furnish.

“I found in dear Lucretia everything I could wish. Such ardor of affection, so uniform, so unaffected, I never saw nor read of but in her. My fear with regard to the measure of my affection toward her was not that I might fail of ‘loving her as my own flesh,’ but that I should put her in the place of Him who has said, ‘Thou shalt have no other Gods but me.’ I felt this to be my



STUDY FOR PORTRAIT OF LAFAYETTE

Now in New York Public Library

greatest danger, and to be saved from this *idolatry* was often the subject of my earnest prayers.

“If I had desired anything in my dear Lucretia different from what she was, it would have been that she had been *less lovely*. My whole soul seemed wrapped up in her; with her was connected all that I expected of happiness on earth. Is it strange, then, that I now feel this void, this desolateness, this loneliness, this heart-sickness; that I should feel as if my very heart itself had been torn from me?

“To any one but those who knew dear Lucretia what I have said might seem to be but the extravagance of an excited imagination; but to you, who knew the dear object I lament, all that I have said must but feebly shadow her to your memory.”

It was well for him that he found constant occupation for his hand and brain at this critical period of his life. The Fates had dealt him this cruel blow for some good reason best known to themselves. He was being prepared for a great mission, and it was meet that his soul, like gold, should be purified by fire; but, at the same time, that the blow might not utterly overwhelm him, success in his chosen profession seemed again to be within his grasp.

Writing to his parents from New York, on April 8, 1825, he says:—

“I have as much as I can do, but after being fatigued at night and having my thoughts turned to my irreparable loss, I am ready almost to give up. The thought of seeing my dear Lucretia, and returning home to her, served always to give me fresh courage and spirits whenever I felt worn down by the labors of the day,

and now I hardly know what to substitute in her place.

“To my friends here I know I seem to be cheerful and happy, but a cheerful countenance with me covers an aching heart, and often have I feigned a more than ordinary cheerfulness to hide a more than ordinary anguish.

“I am blessed with prosperity in my profession. I have just received another commission from the corporation of the city to paint a common-sized portrait of Rev. Mr. Stanford for them, to be placed in the almshouse.”

The loss of his young wife was the great tragedy of Morse's life. Time, with her soothing touch, healed the wound, but the scar remained. Hers must have been, indeed, a lovely character. Professor Benjamin Silliman, Sr., one of her warmest friends, composed the epitaph which still remains inscribed upon her tombstone in the cemetery at New Haven. (See opposite page.)

With a heavy heart, but bravely determining not to be overwhelmed by this crushing blow, Morse took up his work again. He finished the portrait of Lafayette, and it now hangs in the City Hall in New York. Writing of it many years later to a gentleman who had made some enquiries concerning it, he says: —

“In answer to yours of the 8th instant, just received, I can only say it is so long since I have seen the portrait I painted of General Lafayette for the City of New York, that, strange to say, I find it difficult to recall even its general characteristics.

“That portrait has a melancholy interest for me, for it was just as I had commenced the second sitting of the General at Washington that I received the stunning

IN MEMORY OF
LUCRETIA PICKERING
WIFE OF
SAMUEL F. B. MORSE
WHO DIED 7TH OF FEBRUARY A.D. 1825,
AGED 25 YEARS.

SHE COMBINED, IN HER CHARACTER AND PERSON,
A RARE ASSEMBLAGE OF EXCELLENCES:
BEAUTIFUL IN FORM, FEATURES AND EXPRESSION
PECULIARLY BLAND IN HER MANNERS,
HIGHLY CULTIVATED IN MIND,
SHE IRRESISTIBLY DREW ATTENTION, LOVE,
AND RESPECT;
DIGNIFIED WITHOUT HAUGHTINESS,
AMIALE WITHOUT TAMENESS,
FIRM WITHOUT SEVERITY, AND
CHEERFUL WITHOUT LEVITY,
HER UNIFORM SWEETNESS OF TEMPER
SPREAD PERPETUAL SUNSHINE AROUND
EVERY CIRCLE IN WHICH
SHE MOVED.

“WHEN THE EAR HEARD HER IT BLESSED HER,
WHEN THE EYE SAW HER IT GAVE
WITNESS TO HER.”

IN SUFFERINGS THE MOST KEEN,
HER SERENITY OF MIND NEVER FAILED HER;
DEATH TO HER HAD NO TERRORS,
THE GRAVE NO GLOOM.

THOUGH SUDDENLY CALLED FROM EARTH,
ETERNITY WAS NO STRANGER TO HER THOUGHTS,
BUT A WELCOME THEME OF
CONTEMPLATION.

RELIGION WAS THE SUN
THAT ILLUMINED EVERY VIRTUE,
AND UNITED ALL IN ONE
BOW OF BEAUTY.

HERS WAS THE RELIGION OF THE GOSPEL;
JESUS CHRIST HER FOUNDATION,
THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF HER FAITH.
IN HIM SHE RESTS, IN SURE
EXPECTATION OF A GLORIOUS
RESURRECTION.

intelligence of Mrs. Morse's death, and was compelled abruptly to suspend the work. I preserve, as a gratifying memorial, the letter of condolence and sympathy sent in to me at the time by the General, and in which he speaks in flattering terms of the promise of the portrait as a likeness.

"I must be frank, however, in my judgment of my own works of that day. This portrait was begun under the sad auspices to which I have alluded, and, up to the close of the work, I had a series of constant interruptions of the same sad character. A picture painted under such circumstances can scarcely be expected to do the artist justice, and as a work of art I cannot praise it. Still, it is a good likeness, was very satisfactory to the General, and he several times alluded to it in my presence in after years (when I was a frequent visitor to him in Paris) in terms of praise.

"It is a full-length, standing figure, the size of life. He is represented as standing at the top of a flight of steps, which he has just ascended upon a terrace, the figure coming against a glowing sunset sky, indicative of the glory of his own evening of life. Upon his right, if I remember, are three pedestals, one of which is vacant as if waiting for his bust, while the two others are surmounted by the busts of Washington and Franklin — the two associated eminent historical characters of his own time. In a vase on the other side is a flower — the helianthus — with its face toward the sun, in allusion to the characteristic stern, uncompromising consistency of Lafayette — a trait of character which I then considered, and still consider, the great prominent trait of that distinguished man."

SONNET ON LAFAYETTE'S DOG 273

Morse, like many men who have excelled in one branch of the fine arts, often made excursions into one of the others. I find among his papers many scraps of poetry and some more ambitious efforts, and while they do not, perhaps, entitle him to claim a poet's crown, some of them are worthy of being rescued from oblivion. The following sonnet was sent to Lafayette under the circumstances which Morse himself thus describes: —

“Written on the loss of a faithful dog of Lafayette's on board the steamboat which sank in the Mississippi. The dog, supposing his master still on board, could not be persuaded to leave the cabin, but perished with the vessel.

“Lost, from thy care to know thy master free
Can we thy self-devotion e'er forget?
'T was kindred feeling in a less degree
To that which thrilled the soul of Lafayette.
He freely braved our storms, our dangers met,
Nor left the ship till we had 'scaped the sea.
Thine was a spark of noble feeling bright
Caught from the fire that warms thy master's heart.
His was of Heaven's kindling, and no small part
Of that pure fire is his. We hail the light
Where'er it shines, in heaven, in man, in brute;
We hail that sacred light howe'er minute,
Whether its glimmering in thy bosom rest
Or blaze full orb'd within thy master's breast.”

This was sent to General Lafayette on the 4th of July, 1825, accompanied by the following note: —

“In asking your acceptance of the enclosed poetic trifle, I have not the vanity to suppose it can contribute much to your gratification; but if it shall be considered as an endeavor to show to you some slight return of gratitude for the kind sympathy you evinced towards

me at a time of deep affliction, I shall have attained my aim. Gladly would I offer to you any service, but, while a whole nation stands waiting to answer the expression of your smallest wish, my individual desire to serve you can only be considered as contending for a portion of that high honor which all feel in serving you."

Concealing from the world his great sorrow, and bravely striving always to maintain a cheerful countenance, Morse threw himself with energy into his work in New York, endeavoring to keep every minute occupied.

He seems to have had his little daughter with him for a while, for in a letter of March 12, 1825, occurs this sentence: "Little Susan has had the toothache once or twice, and I have promised her a doll if she would have it out to-day — I am this moment stopped by her coming in and showing me the *tooth out*, so I shall give her the doll."

But he soon found that it would be impossible for him to do justice to his work and at same time fulfil his duties as a parent, and for many years afterwards his motherless children found homes with different relatives, but the expense of their keep and education was always borne by their father.

On the 1st of May, 1825, he moved into new quarters, having rented an entire house at No. 20 Canal Street for the sum of four hundred dollars a year, and he says, "My new establishment will be very commodious for my professional studies, and I do not think its being so far '*up town*' will, on the whole, be any disadvantage to me."

"May 26, 1825. I have at length become comfortably

settled and begin to feel at home in my new establishment. All things at present go smoothly. Brother Charles Walker and Mr. Agate join with me in breakfast and tea, and we find it best for convenience, economy, and time to dine from home, — it saves the perplexity of providing marketing and the care of stores, and, besides, we think it will be more economical and the walk will be beneficial.”

While success in his profession seemed now assured, and while orders poured in so fast that he gladly assisted some of his less fortunate brother artists by referring his would-be patrons to them, he also took a deep interest in the general artistic movement of the time.

He was, by nature, intensely enthusiastic, and his strong personality ever impressed itself on individuals and communities with which he came in contact. He was a born leader of men, and, like so many other leaders, often so forgetful of self in his eager desire for the general good as to seriously interfere with his material prosperity. This is what happened to him now, for he gave so liberally of himself in the formation of a new artistic body in New York, and in the preparation of lectures, that he encroached seriously on time which might have been more lucratively employed.

His brother Sidney comments on this in a letter to the other brother Richard: “Finley is well and in good spirits, though not advancing very rapidly in his business. He is full of the Academy and of his lectures — can hardly talk on any other subject. I despair of ever seeing him rich or even at ease in his pecuniary circumstances from efforts of his own, though able to do it with so little effort. But he may be in a better way,

perhaps, of getting a fortune in his present course than he would be in the laborious path which we are too apt to think is the only road to wealth and ultimate ease."

We have seen that Morse was one of the founders of an academy of art in Charleston, South Carolina, and we have seen that, after his departure from that city, this academy languished and died. Is it an unfair inference that, if he had remained permanently in Charleston, so sad a fate would not have overtaken the infant academy? In support of this inference we shall now see that he was largely instrumental in bringing into being an artistic association, over which he presided for many years, and which has continued to prosper until, at the present day, it is the leading artistic body in this country.

When Morse settled in New York in 1825 there existed an American Academy of Arts, of which Colonel Trumbull, the celebrated painter, was the president. While eminent as a painter, Trumbull seems to have lacked executive ability and to have been rather haughty and overbearing in his manner, for Morse found great dissatisfaction existing among the professional artists and students.

At first it was thought that, by bringing their grievances before the board of directors of the Academy, conditions might be changed, and on the 8th of November, 1825, a meeting was called in the rooms of the Historical Society, and the "New York Drawing Association" was formed, and Morse was chosen to preside over its meetings. It was not intended, at first, that this association should be a rival of the old Academy, but that it should

give to its members facilities which were difficult of attainment in the Academy, and should, perhaps, force that institution to become more liberal.

It was not successful in the latter effort, for at a meeting of the Drawing Association on the evening of the 14th of January, 1825, Morse, the president, proposed certain resolutions which he introduced by the following remarks: —

“We have this evening assumed a new attitude in the community; our negotiations with the Academy are at an end; our union with it has been frustrated after every proper effort on our part to accomplish it. The two who were elected as directors from our ticket have signified their non-acceptance of the office. We are therefore left to organize ourselves on a plan that shall meet the wishes of us all.

“A plan of an institution which shall be truly liberal, which shall be mutually beneficial, which shall really encourage our respective arts, cannot be devised in a moment; it ought to be the work of great caution and deliberation and as simple as possible in its machinery. Time will be required for the purpose. We must hear from distant countries to obtain their experience, and it must necessarily be, perhaps, many months before it can be matured.

“In the mean time, however, a preparatory, simple organization can be made, and should be made as soon as possible, to prevent dismemberment, which may be attempted by outdoor influence. On this subject let us all be on our guard; let us point to our public documents to any who ask what we have done and why we have done it, while we go forward minding only our own

concerns, leaving the Academy of Fine Arts as much of our thoughts as they will permit us, and, bending our attention to our own affairs, act as if no such institution existed.

“One of our dangers at present is division and anarchy from a want of organization suited to the present exigency. We are now composed of artists in the four arts of design, namely, painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving. Some of us are professional artists, others amateurs, others students. To the professed and practical artist belongs the management of all things relating to schools, premiums, and lectures, so that amateur and student may be most profited. The amateurs and students are those alone who can contend for the premiums, while the body of professional artists exclusively judge of their rights to premiums and award them.

“How shall we first make the separation has been a question which is a little perplexing. There are none of us who can assume to be the body of artists without giving offence to others, and still every one must perceive that, to organize an academy, there must be the distinction between professional artists, amateurs who are students, and professional students. The first great division should be the body of professional artists from the amateurs and students, constituting the body who are to manage the entire concerns of the institution, who shall be its officers, etc.

“There is a method which strikes me as obviating the difficulty; place it on the broad principle of the formation of any society — universal suffrage. We are now a mixed body; it is necessary for the benefit of all that a separation into classes be made. Who shall make it?

Why, obviously the body itself. Let every member of this association take home with him a list of all the members of it. Let each one select for himself from the whole list *fifteen*, whom he would call professional artists, to be the ticket which he will give in at the next meeting.

“These fifteen thus chosen shall elect not less than *ten*, nor more than *fifteen*, professional artists, in or out of the association, who shall (with the previously elected fifteen) constitute the body to be called the National Academy of the Arts of Design. To these shall be delegated the power to regulate its entire concerns, choose its members, select its students, etc.

“Thus will the germ be formed to grow up into an institution which we trust will be put on such principles as to encourage — not to depress — the arts. When this is done our body will no longer be the Drawing Association, but the National Academy of the Arts of Design, still including all the present association, but in different capacities.

“One word as to the name ‘National Academy of the Arts of Design.’ Any less name than ‘National’ would be taking one below the American Academy, and therefore is not desirable. If we were simply the ‘Associated Artists,’ their name would swallow us up; therefore ‘National’ seems a proper one as to the arts of design. These are painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, while the fine arts include poetry, music, landscape gardening, and the histrionic arts. Our name, therefore, expresses the entire character of our institution and that only.”

From this we see that Morse’s enthusiasm was tem-

pered with tact and common sense. His proposals were received with unanimous approval, and on the 15th of January, 1826, the following fifteen were chosen:— S. F. B. Morse, Henry Inman, A. B. Durand, John Frazee, William Wall, Charles C. Ingham, William Dunlap, Peter Maverick, Ithiel Town, Thomas S. Cummings, Edward Potter, Charles C. Wright, Mosely J. Danforth, Hugh Reinagle, Gerlando Marsiglia. These fifteen professional artists added by ballot to their number the following fifteen:— Samuel Waldo, William Jewett, John W. Paradise, Frederick S. Agate, Rembrandt Peale, James Coyle, Nathaniel Rogers, J. Parisen, William Main, John Evers, Martin E. Thompson, Thomas Cole, John Vanderlyn (who declined), Alexander Anderson, D. W. Wilson.

Thus was organized the National Academy of Design. Morse was elected its first president and was annually reëlected to that office until the year 1845, when, the telegraph having now become an assured success, he felt that he could not devote the necessary time and thought to the interests of the Academy, and he insisted on retiring.

In the year 1861 he was prevailed upon by Thomas S. Cummings, one of the original academicians, but now a general, to become again the president, and he served in that office for a year. The General, in a letter to Mr. Prime in 1873, says, "and, I may add, was beloved by all."

I shall not attempt to give a detailed account of the early struggles of the Academy, closely interwoven though they be with Morse's life. Those who may be interested in the matter will find them all detailed in

General Cummings' "Records of the National Academy of Design."

Morse prepared and delivered a number of lectures on various subjects pertaining to the fine arts, and most of these have been preserved in pamphlet form. In this connection I shall quote again from the letter of General Cummings before alluded to: —

"Mr. Morse's connection with the Academy was doubtless unfavorable in a pecuniary point of view; his interest in it interfering with professional practice, and the time taken to enable him to prepare his course of lectures materially contributed to favor a distribution of his labors in art to other hands, and it never fully returned to him. His 'Discourse on Academies of Art,' delivered in the chapel of Columbia College, May, 1827, will long stand as a monument of his ability in the line of art literature.

"As an historical painter Mr. Morse, after Allston, was probably the best prepared and most fully educated artist of his day, and should have received the attention of the Government and a share of the distributions in art commissions."

That his efforts were appreciated by his fellow artists and by the cultivated people of New York is thus modestly described in a letter to his parents of November 18, 1825: —

"I mentioned that reputation was flowing in upon me. The younger artists have formed a drawing association at the Academy and elected me their president. We meet in the evenings of three days in a week to draw, and it has been conducted thus far with such success as to have trebled the number of our association and

excited the attention and applause of the community. There is a spirit of harmony among the artists, every one says, which never before existed in New York, and which augurs well for the success of the arts.

“The artists are pleased to attribute it to my exertions, and I find in them in consequence expressions and feelings of respect which have been very gratifying to me. Whatever influence I have had, however, in producing this pleasant state of things, I think there was the preparation in the state of mind of the artists themselves. I find a liberal feeling in the younger part of them, and a refinement of manners, which will redeem the character of art from the degradation to which a few dissipated interlopers have, temporarily, reduced it.

“A Literary Society, admission to which must be by unanimous vote, and into which many respectable literary characters of the city have been denied admission, has chosen me a member, together with Mr. Hillhouse and Mr. Bryant, poets. This indicates good feelings towards me, to say the least, and, in the end, will be of advantage, I have no doubt.”

CHAPTER XIV

JANUARY 1, 1826 — DECEMBER 5, 1829

Success of his lectures, the first of the kind in the United States. — Difficulties of his position as leader. — Still longing for a home. — Very busy but in good health. — Death of his father. — Estimates of Dr. Morse. — Letters to his mother. — Wishes to go to Europe again. — Delivers address at first anniversary of National Academy of Design. — Professor Dana lectures on electricity. — Morse's study of the subject. — Moves to No. 13 Murray Street. — Too busy to visit his family. — Death of his mother. — A remarkable woman. — Goes to central New York. — A serious accident. — Moral reflections. — Prepares to go to Europe. — Letter of John A. Dix. — Sails for Liverpool. — Rough voyage. — Liverpool.

January 1, 1826

MY DEAR PARENTS, — I wish you all a Happy New Year! Kiss my little ones as a New Year's present from me, which must answer until I visit them, when I shall bring them each a present if I hear good accounts from them. . . .

The new year brings with it many painful reflections to me. When I consider what a difference a year has accomplished in my situation; that one on whom I depended so much for domestic happiness at this time last year gave me the salutations of the season, and now is gone where years are unknown; and when I think how mysteriously I am separated from my little family, and that duty may keep me I know not how much longer in this solitary state, I have much that makes the present season far from being a Happy New Year to me. But, mysterious as things seem in regard to the future, I know that all will be ordered right, and I have a great deal to say of mercy in the midst of judgment, and a thousand unmerited blessings with all my troubles.

But why do I talk of troubles? My cup is overflowing with blessings. As far as outward circumstances are concerned, Providence seems to be opening an honorable and useful course to me. Oh! that I may be able to bear prosperity, if it is his will to bestow it, or be denied it if not accompanied with his blessing. . . .

I am much engaged in my lectures, have completed two, nearly, and hope to get through the four in season for my turn at the Athenæum. These lectures are of great importance to me, for, if well done, they place me alone among the artists; I being the only one who has as yet written a course of lectures in our country. Time bestowed on them is not, therefore, misspent, for they will acquire me reputation which will yield wealth, as mother, I hope, I will live to see.

“January 15, 1826. On this day I seem to have the only moment in the week in which I can write you, for I am almost overwhelmed by the multitude of cares that crowd upon me. . . . I find that the path of duty, though plain, is not without its roughness. I can say but in one word that the Association of Artists, of whom I am president, after negotiations of some weeks with the Academy of Fine Arts to come into it on terms of mutual benefit, find their efforts unavailing, and have separated and formed a new academy to be called, probably, the National Academy of the Arts of Design. I am at its head, but the cares and responsibility which devolve on me in consequence are more than a balance for the honor. The battle is yet to be fought for the meed of public favor, and were it not that the entire and perfect justness of our cause is clear to me in every point

of view, I should retire from a contest which would merely serve to rouse up all the 'old Adam' to no profit; but the cause of the artists seems, under Providence, to be, in some degree, confided to me, and I cannot shrink from the cares and troubles at present put upon me. I have gone forward thus far, asking direction from above, and, in looking around me, I feel that I am in the path of duty. May I be kept in it and be preserved from the temptations, the various and multiplied and complicated temptations, to which I know I shall be exposed. In every step thus far I feel an approving conscience; there is none I could wish to retrace. . . .

"I fear you will think I have but few thoughts for you all at home, and my dear little ones in particular. I do think of them, though, very often, with many a longing to have a home for them under a parent's roof, and all my efforts now are tending distantly to that end; but when I shall ever have a home of my own, or whether it will ever be, I know not. The necessity for a second connection on their account seems pressing, but I cannot find my heart ready for it. I am occasionally rallied on the subject, but the suggestion only reminds me of her I have lost, and a tear is quite as ready to appear as a smile; or, if I can disguise it, I feel a pang within that shows me the wound is not yet healed. It is eleven months since she has gone, but it seems but yesterday."

"*April 18, 1826.* I don't know but you will think I have forgotten how to write letters, and I believe this is the first I have written for six weeks.

"The pressure of my lectures became very great towards the close of them, and I was compelled to bend my whole attention to their completion. I did not expect,

when I delivered my first, that I should be able to give more than two, but the importance of going through seemed greater as I advanced, and I was strengthened to accomplish the whole number, and, if I can judge from various indications, I think I have been successful. My audience, consisting of the most fashionable and literary society in the city, regularly increased at each successive lecture, and at the last it was said that I had the largest audience ever assembled in the room.

"I am now engaged on Lafayette in expectation of completing it for our exhibition in May, after which time I hope I shall be able to see you for a day or two in New Haven. I long to see you all, and those dear children often make me feel anxious, and I am often tempted to break away and have a short look at them, but I am tied down here and cannot move at present. All that I am doing has some reference to their interest; they are constantly on my mind.

"... My health was never better with all my intense application, sitting in my chair from seven in the morning until twelve or one o'clock the next morning, with only about an hour's intermission. I have felt no permanent inconvenience. On Saturday night, generally, I have felt exceedingly nervous, so that my whole body and limbs would shake, but resting on the Sabbath seemed to give me strength for the next week. Since my mind is relieved from my lectures I have felt new life and spirits, and feel strong to accomplish anything."

"*May 10, 1826.* I have just heard from mother and feel anxious about father. Nothing but the most imperious necessity prevents my coming immediately to New Haven; indeed, as it is, I will try and break away

sometime next week, if possible, and pass one day with you, but how to do it without detriment to my business I don't know. . . .

"I have longed for some time for a little respite, but, like our good father, all his sons seem destined for most busy stations in society, and constant exertions, not for themselves alone, but for the public benefit."

Whether this promised visit to New Haven was paid or not is not recorded, but it is to be hoped that it was made possible, for the good husband and father, the faithful worker for the betterment of mankind, was called to his well-earned rest on the 9th of June, 1826.

Of him Dr. John Todd said, "Dr. Morse lived before his time and was in advance of his generation." President Dwight of Yale found him "as full of resources as an egg is of meat"; and Daniel Webster spoke of him as "always thinking, always writing, always talking, always acting." Mr. Prime thus sums up his character: "He was a man of genius, not content with what had been and was, but originating and with vast executive ability combining the elements to produce great results. To him more than to any other one man may be attributed the impulses given in his day to religion and learning in the United States. A polished gentleman in his manners; the companion, correspondent, and friend of the most eminent men in Church and State; honored at the early age of thirty-four with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the University of Edinburgh, Scotland; sought by scholars and statesmen from abroad as one of the foremost men of his country and time."

The son must have felt keenly the loss of his father so soon after the death of his wife. The whole family was a

singularly united one, each member depending on the others for counsel and advice, and the father, who was but sixty-five when he died, was still vigorous in mind, although of delicate constitution.

Later in this year Morse managed to spend some time in New Haven, and he persuaded his mother to seek rest and recuperation in travel, accompanying her as far as Boston and writing to her there on his return to New Haven.

"September 20, 1826. I arrived safely home after leaving you yesterday and found that neither the house nor the folks had run away. . . . Persevere in your travels, mother, as long as you think it does you good, and tell Dick to brush up his best bows and bring home some lady to grace the now desolate mansion."

On November 9, 1826, he writes to his mother from New York: —

"Don't think I have forgotten you all at home because I have been so remiss in writing you lately. I feel guilty, however, in not stealing some little time just to write you one line. I acknowledge my fault, so please forgive me and I will be a *better boy* in future.

"The fact is I have been engaged for the last three days during all my leisure moments in something unusual with me, — I mean *electioneering*. 'Oh! what a sad boy!' mother will say. 'There he is leaving everything at sixes and sevens, and driving through the streets, and busying himself about those *poison politics*.' Not quite so fast, however.

"I have not neglected my own affairs, as you will learn one of these days. I have an historical picture to paint, which will occupy me for some time, for a pro-

prietor of a steamboat which is building in Philadelphia to be the most splendid ever built. He has engaged historical pictures of Allston, Vanderlyn, Sully, and myself, and landscapes of the principal landscape painters, for a gallery on board the boat. I consider this as a new and noble channel for the encouragement of painting, and in such an enterprise and in such company I shall do my best.

“What do you think of sparing me for about one year to visit Paris and Rome to finish what I began when in Europe before? My education as a painter is incomplete without it, and the time is rapidly going away when my age will render it impossible to profit by such studies, even if I should be able, at a future time, to visit Europe again. . . . I can, perhaps, leave my dear little ones at their age better than if they were more advanced, and, as my views are ultimately to benefit them, I think no one will accuse me of neglecting them. If they do, they know but little of my feelings towards them.”

The mother's answer to this letter has not been preserved, but whether she dissuaded him from going at that time, or whether other reasons prevented him, the fact is that he did not start on the voyage to Europe (the return trip proving so momentous to himself and to the world) until exactly three years later.

I shall pass rapidly over these intervening three years. They were years of hard work, but of work rewarded by material success and increasing honor in the community.

On May 3, 1827, on the occasion of the first anniversary of the National Academy of Design, Morse, its president, delivered an address before a brilliant audi-

ence in the chapel of Columbia College. This address was considered so remarkable that, at the request of the Academy, it was published in pamphlet form. It called forth a sharp review in the "North American," which voiced the opinions of those who were hostile to the new Academy, and who considered the term "National" little short of arrogant. Morse replied to this attack in a masterly manner in the "Journal of Commerce," and this also was published in pamphlet form and ended the controversy.

In the year 1827, Professor James Freeman Dana, of Columbia College, delivered a series of lectures on the subject of electricity at the New York Athenæum. Professor Dana was an enthusiast in the study of that science, which, at that time, was but in its infancy, and he foresaw great and beneficial results to mankind from this mysterious force when it should become more fully understood.

Morse, already familiar with the subject from his experiments with Professor Silliman in New Haven, took a deep interest in these lectures, and he and Professor Dana became warm friends. The latter, on his side a great admirer of the fine arts, spent many hours in the studio of the artist, discussing with him the two subjects which were of absorbing interest to them both, art and electricity. In this way Morse became perfectly familiar with the latest discoveries in electrical science, so that when, a few years later, his grand conception of a simple and practicable means of harnessing this mystic agent to the uses of mankind took form in his brain, it found a field already prepared to receive it. I wish to lay particular emphasis on this point because, in later

years, when his claims as an inventor were bitterly assailed in the courts and in scientific circles, it was asserted that he knew nothing whatever of the science of electricity at the time of his invention, and that all its essential features were suggested to him by others.

In the year 1828, Morse again changed his quarters, moving to a suite of rooms at No. 13 Murray Street, close to Broadway, for which he paid a "great rent," \$500, and on May 6 of that year he writes to his mother:

"Ever since I left you at New Haven I have been over head and ears in arrangements of every kind. It is the busiest time of the whole year as it regards the National Academy. We have got through the arrangement of our exhibition and yesterday opened it to the guests of the Academy. We had the first people in the city, ladies and gentlemen, thronging the room all day, and the voice of all seemed to be — 'It is the best exhibition of the kind that has been seen in the city.'

"I am now arranging my rooms; they are very fine ones. I shall be through in a few days, and then I hope to be able to come up and see you, for I feel very anxious about you, my dear mother. I do most sincerely sympathize with you in your troubles and long to come up and take some of the care and burden from you, and will do it as soon as my affairs here can be arranged so that I can leave them without serious detriment to them. . . . What a siege you must have had with your *help*, as it is most strangely called in New Haven. I am too aristocratic for such doings as *help* would make those who live in New Haven endure. Ardently as I am attached to New Haven the plague of *help* will probably always prevent my living there again, for I would not put up with

‘the world turned upside down,’ and therefore should give offense to their *helpinesses*, and so lead a very uncomfortable life.”

From this our suspicion is strengthened that the servant question belongs to no time or country, but is and always has been a perennial and ubiquitous problem.

“*May 11, 1828.* I feel very anxious about you, dear mother. I heard through Mr. Van Rensselaer that you were better, and I hope that you will yet see many good days on earth and be happy in the affection of your children and friends here, before you go, a little before them, to join those in heaven.”

While expressing anxiety about his mother’s health, he could not have considered her condition critical, for on the 18th of May he writes again: —

“I did hope so to make my arrangements as to have been with you in New Haven yesterday and to-day, but I am so situated as to be unable to leave the city without great detriment to my business. . . . Unless, therefore, there is something of pressing necessity, prudence would dictate to me to take advantage of this season, which has generally been the most profitable to others in the profession, and see if I cannot get my share of something to do. It is a great struggle with me to know what I ought to do. Your situation and that of the family draw me to New Haven; the state of my finances keeps me here. I will come, however, if, on the whole, you think it best.”

Again are the records silent as to whether the visit was paid or not, but his anxiety was well founded, for his mother’s appointed time had come, and just ten days

later, on the 28th of May, 1828, she died at the age of sixty-two.

Thus within the space of three years the hand of death had removed the three beings whom Morse loved best. His mother, while, as we have seen, stern and uncompromising in her Puritan principles, yet possessed the faculty of winning the love as well as the respect of her family and friends. Dr. Todd said of her home: "An orphan myself and never having a home, I have gone away from Dr. Morse's house in tears, feeling that such a home must be more like heaven than anything of which I could conceive."

Mr. Prime, in his biography of Morse, thus pays tribute to her: —

"Two persons more unlike in temperament, it is said, could not have been united in love and marriage than the parents of Morse. The husband was sanguine, impulsive, resolute, regardless of difficulties and danger. She was calm, judicious, cautious, and reflecting. And she, too, had a will of her own. One day she was expressing to one of the parish her intense displeasure with the treatment her husband had received, when Dr. Morse gently laid his hand upon her shoulder and said, 'My dear, you know we must throw the mantle of charity over the imperfections of others.' And she replied with becoming spirit, 'Mr. Morse, charity is not a fool.'"

In the summer of 1828, Morse spent some time in central New York, visiting relatives and painting portraits when the occasion offered. He thus describes a narrow escape from serious injury, or even death, in a letter to his brother Sidney, dated Utica, August 17, 1828: —

“In coming from Whitesboro on Friday I met with an accident and a most narrow escape with my life. The horse, which had been tackled into the wagon, was a vicious horse and had several times run away, to the danger of Mr. Dexter’s life and others of the family. I was not aware of this or I should not have consented to go with him, much less to drive him myself.

“I was alone in the wagon with my baggage, and the horse went very well for about a mile, when he gradually quickened his pace and then set out, in spite of all check, on the full run. I kept him in the road, determined to let him run himself tired as the only safe alternative; but just as I came in sight of a piece of the road which had been concealed by an angle, there was a heavy wagon which I must meet so soon that, in order to avoid it, I must give it the whole road.

“This being very narrow, and the ditches and banks on each side very rough, I instantly made up my mind to a serious accident. As well as the velocity of the horse would allow me, however, I kept him on the side, rough as it was, for about a quarter of a mile pretty steadily, expecting, however, to upset every minute; when all at once I saw before me an abrupt, narrow, deep gully into which the wheels on one side were just upon the point of going down. It flashed across me in an instant that, if I could throw the horse down into the ditch, the wheels of the wagon might, perhaps, rest equipoised on each side, and, perhaps, break the horse loose from the wagon.

“I pulled the rein and accomplished the object in part. The sudden plunge of the horse into the gully



ELIZABETH A. MORSE

Painted by Morse

broke him loose from the wagon, but it at the same time turned one of the fore wheels into the gully, which upset the wagon and threw me forwards at the moment when the horse threw up his heels, just taking off my hat and leaving me in the bottom of the gully. I fell on my left shoulder, and, although muddled from head to foot, I escaped without any injury whatever; I was not even jarred painfully. I found my shoulder a little bruised, my wrist very slightly scratched, and yesterday was a little, and but very little, stiffened in my limbs, and to-day have not the slightest feeling of bruise about me, but think I feel better than I have for a long time. Indeed, my health is entirely restored; the riding and country air have been the means of restoring me. I have great cause of thankfulness for so much mercy and for such special preserving care."

The historian or the biographer who is earnestly desirous of presenting an absolutely truthful picture of men and of events is aided in his task by taking into account the character of the men who have made history. He must ask the question: "Is it conceivable that this man could have acted thus and so under such and such circumstances when his character, as ultimately revealed through the perspective of time, has been established? Could Washington and Lincoln, for example, have been actuated by the motives attributed to them by their enemies?"

Like all men who have become shining marks in the annals of history, Morse could not hope to escape calumny, and in later years he was accused of actions, and motives were imputed to him, which it becomes the

duty of his biographer to disprove on the broad ground of moral impossibility.

Among his letters and papers are many rough drafts of thoughts and observations on many subjects, interlined and annotated. Some were afterwards elaborated into letters, articles, or lectures; others seem to have been the thought of the moment, which he yet deemed worth writing down, and which, perhaps better than anything else, reveal the true character of the man.

The following was written by him in pencil on Sunday, September 6, 1829, at Cooperstown, New York: —

“That temptations surround us at every moment is too evident to require proof. If they cease from without they still act upon us from within ourselves, and our most secret thoughts may as surely be drawn from the path of duty by secret temptation, by the admission of evil suggestions, and they will affect our characters as injuriously as those more palpable and tangible temptations that attack our sense.

“This life is a state of discipline; a school in which to form character. There is not an event that comes to our knowledge, not a sentence that we read, not a person with whom we converse, not an act of our lives, in short, not a thought which we conceive, but is acting upon and moulding that character into a shape of good or evil; and, however unconscious we may be of the fact, a thought, casually conceived in the solitariness and silence and darkness of midnight, may so modify and change the current of our future conduct that a blessing or a curse to millions may flow from it.

“All our thoughts are mysteriously connected with good or evil. Their very habits, too, like the habits of

our actions, are strengthened by indulgence, and, according as we indulge the evil or the good, our characters will partake of the moral character of each. But actions proceed from thoughts; we act as we think. Why should we, then, so cautiously guard our actions from impropriety while we give a loose rein to our thoughts, which so certainly, sooner or later, produce their fruits in our actions?

“God in his wisdom has separated at various distances sin and the consequence of sin. In some instances we see a sin instantly followed by its fruits, as of revenge by murder. In others we see weeks and months and years, aye, and ages, too, elapse before the fruits of a single act, the result, perhaps, of a single thought, are seen in all their varieties of evil.

“How long ere the fruits of one sin in Paradise will cease to be visible in the moral universe?

“If this reasoning is correct, I shall but cheat myself in preserving a good moral outward appearance to others if every thought of the heart, in the most secret retirement, is not carefully watched and checked and guarded from evil; since the casual indulgence of a single evil thought in secret may be followed, long after that thought is forgotten by me, and when, perhaps, least expected, by overt acts of evil.

“Who, then, shall say that in those pleasures in which we indulge, and which by many are called, and apparently are, innocent, there are not laid the seeds of many a corrupt affection? Who shall say that my innocent indulgence at the card table or at the theatre, were I inclined to visit them, may not produce, if not in me a passion for gaming or for low indulgence, yet in others may encourage these views to their ruin?

"Besides, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' and even places less objectionable are studiously to be avoided. The soul is too precious to be thus exposed.

"Where then is our remedy? In Christ alone. 'Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Search me, O God, and know my thoughts; try me and know my ways and see if there is any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way which is everlasting.'"

This is but one of many expressions of a similar character which are to be found in the letters and notes, and which are illuminating.

Morse was now making ready for another trip to Europe. He had hoped, when he returned home in 1815, to stay but a year or two on this side and then to go back and continue his artistic education, which he by no means considered complete, in France and Italy. We have seen how one circumstance after another interfered to prevent the realization of this plan, until now, after the lapse of fourteen years, he found it possible. His wife and his parents were dead; his children were being carefully cared for by relatives, the daughter Susan by her mother's sister, Mrs. Pickering, in Concord, New Hampshire, and the boys by their uncle, Richard C. Morse, who was then happily married and living in the family home in New Haven.

The National Academy of Design was now established on a firm footing and could spare his guiding hand for a few years. He had saved enough money to defray his expenses on a strictly economical basis, but, to make assurance doubly sure, he sought and received commissions from his friends and patrons in America

for copies of famous paintings, or for original works of his own, so that he could sail with a clear conscience as regarded his finances.

His friends were uniformly encouraging in furthering his plan, and he received many letters of cordial good wishes and of introduction to prominent men abroad. I shall include the following from John A. Dix, at that time a captain in the army, but afterwards a general, and Governor of New York, who, although he had been an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Miss Walker, Morse's wife, bore no ill-will towards his rival, but remained his firm friend to the end: —

COOPERSTOWN, 27th October, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have only time to say that I have been absent in an adjacent county and fear there is not time to procure a letter for you to Mr. Rives before the 1st. I have written to Mr. Van Buren and he will doubtless send you a letter before the 8th. Therefore make arrangements to have it sent after you if you sail on the 1st.

I need not say I shall be very happy to hear from you during your sojournment abroad. Especially tell me what your impressions are when you turn from David's picture with Romulus and Tatius in the foreground, and Paul Veronese's Marriage at Cana directly opposite, at the entrance of the picture gallery in the Louvre.

We are all well and all desire to be remembered. I have only time to add my best wishes for your happiness and prosperity.

Yours truly and constantly,

JOHN A. DIX.

The Mr. Rives mentioned in the letter was at that time our Minister to France, and the Mr. Van Buren was Martin Van Buren, then Secretary of State in President Jackson's Cabinet, and afterwards himself President of the United States.

The following is from the pencilled draft of a letter or the beginning of a diary which was not finished, but ends abruptly: —

“On the 8th November, 1829, I embarked from New York in the ship *Napoleon*, Captain Smith, for Liverpool. The *Napoleon* is one of those splendid packets, which have been provided by the enterprise of our merchants, for the accommodation of persons whose business or pleasure requires a visit to Europe or America.

“Precisely at the appointed hour, ten o'clock, the steamboat with the passengers and their baggage left the Whitehall dock for our gallant ship, which was lying to above the city, heading up the North River, careening to the brisk northwest gale, and waiting with apparent impatience for us, like a spirited horse curvetting under the rein of his master, and waiting but his signal to bound away. A few moments brought us to her side, and a few more saw the steamboat leave us, and the sad farewells to relatives and friends, who had thus far accompanied us, were mutually exchanged by the waving of hands and of handkerchiefs. The ‘Ready about,’ and soon after the ‘Mainsail haul’ of the pilot were answered by the cheering ‘Ho, heave, ho’ of the sailors, and, with the fairest wind that ever blew, we fast left the spires and shores of the great city behind us. In two hours we discharged our pilot to the south of Sandy

Hook, with his pocket full of farewell letters to our friends, and then stood on our course for England.

“Four days brought us to the Banks of Newfoundland, one third of our passage. Many of our passengers were sanguine in their anticipations of our making the shortest passage ever known, and, had our subsequent progress been as great as at first, we should doubtless have accomplished the voyage in thirteen days, but calms and head winds for three days on the Banks have frustrated our expectations.

“There is little that is interesting in the incidents of a voyage. The indescribable listlessness of seasickness, the varied state of feeling which changes with the wind and weather, have often been described. These I experienced in all their force. From the time we left the Banks of Newfoundland we had a continued succession of head winds, and when within one fair day’s sail of land, we were kept off by severe gales directly ahead for five successive days and nights, during which time the uneasy motion of the ship deprived us all of sleep, except in broken intervals of an half-hour at a time. We neither saw nor spoke any vessel until the evening of the —, when we descried through the darkness a large vessel on an opposite course from ourselves; we first saw her cabin lights. It was blowing a gale of wind before which we were going on our own course at the rate of eleven miles an hour. It was, of course, impossible to speak her, but, to let her know that she had company on the wide ocean, we threw up a rocket which for splendor of effect surpassed any that I had ever seen on shore. It was thrown from behind the mizzenmast, over which it shot arching its way over the main and

foremasts, illuminating every sail and rope, and then diving into the water, piercing the wave, it again shot upwards and vanished in a loud report. To our companion ship the effect must have been very fine.

“The sea is often complained of for its monotony, and yet there is great variety in the appearance of the sea.”

Here it ends, but we learn a little more of the voyage and the landing in England from a letter to a cousin in America, written in Liverpool, on December 5, 1829: —

“I arrived safely in England yesterday after a long, but, on the whole, pleasant, passage of twenty-six days. I write you from the inn (the King’s Arms Hotel) at which I put up eighteen years ago. This inn is the one at which Professor Silliman stayed when he travelled in England, and which he mentions in his travels. The old Frenchman whom he mentions I well remember when I was here before. I enquired for him and am told he is still living, but I have not seen him.

“There is a large black man, a waiter in the house, who is quite a polished man in his manners, and an elderly white man, with white hair, who looks so respectable and dignified that one feels a little awkward at first in ordering him to do this or that service; and the chambermaids look so venerable and matronly that to ask them for a pitcher of water seems almost rude to them. But I am in a land where domestic servants are the best in the world. No servant aspires to a higher station, but feels a pride in making himself the first in that station. I notice this, for our own country presents a melancholy contrast in this particular.”

Here follows a description of the voyage, and he continues: —

"Yesterday we anchored off the Floating Light, sixteen miles from the city, unable to reach the dock on account of the wind, but the post-office steamboat (or steamer, as they call them here) came to us from Liverpool to take the letter-bags, and I with other passengers got on board, and at twelve o'clock I once more placed my foot on English ground.

"The weather is true English weather, thick, smoky, and damp. I can see nothing of the general appearance of the city. The splendid docks, which were building when I was here before, are now completed and extend along the river. They are really splendid; everything about them is solid and substantial, of stone and iron, and on so large a scale.

"I have passed my baggage through the custom-house, and on Monday I proceed on my journey to London through Birmingham and Oxford. Miss Leslie, a sister of my friend Leslie of London, is my *compagnon de voyage*. She is a woman of fine talents and makes my journey less tedious and irksome than it would otherwise be. . . . I have a long journey before me yet ere I reach Rome, where I intended to be by Christmas Day, but my long voyage will probably defeat my intention."

CHAPTER XV

DECEMBER 6, 1829 — FEBRUARY 6, 1830

Journey from Liverpool to London by coach. — Neatness of the cottages. — Trentham Hall. — Stratford-on-Avon. — Oxford. — London. — Charles R. Leslie. — Samuel Rogers. — Seated with Academicians at Royal Academy lecture. — Washington Irving. — Turner. — Leaves London for Dover. — Canterbury Cathedral. — Detained at Dover by bad weather. — Incident of a former visit. — Channel steamer. — Boulogne-sur-Mer. — First impressions of France. — Paris. — The Louvre. — Lafayette. — Cold in Paris. — Continental Sunday. — Leaves Paris for Marseilles in diligence. — Intense cold. — Dijon. — French funeral. — Lyons. — The Hôtel Dieu. — Avignon. — Catholic church services. — Marseilles. — Toulon. — The navy yard and the galley slaves. — Disagreeable experience at an inn. — The Riviera. — Genoa.

MORSE was now thirty-eight years old, in the full vigor of manhood, of a spare but well-knit frame and of a strong constitution. While all his life, and especially in his younger years, he was a sufferer from occasional severe headaches, he never let these interfere with the work on hand, and, by leading a sane and rational life, he escaped all serious illnesses. He was not a total abstainer as regards either wine or tobacco, but was moderate in the use of both; a temperance advocate in the true sense of the word.

His character had now been moulded both by prosperity and adversity. He had known the love of wife and children, and of father and mother, and the cup of domestic happiness had been dashed from his lips. He had experienced the joy of the artist in successful creation, and the bitterness of the sensitive soul irritated by the ignorant, and all but overwhelmed by the struggle for existence. He had felt the supreme joy of swaying an audience by his eloquence, and he had en-

dured with fortitude the carping criticism of the envious. Through it all, through prosperity and through adversity, his hopeful, buoyant nature had triumphed. Prosperity had not spoiled him, and adversity had but served to refine. He felt that he had been given talents which he must utilize to the utmost, that he must be true to himself, and that, above all, he must strive in every way to benefit his fellow men.

This motive we find recurring again and again in his correspondence and in his intimate notes. Not, "What can I do for myself?" but "What can I do for mankind?" Never falsely humble, but, on the contrary, properly proud of his achievements, jealous of his own good name and fame and eager *honestly* to acquire wealth, he yet ever put the public good above his private gain.

He was now again in Europe, the goal of his desires for many years, and he was about to visit the Continent, where he had never been. Paris, with her treasures of art, Italy, the promised land of every artist, lay before him.

We shall miss the many intimate letters to his wife and to his parents, but we shall find others to his brothers and to his friends, perhaps a shade less unreserved, but still giving a clear account of his wanderings, and, from a mass of little notebooks and sketch-books, we can follow him on his pilgrimage and glean some keen observations on the peoples and places visited by him. It must be remembered that this was still the era of the stage-coach and the diligence, and that it took many days to accomplish a journey which is now made in almost the same number of hours.

On Christmas Day, 1829, he begins a letter from Dover to a favorite cousin, Mrs. Margaret Roby, of Utica, New York: —

“When I left Liverpool I took my seat upon the outside of the coach, in order to see as much as possible of the country through which I was to pass. Unfortunately the fog and smoke were so dense that I could see objects but a few yards from the road. Occasionally, indeed, the fog would become less dense, and we could see the fine lawns of the seats of the nobility and gentry, which were scattered on our route, and which still retained their verdure. Now and then the spire and towers of some ancient village church rose out of the leafless trees, beautifully simple in their forms, and sometimes clothed to the very tops with the evergreen ivy. It was severely cold; my eyebrows, hair, cap, and the fur of my cloak were soon coated with frost, but I determined to keep my seat though I suffered some from the cold.

“Their fine natural health, or the frosty weather, gave to the complexions of the peasantry, particularly the females and children, a beautiful rosy bloom. Through all the villages there was the appearance of great comfort and neatness, — a neatness, however, very different from ours. Their nicely thatched cottages bore all the marks of great antiquity, covered with brilliant green moss like velvet, and round the doors and windows were trained some of the many kinds of evergreen vines which abound here. Most of them also had a trim courtyard before their doors, planted with laurel and holly and box, and sometimes a yew cut into some fantastic shape. The whole appearance of the villages was neat and venerable; like some aged matron who,

with all her wrinkles, her stooping form, and grey locks, preserves the dignity of cleanliness in her ancient but becoming costume.

“At Trentham we passed one of the seats of the Marquis of Stafford, Trentham Hall. Here the Marquis has a fine gallery of pictures, and among them Allston’s famous picture of ‘Uriel in the Sun.’

“I slept the first night in Birmingham, which I had no time to see on account of darkness, smoke, and fog: three most inveterate enemies to the seekers of the picturesque and of antiquities. In the morning, before daylight, I resumed my journey towards London. At Stratford-on-Avon I breakfasted, but in such haste as not to be able to visit again the house of Shakespeare’s birth, or his tomb. This house, however, I visited when in England before. At Oxford, the city of so many classical recollections, I stopped but a few moments to dine. I was here also when before in England. It is a most splendid city; its spires and domes and towers and pinnacles, rising from amid the trees, give it a magnificent appearance as you approach it.

“Before we reached Oxford we passed through Woodstock and Blenheim, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, whose splendid estates are at present suffering from the embarrassment of the present Duke, who has ruined his fortunes by his fondness for play.

“Darkness came on after leaving Oxford; I saw nothing until arriving in the vicinity of the great metropolis, which has, for many miles before you enter it, the appearance of a continuous village. We saw the brilliant gas-lights of its streets, and our coach soon joined the throng of vehicles that rattled over its pavements.

I could scarcely realize that I was once more in London after fourteen years' absence.

"My first visit was to my old friend and fellow pupil, Leslie, who seemed overjoyed to see me and has been unremitting in his attentions during my stay in London. Leslie I found, as I expected, in high favor with the highest classes of England's noblemen and literary characters. His reputation is well deserved and will not be ephemeral.

"I received an invitation to breakfast from Samuel Rogers, Esq., the celebrated poet, which I accepted with my friend Leslie. Mr. Rogers is the author of 'Pleasures of Memory,' of 'Italy,' and other poems. He has not the proverbial lot of the poet, — that of being poor, — for he is one of the wealthiest bankers and lives in splendid style. His collection of pictures is very select, chosen by himself with great taste.

"I attended, a few evenings since, the lecture on anatomy at the Royal Academy, where I was introduced to some of the most distinguished artists; to Mr. Shee, the poet and author as well as painter; to Mr. Howard, the secretary of the Academy; to Mr. Hilton, the keeper; to Mr. Stothard, the librarian; and several others. I expected to have met and been introduced to Sir Thomas Lawrence, the president, but he was absent, and I have not had the pleasure of seeing him. I was invited to a seat with the Academicians, as was also Mr. Cole, a member of our Academy in New York. I was gratified in seeing America so well represented in the painters Leslie and Newton. The lecturer also paid, in his lecture, a high compliment to Allston by a deserved panegyric, and by several quotations from his poems, illustrative of principles which he advanced.

"After the lecture I went home to tea with Newton, accompanied by Leslie, where I found our distinguished countryman, Washington Irving, our Secretary of Legation, and W. E. West, another American painter, whose portrait of Lord Byron gave him much celebrity. I passed a very pleasant evening, of course.

"The next day I visited the National Gallery of pictures, as yet but small, but containing some of the finest pictures in England. Among them is the celebrated 'Raising of Lazarus' by Sebastian del Piombo, for which a nobleman of this country offered to the late proprietor sixteen thousand pounds sterling, which sum was refused. I visited also Mr. Turner, the best landscape painter living, and was introduced to him. . . .

"I did not see so much of London or its curiosities as I should have done at another season of the year. The greater part of the time was night — literally night; for, besides being the shortest days of the year (it not being light until eight o'clock and dark again at four), the smoke and fog have been most of the time so dense that darkness has for many days occupied the hours of daylight. . . .

"On the 22d inst., Tuesday, I left London, after having obtained in due form my passports, for the Continent, in company with J. Town, Esq., and N. Jocelyn, Esq., American friends, intending to pass the night at Canterbury, thirty-six miles from London. The day was very unpleasant, very cold, and snowing most of the time. At Blackheath we saw the palace in which the late unfortunate queen of George IV resided. On the heath among the bushes is a low furze with which it is in part covered. There were encamped in their miserable

blanket huts a gang of gypsies. No wigwams of the Oneidas ever looked so comfortless. On the road we overtook a gypsy girl with a child in her arms, both having the stamp of that singular race strongly marked upon their features; black hair and sparkling black eyes, with a nut-brown complexion and cheeks of russet red, and not without a shrewd intelligence in their expression.

“At about nine o’clock we arrived at the Guildhall Tavern in the celebrated and ancient city of Canterbury. Early in the morning, as soon as we had breakfasted, we visited the superb cathedral. This stupendous pile is one of the most distinguished Gothic structures in the world. It is not only interesting from its imposing style of architecture, but from its numerous historical associations. The first glimpse we caught of it was through and over a rich, decayed gateway to the enclosure of the cathedral grounds. After passing the gate the vast pile — with its three great towers and innumerable turrets, and pinnacles, and buttresses, and arches, and painted windows — rose in majesty before us. The grand centre tower, covered with a grey moss, seemed like an immense mass of the Palisades, struck out with all its regular irregularity, and placed above the surrounding masses of the same grey rocks. The bell of the great tower was tolling for morning service, and yet so distant, from its height, that it was scarcely heard upon the pavement below.

“We entered the door of one of the towers and came immediately into the nave of the church. The effect of the long aisles and towering, clustered pillars and richly carved screens of a Gothic church upon the imagination can scarcely be described — the emotion is that of awe.

“A short procession was quickly passing up the steps of the choir, consisting of the beadle, or some such officer, with his wand of office, followed by ten boys in white surplices. Behind these were the prebendaries and other officers of the church; one thin and pale, another portly and round, with powdered hair and sleepy, dull, heavy expression of face, much like the face that Hogarth has chosen for the ‘Preacher to his Sleepy Congregation.’ This personage we afterward heard was Lord Nelson, the brother of the celebrated Nelson and the heir to his title.

“The service was read in a hurried and commonplace manner to about thirty individuals, most of whom seemed to be the necessary assistants at the ceremonies. The effect of the voices in the responses and the chanting of the boys, reverberating through the aisles and arches and recesses of the church, was peculiarly imposing, but, when the great organ struck in, the emotion of grandeur was carried to its height, — I say nothing of devotion. I did not pretend on this occasion to join in it; I own that my thoughts as well as my eyes were roaming to other objects, and gathering around me the thousand recollections of scenic splendor, of terror, of bigotry, and superstition which were acted in sight of the very walls by which I was surrounded. Here the murder of Thomas à Becket was perpetrated; there was his miracle-working shrine, visited by pilgrims from all parts of Christendom, and enriched with the most costly jewels that the wealth of princes could purchase and lavish upon it; the very steps, worn into deep cavities by the knees of the devotees as they approached the shrine, were ascended by us. There stood the tomb of Henry

IV and his queen; and here was the tomb of Edward, the Black Prince, with a bronze figure of the prince, richly embossed and enamelled, reclining upon the top, and over the canopy were suspended the surcoat and casque, the gloves of mail and shield, with which he was accoutred when he fought the famous battle of Crécy. There also stood the marble chair in which the Saxon kings were crowned, and in which, with the natural desire that all seemed to have in such cases, I could not avoid seating myself. From this chair, placed at one end of the nave, is seen to best advantage the length of the church, five hundred feet in extent.

“After the service I visited more at leisure the tombs and other curiosities of the church. The precise spot on which Archbishop Becket was murdered is shown, but the spot on which his head fell on the pavement was cut out as a relic and sent to Rome, and the place filled in with a fresh piece of stone, about five inches square. . . .

“In the afternoon we left Canterbury and proceeded to Dover, intending to embark the next morning (Thursday, December 24) for Calais or Boulogne in the steamer. The weather, however, was very unpromising in the morning, being thick and foggy and apparently preparing for a storm. We therefore made up our minds to stay, hoping the next day would be more favorable; but Friday, Christmas Day, came with a most violent northeast gale and snowstorm. Saturday the 26th, Sunday the 27th, and, at this moment, Monday the 28th, the storm is more violent than ever, the streets are clogged with snow, and we are thus embargoed completely for we know not how long a time to come.

“Notwithstanding the severity of the weather on

Thursday, we all ventured out through the wind and snow to visit Dover Castle, situated upon the bleak cliffs to the north of the town. . . .

“The castle, with its various towers and walls and out-works, has been the constant care of the Government for ages. Here are the remains of every age from the time of the Romans to the present. About the centre of the enclosure stand two ancient ruins, the one a tower built by the Romans, thirty-six years after Christ, and the other a rude church built by the Saxons in the sixth century. Other remains of towers and walls indicate the various kinds of defensive and offensive war in different ages, from the time when the round or square tower, with its loopholes for the archers and crossbowmen, and gates secured by heavy portcullis, were a substantial defence, down to the present time, when the bastion of regular sides advances from the glacis, mounted with modern ordnance, keeping at a greater distance the hostile besiegers.

“Through the glacis in various parts are sally-ports, from one of which, opening towards the road to Ramsgate, I well remember seeing a corporal’s guard issue, about fifteen years ago, to take possession of me and my sketch-book, as I sat under a hedge at some distance to sketch the picturesque towers of this castle. Somewhat suspicious of their intentions, I left my retreat, and, by a circuitous route into the town, made my escape; not, however, without ascertaining from behind a distant hedge that I was actually the object of their expedition. They went to the spot where I had been sitting, made a short search, and then returned to the castle through the same sally-port.

“At that time (a time of war not only with France but America also) the strictest watch was kept, and to have been caught making the slightest sketch of a fortification would have subjected me to much trouble. Times are now changed, and had Jack Frost (the only commander of rigor now at the castle) permitted, I might have sketched any part of the interior or exterior.”

“*Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, December 29, 1829.* This morning at ten o'clock, after our tedious detention, we embarked from Dover in a steamer for this place instead of Calais. I mentioned the steamer, but, cousin, if you have formed any idea of elegance, or comfort, or speed in connection with the name of steamer from seeing our fine steamboats, and have imagined that English or French boats are superior to ours, you may as well be undeceived. I know of no description of packet-boats in our waters bad enough to convey the idea. They are small, black, dirty, confined things, which would be suffered to rot at the wharves for want of the least custom from the lowest in our country. You may judge of the extent of the accommodations when I tell you that there is in them but one cabin, six feet six inches high, fourteen feet long, eleven feet wide, containing eight berths.

“Our passage was, fortunately, short, and we arrived in the dominions of ‘His Most Christian Majesty’ Charles X at five o'clock. The transition from a country where one's own language is spoken to one where the accents are strange; from a country where the manners and habits are somewhat allied to our own to one where everything is different, even to the most trifling article of dress, is very striking on landing after so short an interval from England to France.

“The pier-head at our landing was filled with human beings in strange costume, from the grey *surtout* and belt of the *gendarmes* to the broad twilled and curiously plaited caps of the masculine women; which latter beings, by the way, are the licensed porters of baggage to the custom-house.”

“*Paris, January 7, 1830.* Here have I been in this great capital of the Continent since the first day of the year. I shall remember my first visit to Paris from the circumstance that, at the dawn of the day of the new year, we passed the Porte Saint-Denis into the narrow and dirty streets of the great metropolis.

“The Louvre was the first object we visited. Our passports obtained us ready admittance, and, although our fingers and feet were almost frozen, we yet lingered three hours in the grand gallery of pictures. Indeed, it is a long walk simply to pass up and down the long hall, the end of which from the opposite end is scarcely visible, but is lost in the mist of distance. On the walls are twelve hundred and fifty of some of the *chefs d’œuvre* of painting. Here I have marked out several which I shall copy on my return from Italy.

“I have my residence at present at the Hôtel de Lille, which is situated very conveniently in the midst of all the most interesting objects of curiosity to a stranger in Paris, — the palace of the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Bibliothèque Royale, or Royal Library, and numerous other places, all within a few paces of us. On New Year’s Day the equipages of the nobility and foreign ambassadors, etc., who paid their respects to the King and the Duke of Orléans, made considerable display in the Place du Carrousel and in the court of the Tuileries.

"At an exhibition of manufactures of porcelain, tapestry, etc., in the Louvre, where were some of the most superb specimens of art in the world in these articles, we also saw the Duchesse de Berri. She is the mother of the little Duc de Bordeaux, who, you know, is the heir apparent to the crown of France. She was simply habited in a blue pelisse and blue bonnet, and would not be distinguished in her appearance from the crowd except by her attendants in livery.

"I cannot close, however, without telling you what a delightful evening I passed evening before last at General Lafayette's. He had a soirée on that night at which there were a number of Americans. When I went in he instantly recognized me; took me by both hands; said he was expecting to see me in France, having read in the American papers that I had embarked. He met me apparently with great cordiality, then introduced me to each of his family, to his daughters, to Madame Lasterie and her two daughters (very pretty girls) and to Madame Rémusat,¹ and two daughters of his son, G. W. Lafayette, also very accomplished and beautiful girls. The General inquired how long I intended to stay in France, and pressed me to come and pass some time at La Grange when I returned from Italy. General Lafayette looks very well and seems to have the respect of all the best men in France. At his soirée I saw the celebrated Benjamin Constant, one of the most distinguished of the Liberal party in France. He is tall and thin with a very fair, white complexion, and long white, silken hair, moving with all the vigor of a young man."

¹ This was not, of course, the famous Madame de Rémusat; probably her daughter-in-law.

In a letter to his brothers written on the same day, January 7th, he says: —

“If I went no farther and should now return, what I have already seen and studied would be worth to me all the trouble and expense thus far incurred. I am more and more satisfied that my expedition was wisely planned.

“You cannot conceive how the cold is felt in Paris, and, indeed, in all France. Not that their climate is so intensely cold as ours, but their provision against the cold is so bad. Fuel is excessively high; their fireplaces constructed on the worst possible plan, looking like great ovens dug four or five feet into the wall, wasting a vast deal of heat; and then the doors and windows are far from tight; so that, altogether, Paris in winter is not the most comfortable place in the world.

“Mr. Town and I, and probably Mr. Jocelyn, set out for Italy on Monday by the way of Châlons-sur-Saone, Lyons, Avignon, and Nice. I long to get to Rome and Naples that I may commence to paint in a warm climate, and so keep warm weather with me to France again. . . .

“I don’t know what to do about writing letters for the ‘Journal of Commerce.’ I fear it will consume more of my time than the thing is worth, and will be such a hindrance to my professional studies that I must, on the whole, give up the thought of it. My time here is worth a guinea a minute in the way of my profession. I could undoubtedly write some interesting letters for them, but I do not feel the same ease in writing for the public that I do in writing to a friend, and, in correcting my language for the press, I feel that it is going to consume more

of my time than I can spare. I will write if I can, but they must not expect it, for I find my pen and pencil are enemies to each other. 'I must write less and paint more. My advantages for study never appeared so great, and I never felt so ardent a desire to improve them.'

Morse spent about two weeks in Paris visiting churches, picture galleries, palaces, and other show places. He finds the giraffe or camelopard the most interesting animal at the Jardin des Plantes, and he dislikes a ceiling painted by Gros: "It is allegorical, which is a class of painting I detest." He deplures the Continental Sunday: "Oh! that we appreciated in America the value of our Sabbath; a Sabbath of rest from labor; a Sabbath of moral and religious instruction; a Sabbath the greatest barrier to those floods of immorality which have in times past deluged this devoted country in blood, and will again do it unless the Sabbath gains its ascendancy once more."

From an undated and unfinished draft of a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Roby, we learn something of his journey from Paris to Rome, or rather of the first part of it: —

"I wrote you from Paris giving you an account of my travels to that city, and I now improve the first moments of leisure since to continue my journal. After getting our passports signed by at least half a dozen ambassadors preparatory to our long journey, we left Paris on Wednesday, January 13, at eight o'clock, for Dijon, in the diligence. The weather was very cold, and we travelled through a very uninteresting country. It seemed like a frozen ocean, the road being over an immense plain unbroken by trees or fences.

"We stopped a few moments at Melun, at Joigny and

Tonnerre, which latter place was quite pretty with a fine-looking Gothic church. We found the villages from Paris thus far much neater and in better style than those on the road from Boulogne.

“Our company consisted of Mr. Town, of New York, Mr. Jocelyn, of New Haven, a very pretty Frenchwoman, and myself. The Frenchwoman was quite a character; she could not talk English nor could we talk French, and yet we were talking all the time, and were able to understand and be understood.

“At four o'clock the next morning we *dined!!* at Montbar, which place we entered after much detention by the snow. It was so deep that we were repeatedly stopped for some time. At a picturesque little village, called Val de Luzon, where we changed horses, the country began to assume a different character. It now became mountainous, and, had the season been propitious, many beautiful scenes for the pencil would have presented themselves. As it was, the forms of the mountains and the deep valleys, with villages snugly situated at the bottom, were grateful to the eye amidst the white shroud which everywhere covered the landscape. We could but now and then catch a glimpse of the scenery through our coach window by thawing a place in the thickly covered glass, which was so plated with the arborescent frost as not to yield to the warmth of the sun at midday.

“We arrived at Dijon at nine o'clock on Saturday evening, after three days and two nights of fatiguing riding. The diligence is, on the whole, a comfortable carriage for travelling. I can scarcely give you any idea of its construction; it is so unlike in many respects to

our stage-coach. It is three carriage-bodies together upon one set of wheels. The forward part is called the *coupé*, which holds but three persons, and, from having windows in front so that the country is seen as you travel, is the most expensive. The middle carriage is the largest, capable of holding six persons, and is called the *intérieur*. The other, called the *derrière*, is the cheapest, but is generally filled with low people. The *intérieur* is so large and so well cushioned that it is easy to sleep in it ordinarily, and, had it not been for the sudden stops occasioned by the clogging of the wheels in the snow, we should have had very good rest; but the discordant music made by the wheels as they ground the frozen snow, sounding like innumerable instruments, mostly discordant, but now and then concordant, prevented our sound sleep.

“The cold we found as severe as any I have usually experienced in America. The snow is as deep upon the hills, being piled up on each side of the road five or six feet high. The water in our pitchers froze by the fireside, and the glass on the windows, even in rooms comfortably warmed, was encrusted with arborescent frost. The floors, too, of all the rooms are paved with bricks or tiles, and, although comfortable in summer, are far from desirable in such a winter.

“At Dijon we stopped over the Sabbath, for the double purpose of avoiding travelling on that day and from really needing a day of rest. On Sunday morning we enquired of our landlord, Mons. Ripart, of the Hôtel du Parc, for a Protestant church, and were informed that there was not any in the place. We learned, however, afterwards that there was one, but too late to profit

by the information. We walked out in the cold to find some church, and, entering a large, irregular Gothic structure, much out of repair, we pressed towards the altar where the funeral service of the Catholic Church was performing over a corpse which lay before it. The priests, seven or eight in number, were in the midst of their ceremonies. They had their hair shorn close in front, but left long behind and at the sides, and powdered, and, while walking, covered partially with a small, black, pyramidal velvet cap with a tuft at the top. While singing the service they held long, lighted wax tapers in their hands. There was much ceremony, but scarcely anything that was imposing; its heartlessness was so apparent, especially in the conduct of some of the assistants, that it seemed a solemn mockery. One in particular, who seemed to pride himself on the manner in which he vociferated 'Amen,' was casting his eyes among the crowd, winking and laughing at various persons, and, from the extravagance of his manners, bawling out most irreverently and closing by laughing, I wondered that he was not perceived and rebuked by the priests.

"As the procession left the church it was headed by an officer bearing a pontoon;¹ then one bearing the silver crucifix; then eight or ten boys with lighted wax tapers by the side of the corpse; then followed the priests, six or eight in number, and then the relatives and friends of the deceased. At the grave the priests and assistants chanted a moment, the coffin was lowered, the earth thrown upon it, and then an elder priest muttered something over the grave, and, with an instrument consisting

¹ This must be a mistake.

of a silver ball with a small handle, made the sign of the cross over the body, which ceremony was repeated by each one in the procession, to whom in succession the instrument was handed.

“There were, indeed, two or three real mourners. One young man in particular, to whom the female might have been related as wife or sister, showed all the signs of heartfelt grief. It did not break out into extravagant gesture or loud cries, but the tears, as they flowed down his manly face, seemed to be forced out by the agony within, which he in vain endeavored to suppress. The struggle to restrain them was manifest, and, as he made the sign of the cross at the grave in his turn, the feebleness with which he performed the ceremony showed that the anguish of his heart had almost overcome his physical strength. I longed to speak to him and to sympathize with him, but my ignorance of the language of his country locked me out from any such purpose. . . .

“Accustomed to the proper and orderly manner of keeping the Sabbath so universal in our country, there are many things that will strike an American not only as singular but disgusting. While in Paris we found it to be customary, not only on week days but also on the Sabbath, to have musicians introduced towards the close of dinner, who play and sing all kinds of songs. We supposed that this custom was a peculiarity of the capital, but this day after dinner a hand-organ played waltzes and songs, and, as if this were not enough, a performer on the guitar succeeded, playing songs, while two or three persons with long cards filled with specimens of natural history — lobsters, crabs, and shells of various kinds — were busy in displaying their handi-

work to us, and each concluded his part of the ceremony by presenting a little cup for a contribution."

The letter ends here, and, as I have found but few more of that year, we must depend on his hurriedly written notebooks for a further record of his wanderings.

Leaving Dijon on January 18, Morse and his companions continued their journey through Châlons-sur-Saone, to Macon and Lyons, which they reached late at night. The next two days were spent in viewing the sights of Lyons, which are described at length in his journal. Most of these notes I shall omit. Descriptions of places and of scenery are generally tiresome, except to the authors of them, and I shall transcribe only such portions as have a more than ordinary personal or historic interest. For instance the following entry is characteristic of Morse's simple religious faith: —

"From the Musée we went to the Hôtel Dieu, a hospital on a magnificent and liberal scale. The apartments for the sick were commodiously and neatly arranged. In one of them were two hundred and twelve cots, all of which showed a pale or fevered face upon the pillow. The attendants were women called 'Sisters of Charity,' who have a peculiar costume. These are benevolent women who (some of them of rank and wealth) devote themselves to ministering to the comfort and necessities of the wretched.

"Benevolence is a trait peculiarly feminine. It is seen among women in all countries and all religions, and although true religion sets out this jewel in the greatest beauty, yet superstition and false religions cannot entirely destroy its lustre. It seems to be one of those virtues permitted in a special manner by the Father of

all good to survive the ruins of sin on earth, and to withstand the attacks of Satan in his attempts on the happiness of man; and to woman in a marked manner He has confided the keeping of this virtue. She was first in the transgression but last at the cross."

Leaving Lyons at four o'clock on the morning of the 22d, they journeyed slowly towards Avignon, delayed by the condition of the roads covered by an unusual fall of snow which was now melting under the breath of a warm breeze from the south. On the way they pass "between the two hills a telegraph making signals." This was, of course, a semaphore by means of which visual signals were made.

Reaching Avignon on the night of the 23d, they went the next day, which was Sunday, in search of a Protestant church, but none was to be found in this ancient city of the Popes, so they followed a fine military band to the church of St. Agricola and attended the services there, the band participating and making most glorious music.

Morse, with his Puritan background and training, was not much edified by the ritual of the Catholic Church, and, after describing it, he adds: —

"I looked around the church to ascertain what was the effect upon the multitude assembled. The females, kneeling in their chairs, many with their prayer-books reading during the whole ceremony, seemed part of the time engaged in devotional exercises. Far be it from me to say there were not some who were actually devout, hard as it is to conceive of such a thing; but this I will say, that everything around them, instead of aiding devotion, was calculated entirely to destroy it. The

imagination was addressed by every avenue; music and painting pressed into the service of — not religion but the contrary — led the mind away from the contemplation of all that is practical in religion to the charms of mere sense. No instruction was imparted; none seems ever to be intended. What but ignorance can be expected when such a system prevails? . . .

“Last evening we were delighted with some exquisite sacred music, sung apparently by men’s voices only, and slowly passing under our windows. The whole effect was enchanting; the various parts were so harmoniously adapted and the taste with which these unknown minstrels strengthened and softened their tones gave us, with the recollection of the music at the church, which we had heard in the morning, a high idea of the musical talent of this part of the world. We have observed more beautiful faces among the women in a single day in Avignon than during the two weeks we were in Paris.”

After a three days’ rest in Avignon, visiting the palace of the Popes and other objects of interest, and being quite charmed with the city as a whole and with the Hôtel de l’Europe in particular, the little party left for Marseilles by way of Aix. The air grows balmier as they near the Mediterranean, and they are delighted with the vineyards and the olive groves. The first sight of the blue sea and of the beautiful harbor of Marseilles rouses the enthusiasm of the artist, and some days are spent in exploring the city.

The journal continues: —

“*Thursday, January 28.* Took our seats in the Malle Poste for Toulon and experienced one of those vexations

in delay which travellers must expect sometimes to find. We had been told by the officer that we must be ready to go at one o'clock. We were, of course, ready at that time, but not only were we not called at one, but we waited in suspense until six o'clock in the evening before we were called, and before we left the city it was seven o'clock; thus consuming a half-day of daylight which we had promised ourselves to see the scenery, and bringing all our travelling in the night, which we wished specially to avoid. Besides this, we found ourselves in a little, miserable, jolting vehicle that did not, like the diligence, suffer us to sleep.

"Thus we left Marseilles, pursuing our way through what seemed to us a wild country, with many a dark ravine on our roadside and impending cliffs above us; a safe resort for bandits to annoy the traveller if they felt disposed."

At Toulon they visited the arsenal and navy yard.

"We saw many ships of all classes in various states of equipment, and every indication, from the activity which pervaded every department, that great attention is paying by the French to their marine. Their ships have not the neatness of ours; there seems to be a great deal of ornament, and such as I should suppose was worse than useless in a ship of war.

"We noticed the galley slaves at work; they had a peculiar dress to mark them. They were dressed in red frocks with the letters 'G a l' stamped on each side of the back, as they were also on their pantaloons. The worst sort, those who had committed murder, had been shipped lately to Brest. Those who had been convicted twice had on a green cap; those who were ordinary crim-

inals had on a red cap; and those who were least criminal, a blue cap.

“A great mortality was prevailing among them. There are about five hundred at this place, and I was told by the sentinel that twenty-two had been buried yesterday. Three bodies were carried out whilst we were in the yard. We, of course, did not linger in the vicinity of the hospitals. . . .

“On Saturday, January 30, we left Toulon in a *voiture* or private carriage, the public conveyances towards Italy being now uncertain, inconvenient, and expensive. There were five of us and we made an agreement in writing with a *vetturino* to carry us to Nice, the first city in Italy, for twenty-seven francs each, the same as the fare in the diligence, to which place he agreed to take us in two days and a half. Of course necessity obliges us in this instance to travel on the Sabbath, which we tried every means in our power to avoid.

“At twelve we stopped at the village of Cuers, an obscure, dirty place, and stopped at an inn called ‘La Croix d’Or’ for breakfast. We here met with the first gross imposition in charges that occurred to us in France. Our *déjeuner* for five consisted of three cups of miserable coffee, without milk or butter; a piece of beef stewed with olives for two; mutton chops for five; eggs for five; some cheese, and a meagre dessert of raisins, hazel nuts, and olives, with a bottle of sour *vin ordinaire*; and for this we were charged fifteen francs, or three francs each, while at the best hotels in Paris, and in all the cities through which we passed, we had double the quantity of fare, and of the best kind, for two francs and sometimes for one and one half francs. All parleying with the

extortionate landlord had only the effect of making him more positive and even insolent; and when we at last threw him the money to avoid further detention, he told us to mark his house, and, with the face of a demon, told us we should never enter his house again. We can easily bear our punishment. As we resumed our journey we were saluted with a shower of stones."

The journal continues and tells of the slow progress along the Riviera, through Cannes, which was then but an unimportant village; Nice, at that time belonging to Italy, and where they saw in the cathedral Charles Felix, King of Sardinia. It took them many days to climb up and down the rugged road over the mountains, while now the traveller is whisked under and around the same mountains in a few hours.

"At eleven we had attained a height of at least two thousand feet and the precipices became frightful, sweeping down into long ravines to the very edge of the sea; and then the road would wind at the edge of the precipice two or three thousand feet deep. Such scenes pass so rapidly it is impossible to make note of them.

"From the heights on which La Turbia stands, with its dilapidated walls, we see the beautiful city of Monaco, on a tongue of land extending into the sea."

The great gambling establishment of Monte Carlo did not invade this beautiful spot until many years later, in 1856.

The travellers stopped for a few hours at Mentone, — "a beautiful place for an artist," — passed the night at San Remo, and, sauntering thus leisurely along the beautiful Riviera, arrived in Genoa on the 6th of February.



JEREMIAH EVARTS

From a portrait painted by Morse owned by Sherman Evarts, Esq.

CHAPTER XVI

FEBRUARY 6, 1830 — JUNE 15, 1830

Serra Palace in Genoa. — Starts for Rome. — Rain in the mountains. — A brigand. — Carrara. — First mention of a railroad. — Pisa. — The leaning tower. — Rome at last. — Begins copying at once. — Notebooks. — Ceremonies at the Vatican. — Pope Pius VIII. — Academy of St. Luke's. — St. Peter's. — Chiesa Nuova. — Painting at the Vatican. — Beggar monks. — *Festa* of the Annunciation. — Soirée at Palazzo Simbaldi. — Passion Sunday. — Horace Vernet. — Lying in state of a cardinal. — *Miserere* at Sistine Chapel. — Holy Thursday at St. Peter's. — Third cardinal dies. — Meets Thorwaldsen at Signor Persianis's. — Manners of English, French, and Americans. — Landi's pictures. — Funeral of a young girl. — Trip to Tivoli, Subiaco. — Procession of the *Corpus Domini*. — Disagreeable experience.

THE enthusiastic artist was now in Italy, the land of his dreams, and his notebooks are filled with short comments or longer descriptions of churches, palaces, and pictures in Genoa and in the other towns through which he passed on his way to Rome, or with pen-pictures of the wild country through which he and his fellow travellers journeyed.

In Genoa, where he stopped several days, he was delighted with the palaces and churches, and yet he found material for criticism: —

“The next place of interest was the Serra Palace, now inhabited by one of that family, who, we understood, was insane. After stopping a moment in the anteroom, the ceiling of which is painted in fresco by *Somnio*, we were ushered into the room called the most splendid in Europe, and, if carving and gilding and mirrors and chandeliers and costly colors can make a splendid room, this is certainly that room. The chandeliers and mirrored sides are so arranged as to create the illusion that

the room is of indefinite extent. To me it appeared, on the whole, tawdry, seeing it in broad daylight. In the evening, when the chandeliers are lighted, I have no doubt of its being a most gorgeous exhibition, but, like some showy belle dressed and painted for evening effect, the daylight turns her gold into tinsel and her bloom into rouge.

"After having stayed nearly four days in Genoa, and after having made arrangements with our honest *vet-turino*, Dominique, to take us to Rome, stopping at various places on the way long enough to see them, we retired late to bed to prepare for our journey in the morning.

"On Wednesday morning, February 10, we rose at five o'clock, and, after breakfast of coffee, etc., we set out at six on our journey towards Rome."

I shall not follow them every step of the way, but shall select only the more personal entries in the diary.

"A little after eleven o'clock we stopped at a single house upon a high hill overlooking the sea, to breakfast. It has the imposing title of 'Locanda della Gran Bretagna.' We expected little and got less, and had a specimen of the bad faith of these people. We enquired the price of our *déjeuner* before we ordered it, which is always necessary. We were told one franc each, but after our breakfast, we were told one and a half each, and no talking with the landlord would alter his determination to demand his price. There is no remedy for travellers; they must pay or be delayed.

"At one o'clock we left this hole of a place, where we were more beset with beggars and spongers than at any place since we had been in Italy."

Stopping overnight at Sestri, they set out again on the 11th at five o'clock in the morning: —

“It was as dark as the moon, obscured by thick clouds, would allow it to be, and, as we left the courtyard of the inn, it began to rain violently. Our road lay over precipitous mountains away from the shore, and the scenery became wild and grand. As the day dawned we found ourselves in the midst of stupendous mountains rising in cones from the valleys below. Deep basins were formed at the bottom by the meeting of the long slopes; clouds were seen far below us, some wasting away as they sailed over the steeps, and some gathering denseness as they were detained by the cold, snowy peaks which shot up beyond. Now and then a winding stream glittered at the bottom of some deep ravine amidst the darkness around it, and occasionally a light from the cottage of some peasant glimmered like a star through the clouds.

“As we labored up the steep ascent little brawling cascades without number, from the heights far above us, in milky streams, gathering power from innumerable rills, dashed at our feet, and, passing down through the artificial passages beneath the road, swept down into the valleys in torrents, and swelling the rivers, whose broad beds were seen through the openings, rushed with irresistible power to the sea.

“We found, from the violence of the storm, that the road was heavy and much injured in some parts by the washing down of rocks from the heights. Some of great size lay at the sides recently thrown down, and now and then one of some hundred pounds' weight was found in the middle of the road.

"We continued to ascend about four hours until we came again from a region of summer into the region of snow, and the height from the sea was greater than we had at any time previously attained. The scenery around us, too, was wilder and more sterile. The Apennines here are very grand, assuming every variety of shape and color. Long slopes of clay color were interlocked with dark browns sprinkled with golden yellow; slate blue and grey, mixed with greens and purples, and the pure, deep ultramarine blue of distant peaks finished the background."

After breakfasting at Borghetto at a miserable inn, where they were much annoyed by beggars of all descriptions, they continued their journey through much the same character of country for the rest of the day, and towards dark they met with a slight adventure: —

"Our road was down a steep declivity winding much in the same way as at Finale. Precipices were at the side without a protecting barrier, and we felt some uneasiness at our situation, which was not decreased by suddenly finding our coach stopped and a man on horseback (or rather muleback) stopping by the side of the coach. It was but for a moment; our *vetturino* authoritatively ordered him to pass on, which he did with a '*buona sera*,' and we never parted with a companion more gladly. From all the circumstances attending it we were inclined to believe that he had some design upon us, but, finding us so numerous, thought it best not to run the risk."

Spezia was their resting-place for that night, and, after an early start the next morning, they reached the banks of the Vara at nine o'clock.

"We had a singular time in passing the river in a boat. Many women of the lower orders crossed at the same time. The boat being unable to approach the shore, we were obliged to ride papoose-back upon the shoulders of the brawny watermen for some little distance; but what amused us much was the perfect *sang-froid* with which the women, with their bare legs, held up their clothes above the knees and waded to the boat before us. . . .

"At half-past twelve we came in sight of Carrara. This place we went out of our course to see, and at one o'clock entered the celebrated village, prettily situated in a valley at the base of stupendous mountains. A deep ravine above the village contains the principal quarries of most exquisite marbles for which this place has for so many ages been famous. The clouds obscuring the highest peaks, and ascending from the valleys like smoke from the craters of many volcanoes, gave additional grandeur to a scene by nature so grand in itself.

"After stopping at the Hôtel de Nouvelle Paros, which we found a miserable inn with bad wine, scanty fare and high charges, we took a hasty breakfast, and procuring a guide we walked out to see the curiosities of the place. It rained hard and the road was excessively bad, sometimes almost ankle-deep in mud. Notwithstanding the forbidding weather and bad road, we labored up the deep ravine on the sides of which the excavations are made. Dark peaks frowned above us capped with clouds and snow; white patches midway the sides showed the veins of the marble, and immense heaps of detritus, the accumulation of ages, mountains themselves, sloped down on each side like masses of piled ice to the very edge of the road. The road itself,

white with the material of which it is made, was composed of loose pieces of the white marble of every size. . . . Continuing the ascent by the side of a milky stream, which rushed down its rocky bed, and which here and there was diverted off into aqueducts to the various mills, we were pointed to the top of a high hill by the roadside where was the entrance to a celebrated grotto, and at the base close by, a cavern protected a beautiful, clear, crystal fountain, which gushed from up the bottom forming a liquid, transparent floor, and then glided to mingle its pure, unsullied waters with the cloudy stream that rushed by it.

“Climbing over piles of rock like refined sugar and passing several wagons carrying heavy blocks down the road, we arrived at the mouth of the principal quarry where the purest statuary marble is obtained. I could not but think how many exquisite statues here lay entombed for ages, till genius, at various times, called them from their slumbers and bid them live. . . .

“On our return we again passed the wagons laden with blocks, and mules with slabs on each side sometimes like the roof of a house over the mule. . . . The wagons and oxen deserve notice. The former are very badly constructed; they are strong, but the wheels are small, in diameter about two feet and but about three inches wide, so sharp that the roads must suffer from them. The oxen are small and, without exception, mouse-colored. The driver, and there is usually one to each pair, sits on the yoke between them, and, like the oarsman of a boat, with his back towards the point towards which he is going. Two huge blocks were chained upon one of these wagons, and behind, dragging

upon the ground by a chain, was another. Three yoke of these small oxen, apparently without fatigue, drew the load thus constructed over this wretched road. An enterprising company of Americans or English, by the construction of a railroad, which is more practicable than a canal, but which latter might be constructed, would, I should think, give great activity to the operations here and make it very profitable to themselves."

It is rather curious to note that this is the first mention of a railroad made by Morse in his notes or letters, although he was evidently aware of the experiments which were being made at that time both in Europe and America, and these must have been of great interest to him. It is also well to bear in mind that the great development of transportation by rail could not occur until the invention of the telegraph had made it possible to send signals ahead, and, in other ways, to control the movement of traffic. At the present day the railroad at Carrara, which Morse saw in his visions of the future, has been built, but the ox teams are also still used, and linger as a reminder of more primitive days.

Continuing their journey, the travellers spent the night at Lucca, and in the morning explored the town, which they found most interesting as well as neat and clean. Leaving Lucca, "with much reluctance," on the 13th, the journal continues:—

"At half-past five, at sunset, Pisa with its leaning tower (the *duomo* of the cathedral and that of the baptistery being the principal objects in the view), was seen across the plain before us. Towards the west was a long line of horizon, unbroken, except here and there by a low-roofed tower or the little pyramidal spire of

a village church. To the southeast the plain stretched away to the base of distant blue mountains, and to the east and the north the rude peaks through which we had travelled, their cold tops tinged with a warmer glow, glittered beyond the deep brown slopes, which were more advanced and confining the plain to narrower limits."

They found the Hôtel Royal de l'Hussar an excellent inn, and, the next day being Sunday, they attended an English service and heard an excellent sermon by the Reverend Mr. Ford, an Englishman.

"In the evening we walked to the famous leaning tower, the cathedral, the baptistery, and Campo Santo, which are clustered together in the northern part of the city. In going there we went some distance along the quay, which was filled with carriages and pedestrians, among whom were many masques and fancy dresses of the most grotesque kind. It is the season of Carnival, and all these fooleries are permitted at this time. We merely glanced at the exterior of the celebrated buildings, leaving till to-morrow a more thorough examination."

"*Monday, February 15.* We rose early and went again to the leaning tower and its associated buildings. The tower, which is the *campanile* of the cathedral and is about one hundred and ninety feet high, leans from its perpendicular thirteen feet. We ascended to the top by a winding staircase. One ascending feels the inclination every step he takes, and, when he reaches the top and perceives that that which should be horizontal is an inclined plane, the sensation is truly startling. It is difficult to persuade one's self that the tower is not

actually falling, and I could not but imagine at intervals that it moved, reasoning myself momentarily into security from the fact that it had thus stood for ages. I could not but recur also to the fact that once it stood upright; that, although ages had been passed in assuming its present inclination to the earth, the time would probably come when it would actually fall, and the idea would suggest itself with appalling force that that time might be now. The reflection suggested by one of our company that it would be a glorious death, for one thus perishing would be sure of an imperishable name, however pleasing in romantic speculation, had no great power to dispel the shrinking fear produced by the vivid thought of the possibility when on the top of the tower. . . . The *campanile* is not the only leaning tower in Pisa. We observed that several varied from the perpendicular, and the sides of many of the buildings, even parts of the cathedral and the baptistery, inclined at a considerable angle. The soil is evidently unfavorable to the erection of high, heavy buildings."

After a side trip to Leghorn and further loitering along the way, stopping but a short time in Florence, which he purposed to visit and study at his leisure later on, he saw, at nine o'clock on the morning of February 20, the dome of St. Peter's in the distance, and, at two o'clock he and his companions entered Rome through the Porta del Popolo.

Taking lodgings at No. 17 Via de Prefetti, he spent the first few days in a cursory examination of the treasures by which he was surrounded, but he was eager to begin at once the work for which he had received commissions, and on March 7 he writes home: —

"I have begun to copy the 'School of Athens' from Raphael for Mr. R. Donaldson. The original is on the walls of one of the celebrated Camera of Raphael in the Vatican. It is in fresco and occupies one entire side of the room. It is a difficult picture to copy and will occupy five or six weeks certainly. Every moment of my time, from early in the morning until late at night, when not in the Vatican, is occupied in seeing the exhaustless stores of curiosities in art and antiquities with which this wonderful city abounds.

"I find I can endure great fatigue, and my spirits are good, and I feel strong for the pleasant duties of my profession. I feel particularly anxious that every gentleman who has given me a commission shall be more than satisfied that he has received an equivalent for the sum generously advanced to me. But I find that, to accomplish this, I shall need all my strength and time for more than a year to come, and that will be little enough to do myself and them justice. I am delighted with my situation and more than ever convinced of the wisdom of my course in coming to Italy."

Morse's little notebooks and sketch-books are filled with short, abrupt notes on the paintings, religious ceremonies, and other objects of interest by which he is surrounded, but sometimes he goes more into detail. I shall select from these voluminous notes only those which seem to me to be of the greatest interest.

"*March 17.* Mr. Fenimore Cooper and family are here. I have passed many pleasant hours with them, particularly one beautiful moonlight evening visiting the Coliseum. After the Holy Week I shall visit Naples, probably with Mr. Theodore Woolsey, who is now in Rome.

“March 18. Ceremonies at the Consistory; delivery of the cardinals’ hats. At nine o’clock went to the Vatican; two large fantails with ostrich feathers; ladies penned up; Pope; cardinals kiss his hand in rotation; address in Latin, tinkling, like water gurgling from a bottle. The English cardinal first appeared, went up and was embraced and kissed on each cheek by the Pope; then followed the others in the same manner; then each new cardinal embraced in succession all the other cardinals; after this, beginning with the English cardinal, each went to the Pope, and he, putting on their heads the cardinal’s hat, blessed them in the name of the Trinity. They then kissed the ring on his hand and his toe and retired from the throne. The Pope then rose, blessed the assembly by making the sign of the cross three times in the air with his two fingers, and left the room. His dress was a plain mitre of gold tissue, a rich garment of gold and crimson, embroidered, a splendid clasp of gold, about six inches long by four wide, set with precious stones, upon his breast. He is very decrepit, limping or tottering along, has a defect in one eye, and his countenance has an expression of pain, especially as the new cardinals approached his toe.¹

“The cardinals followed the Pope two and two with their train-bearers. After a few minutes the doors opened again and a procession, headed by singers, entered chanting as they went. The cardinals followed them with their train-bearers; they passed through the Consistory, and thus closed the ceremony of presenting the cardinals’ hats.

“A multitude of attendants, in various costumes,

¹ This was Pope Pius VIII.

surrounded the pontiff's throne during the ceremony, among whom was Bishop Dubois of New York. . . .

"Academy of St. Luke's: Raphael's skull; Harlow's picture of the making of a cardinal; said to have been painted in twelve days; I don't believe it. 'The Angels appearing to the Shepherds,' by Bassan — good for color; much trash in the way of portraits. Lower rooms contain the pictures for the premiums; some good; all badly colored. Third Room: Bas-reliefs for the premiums. Fourth Room: Smaller premium pictures; bad. Fifth Room: Drawings; the oldest best, modern bad.

"*Friday, March 19.* We went to St. Peter's to see the procession of cardinals singing in the Capella. Cardinals walked two and two through St. Peter's, knelt on purple velvet cushions before the Capella in prayer, then successively kissed the toe of the bronze image of St. Peter as they walked past it.

"This statue of St. Peter, as a work of art, is as execrable as possible. Part of the toe and foot is worn away and polished, not by the kisses, but by the wiping of the foot after the kisses by the next comer preparatory to kissing it; sometimes with the coat-sleeve by a beggar; with the corner of the cloak by the gentlemen; the shawl by the females; and with a nice cambric handkerchief by the attendant at the ceremony, who wiped the toe after each cardinal's performance. This ceremony is variously performed. Some give it a single kiss and go away; others kiss the toe and then touch the forehead to it and kiss the toe again, repeating the operation three times."

The ceremonies and ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, while appealing to the eye of the artist, were

repugnant to his Puritan upbringing, and we find many scornful remarks among his notes. In fact he was, all his life, bitterly opposed to the doctrines of Rome, and in later years, as we shall see, he entered into a heated controversy with a prominent ecclesiastic of that faith in America.

“*March 21.* Chiesa Nuova at seven o'clock in the evening; a sacred opera called ‘The Death of Aaron.’ Church dark; women not admitted; bell rings and a priest before the altar chants a prayer, after which a boy, about twelve years old apparently, addresses the assembly from the pulpit. I know not the drift of his discourse, but his utterance was like the same gurgling process which I noticed in the orator who addressed the Pope. It was precisely like the fitful tone of the Oneida interpreter.

“*Tuesday, March 23.* At the Vatican all the morning. While preparing my palette a monk, decently habited for a monk, who seemed to have come to the Vatican for the purpose of viewing the pictures, after a little time approached me and, with a very polite bow, offered me a pinch of snuff, which, of course, I took, bowing in return, when he instantly asked me alms. I gave him a *bajocco* for which he seemed very grateful. Truly this is a nation of beggars.

“*Wednesday, March 24.* Vatican all the morning. Saw in returning a great number of priests with a white bag over the left shoulder and begging of the persons they met. This is another instance of begging and robbing confined to one class.

“*Thursday, March 25.* *Festa* of the Annunciation; Vatican shut. Doors open at eight of the Chiesa di

Minerva; obtained a good place for seeing the ceremony. At half-past nine the cardinals began to assemble; Cardinal Barberini officiated in robes, white embroidered with gold; singing; taking off and putting on mitres, etc.; jumping up and bowing; kissing the ring on the finger of the cardinal; putting incense into censers; monotonous reading, or rather whining, of a few lines of prayer in Latin; flirting censers at each cardinal in succession; cardinals bowing to one another; many attendants at the altar; cardinals embrace one another; after mass a contribution among the cardinals in rich silver plate. Enter the virgins in white, with crowns, two and two, and candles; they kiss the hem of the garment of one of the cardinals; they are accompanied by three officers and exit. Cardinals' dresses exquisitely plaited; sixty-two cardinals in attendance. . . .

"Palazzo Simbaldi: At half-past eight the company began to assemble in the splendid saloon of this palace, to which I was invited. The singers, about forty in number, were upon a stage erected at the end of the room; white drapery hung behind festoons with laurel wreaths (the walls were painted in fresco). Four female statues standing on globes upheld seven long wax-lights; the instrumental musicians, about forty, were arranged at the foot of these statues; *sala* was lighted principally by six glass chandeliers; much female beauty in the room; dresses very various.

"Signora Luigia Tardi sang with much judgment and was received with great applause. A little girl, apparently about twelve years old, played upon the harp in a most exquisite manner, and called forth *bravas* of the Italians and of the foreigners bountifully.

"The manners of the audience were the same as those of fashionable society in our own country, and indeed in any other country; the display in dress, however, less tasteful than I have seen in New York. But, in truth, I have not seen more beauty and taste in any country, combined with cultivation of mind and delicacy of manner, than in our own. At one o'clock in the morning, or half-past six Italian time, the concert was over.

"*Saturday, March 27.* On returning to dinner I found at the post-office, to my great joy, the first letter from America since I left it.

"*Sunday, March 28.* Passion Sunday. Kept awake nearly all last night by a severe toothache; sent for a dentist and had the tooth extracted, for which he had the conscience to ask me three dollars — he took two. Was prevented by this circumstance from going to church this morning; went in the afternoon, and, after church, to St. Peter's; found all the crosses covered with black and all the pictures veiled. There were a great many in the church to hear the music which is considered very fine; some of it I was well pleased with, but it is by no means so impressive as the singing of the nuns at the Trinita di Monti, to which church we repaired at vespers.

"In St. Peter's we found a procession of about forty nuns; some of them were very pretty and their neat white headdresses, and kerchiefs, and hair dressed plain, gave a pleasing simplicity to their countenances. Some, looked arch enough and far from serious.

"*Monday, March 29.* Early this morning was introduced to the Chevalier Horace Vernet, principal of the French Academy; found him in the beautiful gardens of

the Academy. He came in a *négligé* dress, a cap, or rather turban, of various colors, a parti-colored belt, and a cloak. He received me kindly, walked through the antique gallery of casts, a long room and a splendid collection selected with great judgment.

“*Wednesday, March 31.* Early this morning was waked by the roar of a cannon; learned that it was the anniversary of the present Pope’s election. Went to the Vatican; the colonnade was filled with the carriages of the cardinals; that of the new English cardinal, Weld, was the most showy.

“*Thursday, April 1.* Went in the evening to the *soirée* of the Chevalier Vernet, director of the French Academy. He is a gentleman of elegant manners and sees at his *soirées* the first society in Rome. His wife is highly accomplished and his daughter is a beautiful girl, full of vivacity, and speaks English fluently. . . . During the evening there was music; his daughter played on the piano and others sang. There was chess, and, at a side-board, a few played cards. The style was simple, every one at ease like our *soirées* in America. Several noblemen and dignitaries of the Church were present.”

On April 4, Palm Sunday, he attended the services at the Sistine Chapel, which he found rather tedious, with much mummary. Going from there to the cancellerie he describes the following scene: —

“Cardinal Giulio Maria della Somaglia in state on an elevated bed of cloth-of-gold and black embroidered with gold, his head on a black velvet cushion embroidered with gold, dressed in his robes as when alive. He officiated, I was told, on Ash Wednesday. Four wax-lights, two on each side of the bed; great throng of people

of all grades through the suite of apartments — the cancellerie — in which he lived; they were very splendid, chiefly of crimson and gold. The cardinal has died unpopular, for he has left nothing to his servants by his will; he directed, however, that no expense should be spared in his funeral, wishing that it might be splendid, but, unfortunately for him, he has died precisely at that season of the year (the Holy Week) when alone it is impossible, according to the church customs, to give him a splendid burial.”

“*Wednesday, April 7.* Went to the Piazza Navone, being market-day, in search of prints. The scene here is very amusing; the variety of wares exposed, and the confusion of noises and tongues, and now and then a jackass swelling the chorus with his most exquisite tones.

“At three o’clock went to St. Peter’s to see ceremonies at the Sistine Chapel. Cardinals asleep; monotonous bawling, long and tedious; candles put out one by one, fifteen in number; no ceremonies at the altar; cardinals present nineteen in number; seven yawns from the cardinals; tiresome and monotonous beyond description.

“After three hours of this most tiresome chant, all the candles having been extinguished, the celebrated *Miserere* commenced. It is, indeed, sublime, but I think loses much of its effect from the fatigue of body, and mind, too, in which it is heard by the auditors. The *Miserere* is the composition of the celebrated Allegri, and for giving the effect of wailing and lamentation, without injury to harmony, it is one of the most perfect of compositions. The manner of sustaining a strain of concord by new voices, now swelling high, now gradually dying away, now sliding imperceptibly into discord and

suddenly breaking into harmony, is admirable. The imagination is alive and fancies thousands of people in the deepest contrition. It closed by the cardinals clapping their hands for the earthquake."

On April 8 (Holy Thursday), Morse went early with Mr. Fenimore Cooper and other Americans to St. Peter's. After describing some of the preliminary ceremonies he continues: —

"Having examined the splendid chair in which he was to be borne, and while he was robing in another apartment, we found that, although we might have a complete view of the Pope and the ceremonies before and after the benediction, yet the principal effect was to be seen below. We therefore left our place at the balcony, where we could see nothing but the crowd, and hastened below. On passing into the hall we were so fortunate as to be just in season for the procession from the Sistine Chapel to the Pauline. The cardinals walked in procession, two and two, and one bore the host, while eight bearers held over him a rich canopy of silver tissue embroidered with gold.

"Thence we hastened to the front of St. Peter's, where, in the centre upon the highest step, we had an excellent view of the balcony, and, turning round, could see the immense crowd which had assembled in the piazza and the splendid square of troops which were drawn up before the steps of the church. Here I had scarcely time to make a hasty sketch, in the broiling sun, of the window and its decorations, before the precursors of the Pope, the two large feather fans, made their appearance on each side of the balcony, which was decorated with crimson and gold, and immediately after the

Pope, with his mitre of gold tissue and his splendid robes of gold and jewels, was borne forward, relieving finely from the deep crimson darkness behind him. He made the usual sign of blessing, with his two fingers raised. A book was then held before him in which he read, with much motion of his head, for a minute. He then rose, extending both his arms — this was the benediction — while at the same moment the soldiers and crowd all knelt; the cannon from the Castle of St. Angelo was discharged, and the bells in all the churches rang a simultaneous peal.

“The effect was exceedingly grand, the most imposing of all the ceremonies I have witnessed. The Pope was then borne back again. Two papers were thrown from the balcony for which there was a great scramble among the crowd.”

On Friday, April 9 (Good Friday), many of the ceremonies so familiar to visitors to Rome during Holy Week are described at length in the notebooks, but I shall omit most of these. The following note, however, seems worthy of being recorded: —

“On our way to St. Peter’s I ought to have noticed our visit to a palace in which another cardinal (the third who has died within a few days) was lying in state — Cardinal Bertazzoli.

“It is a singular fact, of which I was informed, that about the same time last year three cardinals died, and that it was a common remark that when one died two more soon followed, and the Pope always created three cardinals at a time.”

“*Friday, April 16.* At the Vatican all day. I went to the soirée of the Signor Persianis in the evening. Here I

had the pleasure of meeting for the first time with the Chevalier Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, the first now living. He is an old man in appearance having a profusion of grey hair, wildly hanging over his forehead and ears. His face has a strong Northern character, his eyes are light grey, and his complexion sandy; he is a large man of perfectly unassuming manners and of most amiable deportment. Daily receiving homage from all the potentates of Europe, he is still without the least appearance of ostentation. He readily assented to a request to sit for his portrait which I hope soon to take.

"Tuesday, April 27. My birthday. How time flies and to how little purpose have I lived!!

"Wednesday, April 28. I have noticed a difference in manners between the English, French, and Americans. If you are at the house of a friend and should happen to meet Englishmen who are strangers to you, no introduction takes place unless specially requested. The most perfect indifference is shown towards you by these strangers, quite as much as towards a chair or table. Should you venture a word in the general conversation, they might or might not, as the case may be, take notice of it casually, but coldly and distantly, and even if they should so far relax as to hold a conversation with you through the evening, the moment they rise to go all recognition ceases; they will take leave of every one else, but as soon think of bowing to the chair they had left as to you.

"A Frenchman, on the contrary, respectfully salutes all in the room, friends and strangers alike. He seems to take it for granted that the friends of his friend are at least entitled to respect if not to confidence, and without

reserve he freely enters into conversation with you, and, when he goes, he salutes all alike, but no acquaintance ensues.

“An American carries his civility one step further; if he meets you afterwards, in other company, the fact that he has seen you at this friend's and had an agreeable chit-chat is introduction enough, and, unless there is something *peculiar* in your case, he will ever after know you and be your friend. This is not the case with the two former.

“The American is in this, perhaps, too unsuspicious and the others may have good reasons for their mode, but that of the Americans has more of generous sincerity and frankness and kindness in it.

“*Friday, April 30.* Painting all day except two hours at the Colonna Palace — Landi's pictures — horrible!! How I was disappointed. I had heard Landi, the Chevalier Landi, lauded to the skies by the Italians as the greatest modern colorist. He was made a chevalier, elected a member of the Academy at Florence and of the Academy of St. Luke in Rome, and there were his pictures which I was told I must by all means see. They are not merely bad, they are execrable. There is not a redeeming point in a single picture that I saw, not one that would have placed him on a level with the commonest sign-painter in America. His largest work in his rooms at present is the ‘Departure of Mary Queen of Scots from Paris.’ The story is not told; the figures are not grouped but huddled together; they are not well-drawn individually; the character is vulgar and tame; there is no taste in the disposal of the drapery and ornaments, no effect of *chiaroscuro*. It is flimsy and misty,

and, as to color, the quality to which I was specially directed, if total disregard of arrangement, if the scattering of tawdry reds and blues and yellows over the picture, all quarrelling for the precedence; if leather complexions varied by those of chalk, without truth or depth or tone, constitute good color, then are they finely colored. But, if Landi is a colorist, then are Titian and Veronese never more to be admired. In short, I have never met with the works of an artist who had a name like Landi's so utterly destitute of even the shadow of merit. There is but one word which can express their character, they are *execrable*!

"It is astonishing that with such works of the old masters before them as the Italians have, they should not perceive the defects of their own painters in this particular. Cammuccini is the only one among them who possesses genius in the higher departments, and he only in drawing; his color is very bad.

"A funeral procession passed the house to-day. On the bier, exposed as is customary here, was a beautiful young girl, apparently of fifteen, dressed in rich laces and satins embroidered with gold and silver and flowers tastefully arranged, and sprinkled also with real flowers, and at her head was placed a coronet of flowers. She had more the appearance of sleep than of death. No relative appeared near her; the whole seemed to be conducted by the priests and monks and those hideous objects in white hoods, with faces covered except two holes for the eyes."

In early May, Morse, in company with other artists, went on a sketching trip to Tivoli, Subiaco, Vico, and Vara. This must have been one of the happiest periods

of his life. He was in Italy, the cradle of the art he loved; he was surrounded by beauty, both natural and that wrought by the hand of man; he had daily intercourse with congenial souls, and home, with its cares and struggles, seemed far away. His notebooks are largely filled with simple descriptions of the places visited, but now and then he indulges in rhapsody. At Subiaco he comes upon this scene: —

“Upon a solitary seat (a fit place for meditation and study), by a gate which shut the part of the terrace near the convent from that which goes round the hill, sat a monk with his book. He seemed no further disturbed by my passing than to give me the usual salutation.

“I stopped at a little distance from him to look around and down into the chasm below. It was enchanting in spite of the atmosphere of the sirocco. The hills covered with woods, at a distance, reminded me of my own country, fresh and variegated; the high peaks beyond were grey from distance, and the sides of the nearer mountains were marked with many a winding track, down one of which a shepherd and his sheep were descending, looking like a moving pathway. No noise disturbed the silence but the distant barking of the shepherd’s dog (as he, like a busy marshal, kept the order of his procession unbroken) mixing with the faint murmuring of the waterfall and the song of the birds that inhabited the ilex grove. It was altogether a place suited to meditation, and, were it consistent with those duties which man owes his fellow man, here would be the spot to which one, fond of study and averse to the noise and bustle of the world, would love to retire.”

Returning to Rome on June 3, after enjoying to the

full this excursion, from which he brought back many sketches, he found the city given over to ceremony after ceremony connected with the Church. Saint's day followed saint's day, each with its appropriate (or, from the point of view of the New Englander, inappropriate) pageant; or some new church was dedicated and the nights made brilliant with wonderful pyrotechnical displays. He went often with pleasure to the Trinita di Monti, where the beautiful singing of the nuns gave him special pleasure.

Commenting sarcastically on a display of fireworks in honor of St. Francesco Caracciolo, he says: —

“As far as whizzing serpents, wheels, port-fires, rockets, and other varieties of pyrotechnic art could set forth the humility of the saint, it was this night brilliantly displayed.”

And again, in describing the procession of the *Corpus Domini*, “the most splendid of all the church ceremonies,” it is this which particularly impresses him: —

“Next came monks of the Franciscan and Capuchin orders, with their brown dresses and heads shaved and such a set of human faces I never beheld. They seemed, many of them, like disinterred corpses, for a moment re-animated to go through this ceremony, and then to sink back again into their profound sleep. Pale and haggard and unearthly, the wild eye of the visionary and the stupid stare of the idiot were seen among them, and it needed no stretch of the imagination to find in most the expression of the worst passions of our nature. They chanted as they went, their sepulchral voices echoing through the vaulted piazza, while the bell of St. Peter's,

tolling a deep bass drone, seemed a fitting accompaniment for their hymns."

Later, on this same day, while watching a part of the ceremonies on the Corso, he has this rather disagreeable experience: —

"I was standing close to the side of the house when, in an instant, without the slightest notice, my hat was struck off to the distance of several yards by a soldier, or rather a poltroon in a soldier's costume, and this courteous manœuvre was performed with his gun and bayonet, accompanied with curses and taunts and the expression of a demon in his countenance.

"In cases like this there is no redress. The soldier receives his orders to see that all hats are off in this religion of force, and the manner is left to his discretion. If he is a brute, as was the case in this instance, he may strike it off; or, as in some other instances, if the soldier be a gentleman, he may ask to have it taken off. There was no excuse for this outrage on all decency, to which every foreigner is liable and which is not of infrequent occurrence. The blame lies after all, not so much with the pitiful wretch who perpetrates this outrage, as it does with those who gave him such base and indiscriminate orders."

CHAPTER XVII

JUNE 17, 1830 — FEBRUARY 2, 1831

Working hard. — Trip to Genzano. — Lake of Nemi. — Beggars. — Curious festival of flowers at Genzano. — Night on the Campagna. — Heat in Rome. — Illumination of St. Peter's. — St. Peter's Day. — Vaults of the Church. — Feebleness of Pope. — Morse and companions visit Naples, Capri, and Amalfi. — Charms of Amalfi. — Terrible accident. — Flippancy at funerals. — Campo Santo at Naples. — Gruesome conditions. — Ubiquity of beggars. — Convent of St. Martino. — Masterpiece of Spagnoletto. — Returns to Rome. — Paints portrait of Thorwaldsen. — Presented to him in after years by John Taylor Johnston. — Given to King of Denmark. — Reflections on the social evil and the theatre. — Death of the Pope. — An assassination. — The Honorable Mr. Spencer and Catholicism. — Election of Pope Gregory XVI.

DURING all these months Morse was diligently at work in the various galleries, making the copies for which he had received commissions, and the day's record almost invariably begins with "At the Colonna Palace all day"; or, "At the Vatican all day"; or wherever else he may have been working at the time.

The heat of the Roman summer seems not yet to have inconvenienced him, for he does not complain, but simply remarks: "Sun almost vertical, . . . houses and shops shut at noon." He has this to say of an Italian institution: "Lotteries in Rome make for the Government eight thousand scudi per week; common people venture in them; are superstitious and consult *cabaliste* or lucky numbers; these tolerated as they help sell the tickets."

While working hard, he occasionally indulged himself in a holiday, and on June 16 he, in company with three other artists, engaged a carriage for an excursion to Albano, Aricia, and Genzano, "to witness at the latter

place the celebrated *festa infiorata*, which occurs every year on the 17th of June."

After spending the night at Albano, which they found crowded with artists of various nationalities and with other sight-seers, "We set out for Genzano, a pleasant walk of a little more than a mile through a winding carriage-road, thickly shaded with fine trees of elm and chestnut and ilex. A little fountain by the wayside delayed us for a moment to sketch it, and we then continued our way through a straight, level, paved road, shaded on each side with trees, into the pretty village of Genzano."

Finding that the principal display was not until the afternoon, they strolled to the Lake of Nemi, "situated in a deep basin, the crater of a volcano." Those Italian lakes which he had so far seen, while lovely and especially interesting from their historical or legendary associations and the picturesque buildings on their shores, seemed to the artist (ever faithful to his native land) less naturally attractive than the lakes with which he was familiar at home — Lake George, Otsego Lake, etc. He had not yet seen Como or Maggiore. Then he touches upon the great drawback to all travelling in Italy: —

"Throughout the day, wherever we went, beggars in every shape annoyed us, nor could we scarcely hear ourselves talk when on the borders of the lake for the swarms which importuned us. A foolish Italian, in the hope probably of getting rid of them, commenced giving a *mezzo biochi* to each, and such a clamor, such devouring eyes, such pushing and bawling, such teasing importunity for more, and from some who had received and

concealed their gift, I could not have conceived, nor do I ever wish again to see so disgusting a sight. The foolish fellow who invented this plan of satisfying an Italian beggar's appetite found to his sorrow that, instead of thanks, he obtained curses and an increase of impotunity. . . .

"After dinner we again walked to Genzano, whither we found were going great multitudes of every class; elegant equipages and *vetture* racing with each other; donkeys and horses and foot travellers; and not among the least striking were the numbers of women, some of whom were splendidly dressed, all riding on horseback, a foot in each stirrup, and riding with as much ease and fine horsemanship as the men.

"When we arrived at Genzano the decoration of the streets had commenced. Two of the principal and wide streets ascend a little, diverging from each other, from the left side of the common street which goes through the village. The middle of these streets was the principal scene of decoration. On each side of the centre of the street, leaving a good-sized sidewalk, were pillars at a distance of eight or nine feet from each other composed of the evergreen box and tufted at the top with every variety of flowers. They were in many places also connected by festoons of box. The pavement of the street between the pillars in both streets, and for a distance of at least one half a mile, was most exquisitely figured with flowers of various colors, looking like an immense and gorgeously figured carpet.

"The devices were in the following order which I took note of on the spot: first, a temple with four columns of yellow flowers (the flower of the broom) containing an

altar on which was the Holy Sacrament. In the pediment of the temple a column surmounted by a half-moon, which is the arms of the Colonna family. Second was a large crown. Third, the Holy Sacrament again with various rich ornaments. Fourth, stars and circles. Fifth, a splendid coat-of-arms as accurate and rich as if emblazoned in permanent colors, with a cardinal's hat and a shield with the words '*prudens*' and '*fidelis*' upon it."

There were twenty of these wonderful floral decorations on the pavement of one street and fourteen on that of the other and all are described in the notes, but I have particularized enough to show their character. The journal continues:—

"All these figures were as elegantly executed as if made for permanency, some with a minuteness truly astonishing. Among other decorations of the day was the free-will offering of one of the people who had it displayed at the side of his shop on a rude pedestal. It was called the 'Flight into Egypt,' and represented Joseph and Mary and the infant on an ass, and all composed of shrubs and flowers. It was, indeed, a most ludicrous-looking affair; Joseph with a face (if such it might be called) of purple flowers and a flaxen wig, dressed in a coarse pilgrim's cape studded over with yellow flowers, was leading by a hay band a green donkey, made of a kind of heath grass, with a tail of lavender and hoofs of cabbage leaves. Of this latter composition were also the sandals of Mary, whose face, as well as that of the *bambino*, was also of purple flowers and shapeless. The frock of the infant was of the gaudiest red poppy. It excited the laughter of almost all who

saw it, except now and then some of the ignorant lower classes would touch their hats, cross themselves, and mumble a prayer."

After describing some of the picturesque costumes of the *contadini*, he continues: —

"It was nearly dark before the procession, to which all these preparations had reference, began to move. At length the band of music was heard at the lower end of one of the streets, and a man, in ample robes of scarlet and blue, with a staff, was seen leading the procession, which need be no further described than to say it consisted of the usual quantity of monks chanting, with wax-tapers in their hands, crosses, and heavy, unwieldy banners which endanger the heads of the multitude as they pass; of a fine band of music playing beautiful waltzes and other compositions, and a *quantum suff.* of men dressed in the garb of soldiers to keep the good people uncovered and on their knees.

"The head of the procession had arrived at the top of the street when — crack! pop! — went forty or fifty crackers, which had been placed against the walls of a house near us, and which added wonderfully to the solemnity of the scene, and, accordingly, were repeated every few seconds, forming a fine accompaniment to the waltzes and the chanting of the monks. In a few minutes all the beauty of the flower-carpeted street was trodden out, and the last of the procession had hardly passed before all the flowers disappeared from the pillars, and all was ruin and disorder.

"The procession halted at a temporary altar at the top of the street, and we set out on our return at the same moment down the street, facing the immense

multitude which filled the whole street. We had scarcely proceeded a third of the distance down when we suddenly saw all before us uncovered and upon their knees. We alone formed an exception, and we continued our course with various hints from those around us to stop and kneel, which we answered by talking English to each other in a louder tone, and so passed for unchristian *forestieri*, and escaped unmolested, especially as the soldiers were all at the head of the street.

“The effect, however, was exceedingly grand of such a multitude upon their knees, and, could I have divested myself of the thought of the compulsory measures which produced it and the object to which they knelt, the picture of the Virgin, I should have felt the solemnity of a scene which seemed in the outward act to indicate such a universal reverence for Him who alone rightfully claims the homage and devotion of the heart.”

Whether this curious custom still persists in Genzano I know not; Baedeker is silent on the subject.

It was nearly dark before they started on the drive back to Rome, and quite dark after they had gone a short distance.

“We passed the tombs of the Horatii and Curiatii, which looked much grander in the light of the torches than in the day, and, driving hastily through Albano, came upon the Campagna once more. It was still more like a desert in the night than in the day, for it was an interminable ocean, and the masses of ruins, coming darker than the rest, seemed like deserted wrecks upon its bosom.

“It is considered dangerous in the summer to sleep while crossing the Campagna; indeed, in certain parts

of it, over the Pontine Marshes in July and August, it is said to be certain death, but, if the traveller can keep awake, there is no danger. In spite of the fears which we naturally entertained lest it might be already dangerous, most of us could not avoid sleeping, nor could I, with every effort made for that purpose."

The days following his return to Rome were employed chiefly in copying at the Colonna Palace. The heat was now beginning to grow more oppressive, and we find this note on June 21: —

"In the cool of the morning you see the doors of the cafés thronged with people taking their coffee and sitting on chairs in the streets for some distance round. At *mezzo giorno* the streets are deserted, the shop-doors are closed, and all is still; they have all gone to their *siesta*, their midday sleep. At four o'clock all is bustle again; it seems a fresh morning; the streets and cafés are thronged and the Corso is filled with the equipages of the wealthy, enjoying till quite dark the cool of the evening air.

"The sun is now oppressively warm; the heat is unlike anything I have felt in America. There is a scorching character about it which is indescribable, and the glare of the light is exceedingly painful to the eyes. The evenings are delightful, cool and clear, showing the lustre of the stars gloriously.

"*June 28.* In the evening went to the piazza of St. Peter's to witness the illumination of its magnificent dome and the piazza. The change from the smaller to the larger illumination is one of the grandest spectacles I ever beheld.

"The lanterns which are profusely scattered over it,

showing its whole form in lines of fire, glow brighter and brighter as the evening advances from twilight to dark, till it seems impossible for its brilliance to increase. The crowds below, on foot and in carriages, are in breathless expectation. The great bell of St. Peter's at length strikes the hour of nine, and, at the first stroke, a great ball of light is seen ascending the cross to its pinnacle. This is the signal for thousands of assistants, who are concealed over its vast extent, to light the great lamps, and in an instant all is motion, the whole mass is like a living thing, fire whirling and flashing over it in all directions, till the vast pile blazes as if lighted with a thousand suns. The effect is truly magical, for the agents by whom this change is wrought are invisible."

After the illumination of St. Peter's he went to the Castle of St. Angelo where he witnessed what he describes as the grandest display of fireworks he had ever seen.

"*Tuesday, June 29.* This day is St. Peter's day, the grandest *festa* of the Romish Church. I went with Mr. B. early to St. Peter's to see the ceremonies. The streets were filled with equipages, among which the splendid scarlet-and-gold equipages of the cardinals made the most conspicuous figure. Cardinal Weld's carriage was the richest, and next in magnificence was that of Cardinal Barberini.

"On entering St. Peter's we found it hung throughout with crimson damask and gold and filled with people, except a wide space in the centre with soldiers on each side to keep it open for the procession. We passed up near the statue of St. Peter, who was to-day dressed out in his papal robes, his black face (for it is of bronze)

looking rather frightful from beneath the splendid tiara which crowned his head, and the scarlet-and-gold tissue of his robes.

“Having a little time to spare, we followed a portion of the crowd down the steps beside the pedestal of the statue of St. Veronica into the vaults beneath the church, which are illuminated on this festival. Mass was performing in several of the splendid chapels, whose rich decorations of paintings and sculpture are but once a year revealed to the light, save from the obscure glimmering of the wax-taper, which is carried by the guide, to occasional visitors. It is astonishing what a vast amount of expense is here literally buried.

“The ornamented parts are beneath the dome; the other parts are plain, heavy arches and low, almost numberless, and containing the sarcophagi of the Popes and other distinguished characters. The illumination here was confined to a single lamp over each arch, which rather made darkness visible and gave an awful effect to some of the gloomier passages.

“In one part we saw, through a long avenue of arches, an iron-grated door; within was a dim light which just sent its feeble rays upon some objects in its neighborhood, not strong enough to show what they were. It required no great effort of the imagination to fancy an emaciated, spectral figure of a monk poring over a large book which lay before him. It might have been as we imagined; we had not time to examine, for the sound of music far above us summoned us into the regions of day again, and we arrived in the body of the church just as the trumpets were sounding from the balcony within the church over the great door of entrance. The effect

of the sound was very grand, reverberating through the lofty arches and aisles of the church.

“We got sight of the head of the procession coming in at the great door, and soon after the Pope, borne in his crimson chair of state, and with the triple crown upon his head and a crimson, gold-embroidered mantilla over his shoulders, was seen entering accompanied by his fan-bearers and other usual attendants, and after him the cardinals and bishops. The Pope, as usual, made the sign of the cross as he went.

“The procession passing up the great aisle went round to the back of the great altar, where was the canopy for the Pope and seats for the cardinals and bishops. The Pope is too feeble to go through the ceremony of high mass; it was, therefore, performed before him by one of the cardinals. There was nothing in this ceremony that was novel or interesting; it was the same monotonous chant from the choir, the same numberless bowings, and genuflections, and puffings of incense, and change of garments, and fussing about the altar. All that was new was the constant bustle about the Pope, kissing of his toe and his hand, helping him to rise and to sit again, bringing and taking away of cushions and robes and tiaras and mitres, and a thousand other little matters that would have enraged any man of weak nerves, if it did not kill him. After two hours of this tedious work (the people in the mean time perfectly inattentive), the ceremony ended, and the Pope was again borne through the church and the crowd returned.”

On July 7, Morse, with four friends, left Rome at four o'clock in the morning for Naples, where they arrived on the 11th after the usual experiences; beggars continually

marring the peaceful beauty of every scene by their importunities; good inns, with courteous landlords and servants, alternating with wretched taverns and insolent attendants. The little notebook detailing the first ten days' experiences in Naples is missing, and the next one takes up the narrative on July 24, when he and his friends are in Sorrento. I shall not transcribe his impressions of that beautiful town or those of the island of Capri. These places are too familiar to the visitor to Italy and have changed but little in the last eighty years.

From Capri they were rowed over to Amalfi, and narrowly escaped being dashed on the rocks by the sudden rising of a violent gale. At Amalfi they found lodgings in the Franciscan monastery, which is still used as an inn, and here I shall again quote from the journal:—

“The place is in decay and is an excellent specimen of their monastic buildings. It is now in as romantic a state as the most poetic imagination could desire. Here are gloomy halls and dark and decayed rooms; long corridors of chambers, uninhabited except by the lizard and the bat; terraces upon the brow of stupendous precipices; gloomy cells with grated windows, and subterranean apartments and caverns. Remains of rude frescoes stain the crumbling ceiling, and ivy and various wild plants hang down from the opening crevices and cover the tops of the broken walls.

“A rude sundial, without a gnomon, is almost obliterated from the wall of the cloisters, but its motto, ‘*Dies nostri quasi umbra super terram et nulli est mora,*’ still resists the effects of decay, as if to serve the appropriate purpose of the convent’s epitaph. At the foot of the long stairs in the great hall is the ruined chapel, its

altar broken up and despoiled of its pictures and ornaments.

"We were called to dinner by our host, who was accompanied by his wife, a very pretty woman, two children, the elder carried by the mother, the younger by the old grandparent, an old man of upwards of eighty, who seemed quite pleased with his burden and delighted to show us his charge. The whole family quite prepossessed us in their favor; there seemed to be an unusual degree of affection displayed by the members towards each other which we could not but remark at the time. Our dining apartment was the old *domus refectonis* of the convent, as its name, written over the door which led into the choir, manifested. After an excellent dinner we retired to our chambers for the night.

"*Tuesday, July 27.* We all rested but badly last night. The heat was excessive, the insects, especially mosquitoes, exceedingly troublesome, and the sound of the waves, as they beat against the rocks and chafed the beach in the gusty night, and the howling of the wind, which for a time moaned through the deserted chambers of the convent, all made us restless. I rose several times in the night and, opening my window, looked out on the dark waters of the bay, till the dawn over the mountains warned me that the time for sleep was passing away, and I again threw myself on the bed to rest. But scarcely had I lost myself in sleep before the sound of loud voices below and wailings again waked me. I looked out of my window on the balcony below; it was filled with armed men; soldiers and others like brigands with muskets were in hurried commotion, calling to each other from the balcony and from the terraced steps below.

“While perplexed in conjecturing the meaning of what I saw, Mr. C. called at my door requesting me to rise, as the whole house was in agitation at a terrible accident which had occurred in the night. Dressing in great haste, I went into the contiguous room and, looking out of the window down upon a terrace some thirty feet below, saw the lifeless body of a man, with spots of blood upon his clothes, lying across the font of water. A police officer with a band of men appeared, taking down in writing the particulars for a report. On enquiry I found that the body was that of the old man, the father of our host, whom we had seen the evening before in perfect health. He had the dangerous habit of walking in his sleep and had jumped, it is supposed, in that state out of his chamber window which was directly beneath us; at what time in the night was uncertain. His body must have been beneath me while I was looking from my window in the night.

“Our host, but particularly his brother, seemed for a time almost inconsolable. The lamentations of the latter over the bloody body (as they were laying it out in the room where we had the evening before dined), calling upon his father and mingling his cries with a chant to the Virgin and to the saints, were peculiarly plaintive, and, sounding through the vacant halls of the convent, made a melancholy impression upon us all. . . . Soon after breakfast we went downstairs; several priests and funeral attendants had arrived; the poor old man was laid upon a bed, the room darkened, and four wax-lights burned, two each side of the bed. A short time was taken in preparation, and then upon a bier borne by four bearers, a few preceding it with wax-lights, the

body, with the face exposed, as is usual in Italy, was taken down the steep pathway to its long home.

"I could not help remarking the total want of that decent deportment in all those officiating which marks the conduct of those that attend the interment of the dead in our own country. Even the priests seemed to be in high glee, talking and heartily laughing with each other; at what it perplexed me to conjecture.

"I went into the room in which the old man had slept; all was as he had left it. Over the head of the bed were the rude prints of the Virgin and saints, which are so common in all the houses of Italy, and which are supposed to act as charms by these superstitious people. The lamp was on the window ledge where he had placed it, and his scanty wardrobe upon a chair by the bedside. Over the door was a sprig of laurel, placed there since his death.

"The accident of the morning threw a gloom over the whole day; we, however, commenced our sketches from different parts of the convent, and I commenced a picture, a view of Amalfi from the interior of the grotto."

Several of the notebooks are here missing, and from the next in order we find that the travellers must have lingered in or near Sorrento until August 30, when they returned to Naples.

The next entry of interest, while rather gruesome, seems to be worth recording.

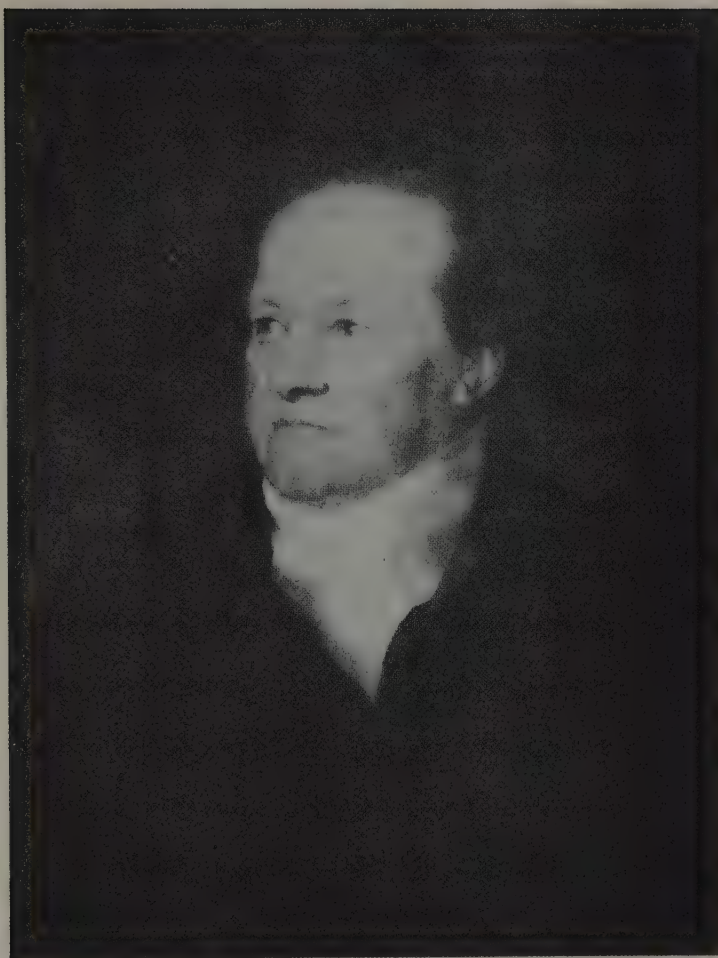
"*Wednesday, September 1.* Morning painting. In the afternoon took a ride round the suburbs and visited the Campo Santo. The Campo Santo is the public burial-place. It is a large square enclosure having high walls at the sides and open at the top. It contains three hun-

dred and sixty vaults, one of which is opened every day to receive the dead of that day, and is not again opened until all the others in rotation have been opened.

“As we entered the desolate enclosure the only living beings were three miserable-looking old women gathered together upon the stone of one of the vaults. They sat as if performing some incantation, mumbling their prayers and counting their beads; and one other of the same fraternity, who had been kneeling before a picture, left her position as we entered and knelt upon another of the vaults, where she remained all the time we were present, telling her beads.

“At the farther end of the enclosure was a large portable lever to raise the stones which covered the vaults. Upon the promise of a few *grains* the stone of the vault for the day was raised, and, with the precaution of holding our kerchiefs to our noses, we looked down into the dark vault. Death is sufficiently terrible in itself, and the grave in its best form has enough of horror to make the stoutest heart quail at the thought, but nothing I have seen or read of can equal the Campo Santo for the most loathsome and disgusting mode of burial. The human carcasses of all ages and sexes are here thrown in together to a depth of, perhaps, twenty feet, without coffins, in heaps, most of them perfectly naked, and left to corrupt in a mass, like the offal from a slaughter house. So disgusting a spectacle I never witnessed. There were in sight about twenty bodies, men, women, and children. A child of about six years, with beautiful fair hair, had fallen across the body of a man and lay in the attitude of sleeping.

“But I cannot describe the positions of all without



DE WITT CLINTON

Painted by Morse. Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

offence, so I forbear. We were glad to turn away and retrace our steps to our carriage. Never, I believe, in any country, Christian or pagan, is there an instance of such total want of respect for the remains of the dead."

On September 5, he again reverts to the universal plague of beggars in Italy:—

"In passing through the country you may not take notice of a pretty child or seem pleased with it; so soon as you do the mother will instantly importune you for '*qualche cosa*' for the child. Neither can you ask for a cup of cold water at a cottage door, nor ask the way to the next village, nor even make the slightest inquiry of a peasant on any subject, but the result will be '*qualche cosa, signore.*' The first act which a child is taught in Italy is to hold out its hand to beg. Children too young to speak I have seen holding out their little hands for that purpose, and so mechanical is this action that I have seen, in one instance, a boy of nine years nodding in his sleep and yet at regular intervals extending his hand to beg. Begging is here no disgrace; on the contrary, it is made respectable by the customs of the Church."

On September 6, after visiting the catacombs, he goes to the Convent of St. Martino, and indulges in this rhapsody:—

"From a terrace and balcony two views of the beautiful scenery of the city and bay are obtained. From the latter place especially you look down upon the city which is spread like a model far beneath you. There is a great deal of the sublime in thus looking down upon a populous city; one feels for the time separated from the concerns of the world.

"We forget, while we consider the insignificance of that individual man, moving in yonder street and who is scarcely visible to us, that we ourselves are equally insignificant. It is in such a situation that the superiority of the mind over the body is felt. Paradoxical as it may at first seem, its greatness is evinced in the feeling of its own littleness. . . . After gazing here for a while we were shown into the chapel through the choir. . . . In the sacristy is a picture of a dead Christ with the three Marys and Joseph, by Spagnoletto, not only the finest picture by that master, but I am quite inclined to say that it is the finest picture I have yet seen. There is in it a more perfect union of the great qualities of art, — fine conception, just design, admirable disposition of *chiaroscuro*, exquisite color, — whether truth is considered or choice of tone in congruity with the subject's most masterly execution and just character and expression. If any objection were to be made it would, perhaps, be in the particular of character, which, in elevation, in ideality, falls far short of Raphael. In other points it has not its superior."

Returning to Rome on September 14, the only entries I find in the journal for the first few days are, "Painting all day at home," and a short account of a soirée at the Persianis'.

"*Monday, September 20.* Began the portrait of the celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen. He is a most amiable man and is universally respected. He was never married. In early life he had two children by a mistress; one, a daughter, is now in a convent. It was said that a noble lady of England, of great fortune, became attached to him, and he no less to her, but that the circumstance of

his having two illegitimate children prevented a marriage. He is the greatest sculptor of the age. I have studied his works; they are distinguished for simple dignity, just expression, and truth in character and design. The composition is also characterized by simplicity. These qualities combined endow them with that beauty which we so much admire in the works of Greece, whether in literature or art. Thorwaldsen cannot be said to imitate the antique; he rather seems to be one born in the best age of Grecian art; imbued with the spirit of that age, and producing from his own resources kindred works."

The following letter was written by Morse before he left Rome for Naples, but can be more appropriately introduced at this point: —

TO THE CAVALIER THORWALDSEN,

MY DEAR SIR, — I had hoped to have the pleasure of painting your portrait, for which you were so good as to promise to sit, before I left Rome for Naples; but the weather is becoming so oppressive, and there being a party of friends about to travel the same road, I have consented to join them. I shall return to Rome in September or October, and I therefore beg you will allow me then to claim the fulfilment of your kind promise.

What a barrier, my dear sir, is difference of language to social intercourse! I never felt the curse that befell the architects of Babel so sensibly as now, since, as one of the effects of their folly, I am debarred from the gratification and profit which I had promised myself in being known to you.

With highest respect, etc.

Curiously enough, Morse never learned to speak a foreign language fluently, although he could read quite easily French and, I believe, German and Italian, and from certain passages in his journal we infer that he could make himself understood by the Italians.

The portrait of Thorwaldsen was completed and became the property of Philip Hone, Esq., who had given Morse a commission to paint a picture for one hundred dollars, the subject to be left to the discretion of the artist. Mr. Hone valued the portrait highly, and it remained in his gallery until his death. It was then sold and Morse lost track of it for many years. In 1868, being particularly desirous of gaining possession of it again, for a purpose which is explained in a letter quoted a little farther on, he instituted a search for it, and finally learned that it had been purchased by Mr. John Taylor Johnston for four hundred dollars. Before he could enter into negotiations for its purchase, Mr. Johnston heard of his desire to possess it, and of his reasons for this wish, and he generously insisted on presenting it to Morse.

I shall now quote the following extracts from a letter written in Dresden, on January 23, 1868, to Mr. Johnston: —

MY DEAR SIR, — Your letter of the 6th inst. is this moment received, in which I have been startled by your most generous offer presenting me with my portrait of the renowned Thorwaldsen, for which he sat to me in Rome in 1831.

I know not in what terms, my dear sir, to express to you my thanks for this most acceptable gift. I made an excursion to Copenhagen in the summer of 1856, as a

sort of devout pilgrimage to the tombs of two renowned Danes, whose labors in their respective departments — the one, Oersted, of science, the other, Thorwaldsen, of art — have so greatly enriched the world.

The personal kindness of the late King Frederick VII, who courteously received me at his castle of Fredericksborg, through the special presentation of Colonel Raslof (more recently the Danish Minister at Washington); the hospitalities of many of the principal citizens of Copenhagen; the visits to the tomb and museum of the works of Thorwaldsen, and to the room in which the immortal Oersted made his brilliant electro-magnetic discovery; the casual and accidental introduction and interview with a daughter of Oersted, — all created a train of reflection which prompted me to devise some suitable mode of showing to these hospitable people my appreciation of their friendly attentions, and I proposed to myself the presentation to His Majesty the King of Denmark of this portrait of Thorwaldsen, for which he sat to me in Rome, and with which I knew he was specially pleased.

My desire to accomplish this purpose was further strengthened by the additional attention of the King at a later period in sending me the decoration of his order of the Danebrog. From the moment this purpose was formed, twelve years ago, I have been desirous of obtaining this portrait, and watching for the opportunity of possessing it again.

Here follows a detailed account of the circumstances of the painting of the portrait and of its disappearance, with which we are familiar, and he closes by saying: —

"This brief history will show you, my dear sir, what a boon you have conferred upon me. Indeed, it seems like a dream, and if my most cordial thanks, not merely for the *gift*, but for the graceful and generous manner in which it has been offered, is any compensation, you may be sure they are yours.

"These are no conventional words, but they come from a heart that can gratefully appreciate the noble sentiments which have prompted your generous act."

Returning from this little excursion into later years, I shall take up the narrative again as revealed in the notebooks. While occasionally visiting the opera and the theatre, Morse does not altogether approve of them, and, on September 21, he indulges in the following reflections on them and on the social evil: —

"No females of openly dissolute character were seen, such as occupy particular parts of the theatre in England and America. Indeed, they never appear on the streets of Rome in that unblushing manner as in London, and even in New York and Philadelphia. It must not from hence be inferred that vice is less frequent here than elsewhere; there is enough of it, but it is carried on in secret; it is deeper and preys more on the vitals of society than with us. This vice with us, like a humor on the skin, deforms the surface, but here it infects the very heart; the whole system is affected; it is rotten to the core.

"Theatres here and with us are different institutions. Here, where thousands for want of thought, or rather matter for thought, would die of ennui, where it is an object to escape from home and even from one's self, the theatre serves the purpose of a momentary excitement. A new piece, a new performer, furnishes matter for con-

versation and turns off the mind from the discussion of points of theology or politics. The theatre is therefore encouraged by the Government and is guarded against the abuses of popular assemblage by strong military guards.

“But what have we to do with theatres in America? Have we not the whole world of topics for discussion or conversation open to us? Is not truth in religion, politics, and science suffered to be assailed by enemies freely, and does it not, therefore, require the time of all intelligent men to study, and understand, and defend, and fortify themselves in truth? Have we time to throw away?

“More than this, have we not homes where domestic endearments charm us, where domestic duties require our attention, where the relations of wife, of husband, of children have the ties of mutual affection and mutual confidence to attach us to our firesides? Need we go abroad for amusement? Can the theatre, with all its tinsel finery, attract away from home the man who has once tasted the bliss of a happy family circle? Is there no pleasure in seeing that romping group of children, in the heyday of youth, amuse themselves ere they go to rest; is there no pleasure in studying the characters of your little family as they thus undisguisedly display themselves, and so give you the opportunity of directing their minds to the best advantage? Is there no amusement in watching the development of the infant mind and in assisting its feeble efforts?

“He must be of most unsocial mould who can leave the thousand charms of home to pass those precious hours in the noxious atmosphere of a theatre, there to

be excited, to return at midnight, to rise from a late bed, to pass the best hours of the day in a feverish reverie succeeded by the natural depression which is sure to follow, and to crave a renewed indulgence. Repeated renewal causes indifference and ennui to succeed, till excitement is no longer produced, but gives place to a habit of listless indifference, or a spirit of captious criticism.

"Monday, November 8, 1830. A year to-day since I left home.

"Tuesday, November 9. Ignorance at post-office. Sent letters for United States to England, because the United States belong to England!

"Wednesday, December 1. Many reports for some days past prepared us for the announcement of the death of the Pope, Pius VIII, who died last evening at nine o'clock at the Quirinal Palace."

The ceremonies connected with the funeral of the dead Pope and with the choice of his successor are described at great length, and the eye of the artist was fascinated by the wealth of color and the pomp, while his Protestant soul was wearied and disgusted by the tediousness and mummary of the ceremonials.

"December 14. Much excitement has been created by fear of revolution, but from what cause I cannot learn. Many arrests and banishments have occurred, among whom are some of the Bonaparte family. Artists are suspected of being Liberals.

"An assassination occurred at one of the altars in St. John Lateran a few weeks ago. A young man, jealous of a girl, whom he thought to be more partial to another, stabbed her to the heart while at mass.

"*Saturday, January 1, 1831.* At the beginning of the year, as with us, you hear the salutation of '*felicissimo capo d'anno*,' and the custom of calling and felicitating friends is nearly the same as in New York, with this difference, indeed, that there is no cheer in Rome as with our good people at home.

"*Friday, January 14.* In the afternoon Count Grice and the Honorable Mr. Spencer, son of Earl Spencer, who has within a few years been converted to the Catholic faith, called. Had an interesting conversation with him on religious topics, in which the differences of the Protestant and Catholic faiths were discussed; found him a candid, fair-minded man, but evidently led away by a too easy assent to the sophistry and fable which have been dealt out to him. He gave me a slight history of his change; I shall see him again.

"*Tuesday, January 18.* Called with Count Grice on the Honorable Mr. Spencer at the English College and was introduced to the rector, Dr. Wiseman. After a few moments went into the library with Mr. Spencer and commenced the argument, in which being interrupted we retired to his room, where for three hours we discussed various points of difference in our faith. Many things I urged were not answered, such as the fruits of the Catholic religion in the various countries where it prevails; the objection concerning forbidding to marry; idolatry of the Virgin Mary, etc., etc.; yet there is a gentleness, an amiability in the man which makes me think him sincere but deceived.

"*Wednesday, February 2.* Went this morning at ten o'clock to hear a sermon by Mr. Spencer in the chapel of the English College. It was on the occasion of the

feſta of the purification of the Virgin. Many parts were good, and I could agree with him in the general ſcope of his diſcourſe.

“While we were in the chapel the cannon of St. Angelo announced the election of the new Pope. I hurried to the Quirinal Palace to ſee the ceremony of announcing him to the people, but was too late. The ceremony was over, the walled window was broken down and the cardinals had preſented the new Pope on the balcony. He is Cardinal Cappellari who has taken the title of Gregorio XVI. To-morrow he will go to St. Peter’s.”

CHAPTER XVIII

FEBRUARY 10, 1831 — SEPTEMBER 12, 1831.

Historic events witnessed by Morse. — Rumors of revolution. — Danger to foreigners. — Coronation of the new Pope. — Pleasant experience. — Cause of the revolution a mystery. — Bloody plot foiled. — Plans to leave for Florence. — Sends casts, etc., to National Academy of Design. — Leaves Rome. — Dangers of the journey. — Florence. — Description of meeting with Prince Radziwill in Coliseum at Rome. — Copies portraits of Rubens and Titian in Florence. — Leaves Florence for Venice. — Disagreeable voyage on the Po. — Venice, beautiful but smelly. — Copies Tintoret's "Miracle of the Slave." — Thunderstorms. — Reflections on the Fourth of July. — Leaves Venice. — Recoaro. — Milan. — Reflections on Catholicism and art. — Como and Maggiore. — The Rigi. — Schaffhausen and Heidelberg. — Evades the quarantine on French border. — Thrilling experience. — Paris.

It was Morse's good fortune to have been a spectator, at various times and in different places, of events of more or less historical moment. We have seen that he was in England during the War of 1812; that he witnessed the execution of the assassin of a Prime Minister; that he was a keen and interested observer of the festivities in honor of a Czar of Russia, a King of France, and a famous general (Blücher); and although not mentioned in his correspondence, he was fond of telling how he had seen the ship sailing away to distant St. Helena bearing the conquered Napoleon Bonaparte into captivity. Now, while he was diligently pursuing his art in Rome, he was privileged to witness the funeral obsequies of one Pope and the ceremonies attendant upon the installation of his successor. In future years the same good fortune followed him.

His presence on these occasions was not always unattended by danger to himself. His discretion during the years of war between England and America saved

him from possible annoyance or worse, and now again in Rome he was called upon to exercise the same virtue, for the Church had entered upon troublous times, and soon the lives of foreigners were in danger, and many of them left the city.

On Thursday, February 10, there is this entry in the journal: "The revolutions in the Papal States to the north at Bologna and Ancona, and in the Duchy of Modena, have been made known at Rome. Great consternation prevails." We learn further that, on February 12, "Rumors of conspiracy are numerous. The time, the places of rendezvous, and even the numbers are openly talked of. The streets are filled with the people who gaze at each other inquisitively, and apprehension seems marked on every face. The shops are shutting, troops are stationed in the piazzas, and everything wears a gloomy aspect. At half-past seven a discharge of musketry is heard. Among the reports of the day is one that the Trasteverini have plotted to massacre the *forestieri* in case of a revolt."

While the festivities of the Carnival were, on account of these disturbances, ordered by the Pope to be discontinued, the religious ceremonies were still observed, and, going to St. Peter's one day — "to witness the ceremonies of consecration as a bishop and coronation as a king of the Pope" — Morse had this pleasant experience: —

"The immense area seemed already filled; a double line of soldiers enclosed a wide space, from the great door through the middle of the church, on each side of the altar, and around the richly enclosed space where were erected the two papal thrones and the seats for

the cardinals. Into this soldier-invested space none but the privileged were permitted to enter; ambassadors, princes, dukes, and nobles of every degree were seen, in all their splendor of costume, promenading.

"I was with the crowd without, making up my mind to see nothing of the ceremonies, but, being in full dress, and remembering that, on former occasions, I had been admitted as a stranger within the space, I determined to make the effort again. I therefore edged myself through the mass of people until I reached the line of soldiers, and, catching the eye of the commanding officer as he passed by, I beckoned to him, and, as he came to me, I said, '*Sono un Americano, un forestiero, signore,*' which I had no sooner said than, taking me by the hand, he drew me in, and, politely bowing, gave me leave to go where I pleased."

From this point of vantage he had an excellent view of all the ceremonies, which were much like the others he had witnessed and do not need to be described.

He wanted very much to go to Florence at this time to fulfil some of the commissions he had received for copies of famous paintings in that city, but his departure was delayed, for, as he notes on February 13: —

"There are many alarming rumors, one in particular that the Trasteverini and Galleotti, or galley slaves, have been secretly armed by the Government, and that the former are particularly incensed against the *forestieri* as the supposed instigators of the revolution. . . . These facts have thrown us all into alarm, for we know not what excesses such men may be guilty of when excited by religious enthusiasm to revenge themselves on those they call heretics. We are compelled, too, to remain in

Rome from the state of the country, it being not safe to travel on account of brigands who now infest the roads.

"*February 15.* I have never been in a place where it was so difficult to ascertain the truth as in this city. I have enquired the reason of this movement hostile to the Government, but cannot ascertain precisely its object. Some say it is to deprive the Pope of his temporal power, — and some Catholics seem to think that their religion would flourish the better for it; others that it is a plan, long digested, for bringing all Italy under one government, having it divided into so many federative states, like the United States. . . .

"The Trasteverini seem to be a peculiar class, proud, as believing themselves to be the only true descendants from the ancient Romans, and, therefore, hating the other Romans. Poor from that very pride; ignorant and attached to their faith, they are the class of all others to be dreaded in a season of anarchy. It is easy by flattery, by a little distribution of money, and by a cry of danger to their religion, to rouse them to any degree of enthusiasm, and no one can set bounds to the excesses of such a set of fiends when let loose upon society.

"The Government at present have them in their interest, and, while that is the case, no danger is to be dreaded. It is in that state of anarchy which, for a longer or shorter period, intervenes in the changes of government, between the established rule of the one and of the other, that such a class of men is to be feared.

"*February 17.* The plan said to have been determined on by the conspirators was this: The last night of the Carnival was fixed for the execution of the plan. This was Tuesday night when it is customary to have the

moccoletti, or small wax-candles, lighted by the crowd. The conspirators were each to be placed, as it were by accident, by the side of a soldier (which in so great a crowd could be done without suspicion), and, when the cannon fired which gave the signal for closing the course, it was also to serve as a signal for each one to turn upon the soldier and, by killing him, to seize his arms. This would, indeed, have been a bloody scene, and for humanity's sake it is well that it was discovered and prevented.

"*February 20.* I learn that the Pope is desirous of yielding to the spirit of the times, and is disposed to grant a constitution to the people, but that the cardinals oppose it. He is said also to be prepared to fly from Rome, and even has declared his intention of resigning the dignity of Pope and retiring again to the solitude of the convent.

"*February 24.* It seems to be no longer doubtful that a revolutionary army is approaching Rome from the revolted provinces, and that they advance rapidly. . . . The city is tranquil enough; no troops are seen, except at night a sentinel at some corner cries as you pass, '*Chi viva?*' and you are obliged to cry, '*Il Papa*'; which one may surely do with a good conscience, for he is entitled to great respect for his personal character.

"*February 25.* Went to-day to get my passport viséed for Florence, whither I intended to go on Tuesday next, but am advised by the consul and others not to risk the journey at present, as it is unsafe."

I break the continuity of the narrative for a moment to note that while Morse was making copies of famous paintings in Rome, and studying intelligently the works

of the old masters, he was not forgetful of the young academy at home, which he had helped to found and of which he was still president. On March 1 he writes jubilantly to the secretary, J. L. Morton, that he has succeeded in obtaining by gift a number of casts of ancient and modern sculpture which he will send home by the first opportunity. Among the generous donors he mentions Thorwaldsen, Daniel Coit, Esq., Richard Wyatt, Esq., Signor Trentanove, and George Washington Lee, Esq. He adds at the end of the letter: —

“I leave Rome immediately and know not when I shall be allowed to rest, the revolution here having turned everything into confusion, rendering the movements of travellers uncertain and unsafe, and embarrassing my studies and those of other artists exceedingly. I shall try to go to Florence, but must pass through the two hostile armies and through a country which, in a season of confusion like the present, is sure to be infested with brigands. If I reach Florence in safety and am allowed to remain, which is somewhat doubtful, you shall hear of me again, either directly or through my brothers.”

Mr. Morton, answering this letter on May 22, informs Morse of his reelection as president of the National Academy of Design, and adds: “By the by, talking of coming back, do try and make your arrangements as soon as possible. We want you very much, if it is only to set us all right again. We begin to feel the want of our *Head Man*.”

Reverting to the journal again, we find this note: “*March 3*. For some days past I have been engaged in packing up and taking leave, and yesterday was intro-

duced by the Count le Grice to Cardinal Weld, who received me very politely, presented me with a book, and sent me two letters of introduction to London."

On March 4, Morse, with four companions, started from Rome on the seemingly perilous journey to Florence. They passed through the lines of both armies, but, contrary to their expectations, they were most courteously treated by the officers on both sides. It is true that they learned afterwards that they came near being arrested at Civita Castellana, where the Papal army was assembled in force, for — "When we took leave of the Marquis at Terni he told us that it was well we left Civita Castellana as we did, for an order for our arrest was making out, and in a few minutes more we should not have been allowed to leave the place. Indeed, when I think of the case, it was a surprising thing that we were allowed to go into all parts of the place, to see their position, to count their men and know their strength, and then to immediately pass over to their enemy and to give him, if we chose, all the information that any spy could have given."

It is not within the province of this work to deal at length with the political movements of the times. As we have seen, Morse was fortunate in avoiding danger, and we learn from history that this revolt, which threatened at one time to become very serious, was eventually suppressed by the Papal arms aided by the Austrians.

Having passed safely through the zone of danger, they travelled on, and, on March 9: —

"At half-past three the *beautiful city* was seen to our left reposing in sunshine in the wide vale of the Arno. The Duomo and the Campanile were the most conspicu-

ous objects. At half-past four we entered Florence and obtained rooms at the Leone Bianco in the Via Vigna Nuova.

“*March 10.* We found to-day, to our great discomfiture, that we are allowed by the police to stay but three days in the city. No entreaties through our consul, nor offers of guaranty on his part, availed to soften towards us the rigor of the decree, which they say applies to all foreigners. I have written to our consul at Leghorn to petition the Government for our stay, as Mr. Ombrosi, the United States Consul here, is not accredited by the Government.”

He must have succeeded in obtaining permission to remain, although the fact is not noted in the journal, for the next entry is on April 11, and finds him still in Florence. It begins: “Various engagements preventing my entering regularly in my journal every day’s events as they occurred, I have been compelled to make a gap, which I fill up from recollection.”

Before following him further, however, I shall quote from a letter written to his brothers on April 15, but referring to events which happened some time before: —

“We have recently heard of the disasters of the Poles. What noble people; how deserving of their freedom. I must tell you of an interesting circumstance that occurred to me in relation to Poland. It was in the latter part of June of last year, just as I was completing my arrangements for my journey to Naples, that I was tempted by one of those splendid moonlight evenings, so common in Italy, to visit once more the ruins of the Coliseum. I had frequently been to the Coliseum in company, but now I had the curiosity to go alone — I

wished to enjoy, if possible, its solitude and its solemn grandeur unannoyed by the presence of any one.

"It was eleven o'clock when I left my lodgings and no one was walking at that hour in the solitary streets of Rome. From the Corso to the Forum all was as still as in a deserted city. The ruins of the Forum, the temples and pillars, the Arch of Titus and the gigantic arcade of the Temple of Peace, seemed to sleep in the grave-like stillness of the air. The only sound that reached my ears was that of my own footsteps. I slowly proceeded, stopping occasionally, and listening and enjoying the profound repose and the solemn, pure light, so suited to the ruined magnificence around me. As I approached the Coliseum the shriek of an owl and the answering echo broke the stillness for a moment, and all was still again.

"I reached the entrance, before which paced a lonely sentinel, his arms flashing in the moonbeams. He abruptly stopped me and told me I could not enter. I asked him why. He replied that his orders were to let no one pass. I told him I knew better, that he had no such orders, that he was placed there to protect visitors, and not to prevent their entrance, and that I should pass. Finding me resolute (for I knew by experience his motive was merely to extort money), he softened in his tone, and wished me to wait until he could speak to the sergeant of the guard. To this I assented, and, while he was gone, a party of gentlemen approached also to the entrance. One of them, having heard the discourse between the sentinel and myself, addressed me. Perceiving that he was a foreigner, I asked him if he spoke English. He replied with a slight accent, 'Yes, a little. You are an Englishman, sir?' 'No,' I replied, 'I am an

American from the United States.' 'Indeed,' said he, 'that is much better'; and, extending his hand, he shook me cordially by the hand, adding, 'I have a great respect for your country and I know many of your countrymen.' He then mentioned Dr. Jarvis and Mr. Cooper, the novelist, the latter of whom he said was held in the greatest estimation in Europe, and nowhere more so than in his country, Poland, where his works were more sought after than those of Scott, and his mind was esteemed of an equal if not of a superior cast.

"This casual introduction of literary topics furnished us with ample matter for conversation while we were not engaged in contemplating the sublime ruins over which, when the sentinel returned, we climbed. I asked him respecting the literature of Poland, and particularly if there were now any living poets of eminence. He observed: 'Yes, sir, I am happily travelling in company with the most celebrated of our poets, Meinen-vitch'; and who, as I understood him, was one of the party walking in another part of the ruins.

"Engaged in conversation we left the Coliseum together and slowly proceeded into the city. I told him of the deep interest with which Poland was regarded in the United States, and that her heroes were spoken of with the same veneration as our own. As some evidence of this estimation I informed him of the monument erected by the cadets of West Point to the memory of Kosciusko. With this intelligence he was evidently much affected; he took my hand and exclaimed with great enthusiasm and emphatically: 'We, too, sir, shall be free; the time is coming; we too shall be free; my

unhappy country will be free.' (This was before the revolution in France.)

"As I came to the street where we were to part he took out his notebook, and, going under the lamp of a Madonna, near the Piazza Colonna, he wished me to write my name for him among the other names of Americans which he had treasured in his book. I complied with his request. In bidding me adieu he said: 'It will be one of my happiest recollections of Rome that the last night which I passed in this city was passed in the Coliseum, and with an American, a citizen of a free country. If you should ever visit Warsaw, pray enquire for Prince ——; I shall be exceedingly glad to see you.'

"Thus I parted with this interesting Pole. That I should have forgotten a Polish name, pronounced but once, you will not think extraordinary. The sequel remains to be told. When the Polish revolution broke out, what was my surprise to find the poet Meinenvitch and a prince, whose name seemed like that which he pronounced to me, and to which was added — 'just returned from Italy' — among the first members of the provisional government."

Morse assured himself afterwards, and so noted it in his journal, that this chance acquaintance was Prince Michael Jerome Radziwill, who had served as lieutenant in the war of independence under Kosciuszko; fought under Napoleon in Russia (by whom he was made a brigadier-general); and, shortly after the meeting in the Coliseum, was made general-in-chief of the Polish army. After the defeat of this army he was banished to central Russia until 1836, when he retired to Dresden.

Reverting again to the notebooks, we find that Florence, with her wealth of beauty in architecture, sculpture, and painting, appealed strongly to the artist, and the notes are chiefly descriptions of what he sees, and which it will not be necessary to transcribe. He had, during all the time he was in Italy, been completing, one after another, the copies for which he had received commissions, and had been sending them home. He thus describes to his friend, Mr. Van Schaick, the paintings made for him: —

“Florence, May 12, 1831. I have at length completed the two pictures which you were so kind as to commission me to execute for you, and they are packed in a case ready to send to you from Leghorn by the first opportunity, through Messrs. Bell, de Yongh & Co. of that city.

“As your request was that these pictures should be heads, I have chosen two of the most celebrated in the gallery of portraits in the Florence Gallery. These are the heads of Rubens and Titian from the portraits by themselves. As the portraits of the two great masters of color they will alone be interesting, but they are more so from giving a fair specimen of their two opposite styles of color. That of Rubens, from its gaiety, will doubtless be more popular, but that of Titian, from its sobriety and dignity, pleases me better. In hanging the pictures they should be placed apart. The styles are so opposed that, were they placed near to each other, they would mutually affect each other unfavorably. Rubens may be placed in more obscurity, but Titian demands to be more in the light.

“I have no time to add, as I am preparing to leave Florence on Monday for Bologna and Venice.”’

Travelling in Italy in those days was fraught with many annoyances, for, in addition to the slow progress made in the *vetture*, there seems to have been (judging from the journal) a *dogana*, or custom-house, every few miles, where the luggage and clothing of travellers were examined, sometimes hastily and courteously, sometimes with more rigor. And yet this leisurely rate of progress, the travellers walking up most of the hills, must have had a charm unknown to the present-day tourist, who is whisked unseeing through the most characteristic parts of a foreign country. The beautiful scenery of the Apennines was in this way enjoyed to the full by the artist, but I shall not linger over the journey nor shall I include any notes concerning Bologna. He found the city most interesting — “A piece of porphyry set in verd antique” — and those to whom he had letters of introduction more hospitable than in any other city in Italy.

From Bologna the route lay through Ferrara and then to Pontelagoscuro on the river Po, where he was to take the courier boat for Venice, down the Po and through a canal. To add to the discomforts of this part of the trip it rained steadily for several days, and, on May 22, Morse paints this dreary picture: —

“When we waked this morning we found it still raining and, apparently, so to continue all day. The rainy day at a country inn, so exquisitely described by Irving in all its disagreeable features, is now before us. A solitary inn with nothing indoors to attract; cold and damp and dark. The prospect from the windows is a low muddy foreground, the north bank of the muddy Po; a pile of brushwood, a heap of offal, a melancholy group

of cattle, who show no other signs of life than the occasional sly attack by one of them upon a poor, dripping, half-starved dog, who, with tail between his legs, now and then ventures near them to search for his miserable meal. Beyond, on the river, a few barks silently lying upon the stream, and on the opposite bank some buildings with a church and a campanile dimly seen through the mist. After coffee we were obliged to go to the *dogana* to see to the searching of all our trunks and luggage. The principals were present and we were not severely searched. A Frenchman, however, who had come on a little before us, was stripped to his skin, some papers were found upon him, and I understand he has made his escape and they are now searching for him. . . .

“At 2.30, after having dined, we waded through the mud in a pelting rain to the *dogana* for our luggage, and, after getting completely wet, we embarked on board the courier boat, with a cabin seven feet long, six feet wide, and six high, into which six of us, having a gentleman from Trieste and his mother added to our number, were crowded, with no beds. . . . Rain, rain, rain!!! in torrents, cold and dreary through a perfectly flat country. . . . At ten o'clock we arrived at a place called Cavanella, where is a *locanda* upon the canal which should have been open to receive us, but they were all asleep and no calling would rouse them. So we were obliged to go supperless to bed, and such a bed! There being no room to spread mattresses for six in the cabin, three dirty mattresses, without sheets or blankets, were laid on the floor of the forward cabin (if it might so be called). This cabin was a hole down into which two or three steps led. We could not stand upright, — indeed, kneel-

ing, our heads touched the top, — and when stretched at full length the tallest of us could touch with his head and feet from side to side. But, it being dreary and damp without and we being sleepy, we considered not the place, nor its inconveniences, nor its little pests which annoyed us all night, nor its vicinity to a magazine of cheese, with which the boat was laden and the odors from which assailed us. We lay down in our clothes and slept; the rain pattering above our heads only causing us to sleep the sounder.”

Continuing their leisurely journey in this primitive manner, the rain finally ceasing, but the sky remaining overcast and the weather cold and wintry, they reached Chioggia, and “At 11.30, the towers and spires of Venice were seen at a distance before us rising from the sea.” Venice, of course, was a delight to Morse’s eye, but his nose was affected quite differently, for he says: “Those that have resided in Venice a long time say it is not an unhealthy place. I cannot believe it, for the odors from the canals cannot but produce illness of some kind. That which is constantly offensive to any of our organs of sense must affect them injuriously.”

Several severe thunderstorms broke over the city while he was there, and one was said to be the worst which had been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. After describing it he adds: “I was at the Academy. The rain penetrated through the ceiling at the corner of the picture I was copying — ‘The Miracle of the Slave,’ by Tintoret — and threatened injury to it, but happily it escaped.”

On June 19, he thus moralizes: “The Piazza of St. Mark is the great place of resort, and on every evening,

but especially on Sundays or *festas*, the arcades and cafés are crowded with elegantly dressed females and their gallants. Chairs are placed in great numbers under the awnings before the cafés. A people that have no homes, who are deprived from policy of that domestic and social intercourse which we enjoy, must have recourse to this empty, heartless enjoyment; an indolent enjoyment, when all their intercourse, too, is in public, surrounded by police agents and soldiers to prevent excess. Hallam, in his 'Middle Ages,' has this just reflection on the condition of this same city when under the Council of Ten: 'But how much more honorable are the wildest excesses of faction than the stillness and moral degradation of servitude.' Quiet is, indeed, obtained here, but at what immense expense! Expense of wealth, although excessive, is nothing compared with the expense of morality and of all intellectual exercise."

On June 23, he witnessed another thunderstorm from the Piazza of St. Mark: —

"The lightning, flashing in the dark clouds that were gathering from the Tyrolese Alps, portended another storm which soon burst over us and hastened the conclusion of the music. The lightning was incessant. I stood at the corner of the piazza and watched the splendid effects of lights and darks, in a moment coming and in a moment gone, on the campanile and church of St. Mark's. It was most sublime. The gilt statue of the angel on the top of the campanile never looked so sublime, seeming to be enveloped in the glory of the vivid light, and, as the electric fluid flashed behind it from cloud to cloud incessantly, it seemed to go and come at the bidding of the angel."

This sounds almost like a prophetic vision, written by the pencil of the man who, in a few years from then, was to make the lightning go and come at his bidding.

“July 4. This anniversary of the day of our national birth found but two Americans in Venice. We met in the evening over a cup of coffee and thought and talked of the happiest of countries. We had no patriotic toasts, but the sentiments of our hearts were — ‘Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces.’ Never on any anniversary of our Independence have I felt so strongly the great reason I have for gratitude in having been born in such a country. When I think of the innumerable blessings we enjoy over every other country in the world, I am constrained to praise God who hath made us to differ, for ‘He hath not dealt so with any nation, and as for his judgments, we have not known them.’ While pestilence and famine and war surround me here in these devoted countries, I fix my thoughts on one bright spot on earth; truly (if our too ungrateful countrymen would but see it), truly a terrestrial paradise.”

This attack of nostalgia was probably largely due to atmospheric conditions, for at least one thunderstorm seems to have been a matter of daily occurrence. This, added to the noisome odors arising from the canals, affected his health, for he complains of feeling more unwell than at any time since he left home. It must, therefore, have been with no feelings of great regret that he packed his belongings and prepared to leave Venice with a companion, Mr. Ferguson, of Natchez, on the 18th of July. His objective point was Paris, but he planned to linger by the way and take a leisurely course through the

Italian lake region, Switzerland, and Germany. The notebooks give a detailed but rather dry account of the daily happenings. It was, presumably, Morse's intention to elaborate these, at some future day, into a more entertaining record of his wanderings; but this was never done. I shall, therefore, pass on rapidly, touching but lightly on the incidents of the journey, which were, in the main, without special interest. The route lay through Padua, Vicenza, Verona, and Brescia to Milan. From Vicenza a side trip was made to the watering-place of Recoaro, where a few days were most delightfully spent in the company of the English consul at Venice, Mr. Money, and his family.

"Recoaro, like all watering-places, is beginning to be the resort of the fashionable world. The Grand Duchess of Tuscany is now here, and on Saturday the Vice-Queen of Italy is expected from Milan to visit her aunt, the Grand Duchess. . . . Towards evening parties of ladies and gentlemen are seen promenading or riding on donkeys along the brows of the mountains and among the trees, and many priests are seen disfiguring the landscape with their tasteless, uncouth dresses; most of them coming, I was informed on the best authority, for the purpose of gambling and dissipating that time of which, from the trifling nature of their duties and the almost countless increase of their numbers, they have so much to spare. Cards have the most fascination for them."

Another incident of the stay at Recoaro is worth recording. Referring to the family of Mr. Money, he says: —

"In the afternoon took an excursion on donkeys with

the whole family among the wild and romantic scenery. In returning, while riding by the side of Mr. Money and in conversation with him, my donkey stumbled upon his knees and threw me over his head, without injury to me, but Mrs. Money, who was just before me, seeing the accident, was near fainting and, during the rest of the day, was invisible. I was somewhat surprised at the effect produced on her until I learned that the news of the loss of her son in India by a fall from his horse, which had recently reached her, had rendered her nerves peculiarly sensitive."

Two days later, however, he joined them in another excursion.

"On returning we stopped to take tea at Mrs. Ireland's lodgings, an English lady who is here with her two daughters, accomplished and highly agreeable people. I was told by them that after I left Rome a most diabolical attempt was made to poison the English artists who had made a party to Grotto Ferrata. They were mistaken by the persons who attempted the deed for Germans. They all became exceedingly ill immediately after dinner, and, as the wine was the only thing they had taken there, having brought their food with them, it was suspected and a strong solution of copper was proved to be in it. I was told that Messrs. Gibson and Desoulavy suffered a great deal, the latter being confined to his bed for three weeks. Had I been in Rome it is more than probable I should have been of their party, for I had never visited Grotto Ferrata, and the company of those with whom I had associated would have induced me to join them without a doubt."

Morse enjoyed his stay at Recoaro so much that he

was persuaded by his hospitable friends to prolong his visit for a few days longer than he had planned, but, on July 27, he and his friend Mr. Ferguson bade adieu and proceeded on their journey. Verona and Brescia were visited and on July 29 they came to Milan. The cathedral he finds "a most gorgeous building, far exceeding my conception of it"; and of the beautiful street of the Corso Porta Orientale he says: "It is wider than Broadway and as superior as white marble palaces are to red brick houses. There is an opinion prevalent among some of our good citizens that Broadway is not only the longest and widest, but the most superbly built, street in the world. The sooner they are undeceived the better. Broadway is a beautiful street, a very beautiful street, but it is absurd to think that our brick houses of twenty-five feet front, with plain doors and windows, built by contract in two or three months, and holding together long enough to be let, can rival the spacious stone palaces of hundreds of feet in length, with lofty gates and balconied windows, and their foundations deeply laid and slowly constructed to last for ages." This was, of course, when Broadway even below Fourteenth Street, was a residence street.

Attending service in the cathedral on Sunday, and being, as usual, wearied by the monotony and apparent insincerity of it all, he again gives vent to his feelings: —

"How admirably contrived is every part of the structure of this system to take captive the imagination. It is a religion of the imagination; all the arts of the imagination are pressed into its service; architecture, painting, sculpture, music, have lent all their charm to enchant the senses and impose on the understanding by substi-

tuting for the solemn truths of God's Word, which are addressed to the understanding, the fictions of poetry and the delusions of feeling. The theatre is a daughter of this prolific mother of abominations, and a child worthy of its dam. The lessons of morality are pretended to be taught by both, and much in the same way, by scenic effect and pantomime, and the fruits are much the same.

"I am sometimes even constrained to doubt the lawfulness of my own art when I perceive its prostitution, were I not fully persuaded that the art itself, when used for its legitimate purposes, is one of the greatest correcters of grossness and promoters of refinement. I have been led, since I have been in Italy, to think much of the propriety of introducing pictures into churches in aid of devotion. I have certainly every inducement to decide in favor of the practice did I consult alone the seeming interest of art. That pictures may and do have the effect upon some rightly to raise the affections, I have no doubt, and, abstractly considered, the practice would not merely be harmless but useful; but, knowing that man is led astray by his imagination more than by any of his other faculties, I consider it so dangerous to his best interests that I had rather sacrifice the interests of the arts, if there is any collision, than run the risk of endangering those compared with which all others are not for a moment to be considered. But more of this another time."

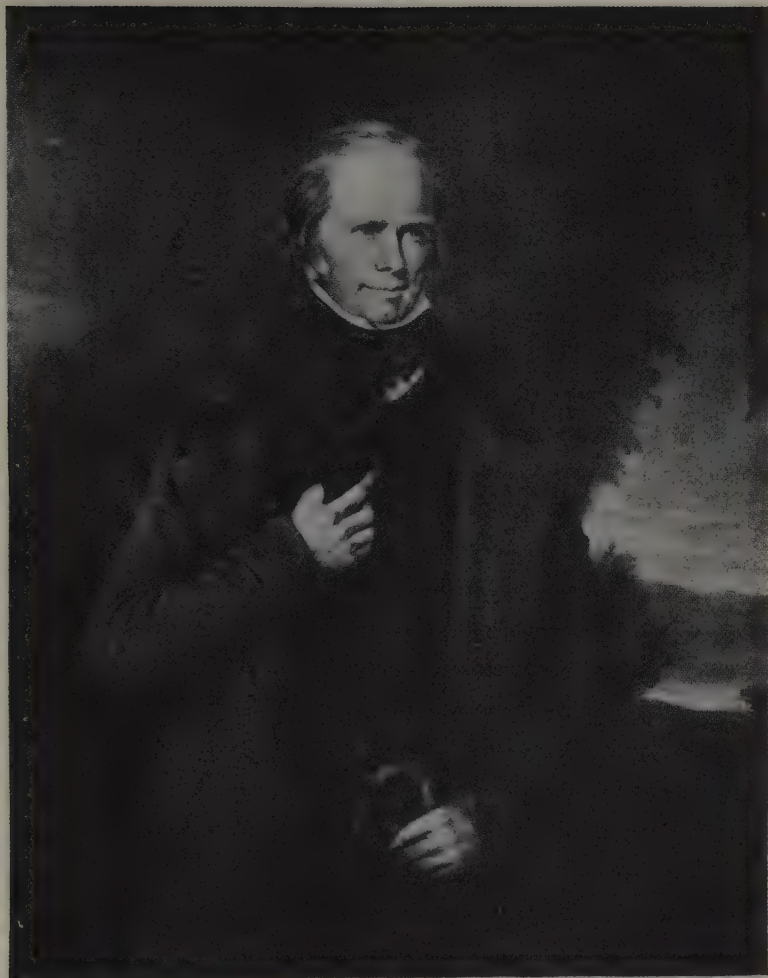
I have introduced here and at other times Morse's strictures on the Roman Catholic religion, and on other subjects, without comment on my part, even when these strictures seem to verge on illiberality. My desire is to

present a true portrait of the man, with the shadows as well as the lights duly emphasized, fully realizing that what may appear faults to some, to others will shine out as virtues, and *vice versa*.

From Milan, Morse and his companion planned to cross the mountains to Geneva, but, having a day or two to spare, they visited the Lake of Como, which, as was to be expected, satisfied the eye of the artist: "It is shut in by mountains on either side, reminding me of the scenery of Lake George, to which its shores are very similar. In the transparency of the water, however, Lake George is its superior, and in islands also, but in all things else the Lake of Como must claim the precedence. The palaces and villas and villages which skirt its shores, the mountains, vine-clad and cultivated to their summits, all give a charm for which we look in vain as yet in our country. The luxuries of art have combined with those of nature in a wonderful degree in this enchanting spot."

On August 4, they left Milan in the diligence for Lago Maggiore, and we learn that: "Our coach is accompanied by *gendarmes*. We enquired the reason of the conductor, who was in the coach with us. He told us that the road is an unsafe one; that every day there are instances of robbery perpetrated upon those who travel alone."

It would be pleasant to follow the travellers through beautiful Maggiore and up the rugged passes from Italy to Switzerland and thence to Germany and Paris, and to see through the unspoiled eyes of an enthusiast the beauties of that playground of the nations, but it would be but the repetition of an oft-told tale, and I must hasten



HENRY CLAY

Painted by Morse. Now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York

on, making but a few extracts from the diary. No thrilling adventures were met with, except towards the end, but they enjoyed to the full the grand scenery, the picturesque costumes of the peasants and the curious customs of the different countries through which they passed. The weather was sometimes fine, but more often overcast or rainy, and we find this note on August 15: "How much do a traveller's impressions depend upon the weather, and even on the time of day in which he sees objects. He sees most of the country through which he travels but once, and it is the face which any point assumes at that one moment which is brought to his recollection. If it is under a gloomy atmosphere, it is not possible that he should remember it under other form or aspect."

On Sunday, August 28, he watched the sunrise from the summit of the Rigi under ideal conditions, and, after describing the scene and saying that the rest of the company had gone back to bed, he adds: —

"I had found too little comfort in the wretched thing that had been provided for me in the shape of a bed to desire to return thither, and I also felt too strongly the emotions which the scene I had just witnessed had excited, to wish for their dissipation in troubled dreams.

"If there is a feeling allied to devotion, it is that which such a scene of sublimity as this we have just witnessed inspires, and yet that feeling is not devotion. I am aware that it is but the emotion of taste. It may exist without a particle of true religious feeling, or it may coexist and add strength to it. There are thousands, probably, who have here had their emotion of taste excited without one thought of that Being by whom

these wonders were created, one thought of their relation to Him, of their duty to Him, or of admiration at that unmerited goodness which allows them to be witnesses of his majesty and power as exhibited in these wonders of nature. Shut out as I am by circumstances from the privileges of this day in public worship, I have yet on the top of this mountain a place of private worship such as I have not had for some time past. I am alone on the mountain with such a scene spread before me that I must adore, and weak, indeed, must be that faith which, on this day, in such a scene, does not lift the heart from nature up to nature's God."

On August 30, on the road to Zurich, he makes this rather interesting observation: "We noticed in a great many instances that wires were attached to the electric rods and conducted to posts near the houses, when a chime of bells was so arranged as to ring in a highly charged state of the atmosphere (Franklin's experiment)."

Journeying on past Schaffhausen, where the beautiful falls of the Rhine filled him with admiration, he and his companion came to Heidelberg and explored the ruins of the stupendous castle. Here he parted with his travelling companion, Mr. Ferguson, who went on to Frankfurt, which city Morse avoided because the French Government had established a strict quarantine against it on account of some epidemic, the nature of which is not disclosed in the notes. He was eager to get to Paris now and wished to avoid all delays.

"*September 7.* I engaged my passage in the diligence for Mannheim, and, for the first time since I have been in Europe, set out alone. . . . I learn from the gentleman

in the coach that the *cordon sanitaire* in France is to be enforced with great rigor from the 11th of September; I hope, therefore, to get into France before that date.

"September 10, Saarbruck. We last night took our places for Metz, not knowing, however, or even thinking it probable that we should be able to get there. It was hinted by some that a small *douceur* would enable us to pass the *cordon*, but how to be applied I knew not.

"Among our passengers who joined me yesterday was a young German officer who was the only one who could speak French. With him I contrived to converse during the day. We had beds in the same room and, as we were about retiring, he told me, as I understood him, that by giving the keys of my luggage to the coachman in the morning, the business of passing at the *douane* on the frontier would be facilitated. I assented and told him, as he understood the language better than I, I left it to him to make any arrangements and I would share the expense with him.

"We were called sometime before day and I left my bed very reluctantly. The morning was cloudy and dark and so far favorable to the enterprise we were about to undertake, and of the nature and plan of which I had not the slightest suspicion. We were soon settled in the diligence and left Saarbruck for the frontier. I composed myself to sleep and had just got into a doze when suddenly the coach stopped, and, the door opening, a man touching me said in a low voice — '*Descendez, monsieur, descendez.*' I asked the reason but got no answer. My companion and I alighted. There was no house near; a bright streak in the east under the heavy black clouds showed that it was just daybreak, and ahead of us in the

road a great light from the windows of a long building showed us the place of the hospital of the *cordon*.

"Our guide, for so he proved to be, taking the knapsack of my companion and a basket of mine, in which I carry my portfolio and maps, struck off to the left into a newly ploughed field, while our carriage proceeded at a quick pace onward again. I asked where we were going, but got no other reply than '*Doucement, monsieur.*' It then for the first time flashed across my mind that we had undertaken an unlawful and very hazardous enterprise, that of running by the *cordon*. I had now, however, no alternative; I must follow, for I knew not what other course to take.

"After passing through ploughed fields and wet grass and grain for some time a small by-path crossed from the main road. Our guide beckoned us back, while he went forward each way to see that all was clear, and then we crossed and proceeded again over ploughed fields and through the clover. It now began to rain which, disagreeable as it was, I did not regret, all things considered. We soon came to another and wider cross-path; we stopped and our guide went forward again in the same cautious manner, stooping down and listening, like an Indian, near the ground. He beckoned us to cross over and again we traversed the fields, passing by the base of a small hill, when, as we softly crept up the side, we saw the form of a sentinel against the light of the sky. Our guide whispered, '*Doucement*' again, and we gently retreated, my companion whispering to me, '*Très dangereux, monsieur, très désagréable.*'

"We took a wider circuit behind some small buildings, and at length came into one of the smaller streets in the

outskirts of Forbach. Here were what appeared to me barracks. The caution was given to walk softly and separately (we were all, fortunately, in dark clothes), our guide passing first round the corners, and, having passed the sentry-boxes, in which, with one exception, we saw no person, and in this instance the sentinel did not hail us (but this was in the city), we came to a house at the window of which our guide tapped. A man opened it, and, after some explanation, ascertaining who we were, opened the door and, striking a light, set some wine and bread before us.

“Here we remained for some time to recover breath after our perilous adventure, for, if one of the sentinels had seen us, we should in all probability have been instantly shot. I knew not that we were now entirely free from the danger of being arrested, until we heard our carriage in the street and had ascertained that all our luggage had passed the *douane* without suspicion. We paid our guide eight francs each, and, taking our seats again in the carriage, drove forward toward Metz.”

There were no further adventures, although they trembled with anxiety every time their passports were called for. Morse regretted having been innocently led into this escapade, and would have made a clean breast of it to the police, as he had not been near Frankfort, but he feared to compromise his travelling companion who had come from that city.

On September 12 they finally arrived in Paris.

“How changed are the circumstances of this city since I was last here nearly two years ago. A traitor king has been driven into exile; blood has flowed in its streets, the price of its liberty; our friend, the nation’s

guest, whom I then saw at his house, with apparently little influence and out of favor with the court, the great Lafayette, is now second only to the king in honor and influence as the head of a powerful party. These and a thousand other kindred reflections, relating also to my own circumstances, crowd upon me at the moment of again entering this famous city."

CHAPTER XIX

SEPTEMBER 18, 1831 — SÉPTEMBER 21, 1832

Takes rooms with Horatio Greenough. — Political talk with Lafayette. — Riots in Paris. — Letters from Greenough. — Bunker Hill Monument. — Letters from Fenimore Cooper. — Cooper's portrait by Verboeckhoven. — European criticisms. — Reminiscences of R. W. Habersham. — Hints of an electric telegraph. — Not remembered by Morse. — Early experiments in photography. — Painting of the Louvre. — Cholera in Paris. — Baron von Humboldt. — Morse presides at 4th of July dinner. — Proposes toast to Lafayette. — Letter to New York "Observer" on Fenimore Cooper. — Also on pride in American citizenship. — Works with Lafayette in behalf of Poles. — Letter from Lafayette. — Morse visits London before sailing for home. — Sits to Leslie for head of Sterne.

THE diary was not continued beyond this time and was never seriously resumed, so that we must now depend on letters to and from Morse, on fugitive notes, or on the reminiscences of others for a record of his life.

The first letter which I shall introduce was written from Paris to his brothers on September 18, 1831: —

"I arrived safely in this city on Monday noon in excellent health and spirits. My last letter to you was from Venice just as I was about to leave it, quite debilitated and unwell from application to my painting, but more, I believe, from the climate, from the perpetual sirocco which reigned uninterrupted for weeks. I have not time now to give you an account of my most interesting journey through Lombardy, Switzerland, part of Germany, and through the eastern part of France. I found, on my arrival here, my friend Mr. Greenough, the sculptor, who had come from Florence to model the bust of General Lafayette, and we are in excellent, con-

venient rooms together, within a few doors of the good General.

"I called yesterday on General Lafayette early in the morning. The servant told me that he was obliged to meet the Polish Committee at an early hour, and feared he could not see me. I sent in my card, however, and the servant returned immediately saying that the General wished to see me in his chamber. I followed him through several rooms and entered the chamber. The General was in dishabille, but, with his characteristic kindness, he ran forward, and, seizing both my hands, expressed with great warmth how glad he was to see me safely returned from Italy, and appearing in such good health. He then told me to be seated, and without any ceremony began familiarly to question me about my travels, etc. The conversation, however, soon turned upon the absorbing topic of the day, the fate of Poland, the news of the fall of Warsaw having just been received by telegraphic dispatch. I asked him if there was now any hope for Poland. He replied: 'Oh, yes! Their cause is not yet desperate; their army is safe; but the conduct of France, and more especially of England, has been most pusillanimous and culpable. Had the English Government shown the least disposition to coalesce in vigorous measures with France for the assistance of the Poles, they would have achieved their independence.'

"The General looks better and younger than ever. There is a healthy freshness of complexion, like that of a young man in full vigor, and his frame and step (allowing for his lameness) are as firm and strong as when he was our nation's guest. I sat with him ten or fifteen minutes and then took my leave, for I felt it a sin to con-

sume any more of the time of a man engaged as he is in great plans of benevolence, and whose every moment is, therefore, invaluable.

“The news of the fall of Warsaw is now agitating Paris to a degree not known since the trial of the ex-ministers. About three o’clock our servant told us that there was fighting at the Palais Royal, and we determined to go as far as we prudently could to see the tumult. We proceeded down the Rue Saint-Honoré. There was evident agitation in the multitudes that filled the sidewalks — an apprehension of something to be dreaded. There were groups at the corners; the windows were filled, persons looking out as if in expectation of a procession or of some fête. The shops began to be shut, and every now and then the drum was heard beating to arms. The troops were assembling and bodies of infantry and cavalry were moving through the various streets. During this time no noise was heard from the people — a mysterious silence was observed, but they were moved by the slightest breath. If one walked quicker than the rest, or suddenly stopped, thither the enquiring look and step were directed, and a group instantly assembled. At the Palais Royal a larger crowd had collected and a greater body of troops were marching and countermarching in the Place du Palais Royal. The Palais Royal itself had the interior cleared and all the courts. Everything in this place of perpetual gayety was now desolate; even the fountains had ceased to play, and the seared autumnal leaves of the trees, some already fallen, seemed congruous with the sentiment of the hour. Most of the shops were also shut and the stalls deserted. Still there was no outcry and no disturbance.

"Passing through the Rue Vivienne the same collections of crowds and of troops were seen. Some were reading a police notice just posted on the walls, designed to prevent the riotous assembling of the people, and advising them to retire when the riot act should be read. The notice was read with murmurs and groans, and I had scarcely ascertained its contents before it was torn from the walls with acclamations. As night approached we struck into the Boulevard de la Madeleine. At the corner of this boulevard and the Rue des Capucines is the hotel of General Sebastiani. We found before the gates a great and increasing crowd.

"We took a position on the opposite corner, in such a place as secured a safe retreat in case of need, but allowed us to observe all that passed. Here there was an evident intention in the crowd of doing some violence, nor was it at all doubtful what would be the object of their attack. They seemed to wait only for the darkness and for a leader.

"The sight of such a crowd is fearful, and its movements, as it was swayed by the incidents of the moment, were in the highest degree exciting. A body of troops of the line would pass; the crowd would silently open for their passage and close immediately behind them. A body of the National Guard would succeed, and these would be received with loud cheers and gratulations. A soldier on guard would exercise a little more severity than was, perhaps, necessary for the occasion; yells, and execrations, and hisses would be his reward.

"Night had now set in; heavy, dark clouds, with a misty rain, had made the heavens above more dark and gloomy. A man rushed forward toward the gate, hurl-

ing his hat in the air, and followed by the crowd, which suddenly formed into long lines behind him. I now looked for something serious. A body of troops was in line before the gate. At this moment two police officers, on horseback, in citizens' dress, but with a tricolored belt around their bodies, rode through the crowd and up to the gate, and in a moment after I perceived the multitude from one of the streets rushing in wild confusion into the boulevard, and the current of the people setting back in all directions.

"While wondering at the cause of this sudden movement, I heard the trampling of horses, and a large band of carabiniers, with their bright helmets glittering in the light of the lamps, dashed down the street and drew up before the gate. The police officers put themselves at their head and harangued the people. The address was received with groans. The *carabiniers* drew their swords, orders were given for the charge, and in an instant they dashed down the street, the people dispersing like the mist before the wind. The charge was made down the opposite sidewalk from that where we had placed ourselves, so I kept my station, and, when they returned up the middle of the street to charge on the other side, I crossed over behind them and avoided them."

I have given enough of this letter to show that Morse was still surrounded by dangers of various sorts, and it is also a good pen-picture of the irresponsible actions of a cowardly mob, especially of a Parisian mob.

The letters which passed between Morse and his friends, James Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, and Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, are most interesting, and would of themselves fill a volume. Both Cooper and

Greenough wrote fluently and entertainingly, and I shall select a few characteristic sentences from the letters of each, resisting the strong temptation to include the whole correspondence.

Greenough returned to Florence after having roomed with Morse in Paris, and wrote as follows from there: —

As for the commission from Government, I don't speak of it yet. After about a fortnight I shall be calm, I think. Morse, I have made up my mind on one score, namely, that this order shall not be fruitless to the greater men who are now in our rear. They are sucking now and rocking in cradles, but I can hear the pung! pung! puffetty! of their hammers, and I am prophetic, too. We'll see if Yankee land can't muster some ten or a dozen of them in the course of as many years. . . .

You were right, I had heard of the resolution submitted to Congress, etc. Mr. Cooper wrote me about it. I have not much faith in Congress, however. I will confess that, when the spectre Debt has leaned over my pillow of late, and, smiling ghastlily, has asked if she and I were not intended as companions through life, I snap my fingers at her and tell her that Brother Jonathan talks of adopting me, and that he won't have her of his household. "Go to London, you hag," says I, "where they say you're handsome and wholesome; don't grind your long teeth at me, or I'll read the Declaration of Independence to ye." So you see I make uncertain hopes fight certain fears, and borrow from the generous, good-natured Future the motives for content which are denied me by the stunted Present. . . .

What shall I say in answer to your remarks on my

opinions? Shall I go all over the ground again? It were useless. That my heart is wrong in a thousand ways I daily feel, but 't is my stubborn head which refuses to comprehend the creation as you comprehend it. That we should be grateful for all we have, I feel — for all we have is given us; nor do I think we have little. For my part I would be blest in mere existence were I not goaded by a wish to make my one talent two; and we have Scripture for the rectitude of such a wish. I don't think the stubborn resistance of the tide of ill-fortune can be called rebellion against Providence. "Help-yourself and Heaven will help you," says the proverb. . . .

There hangs before me a print of the Bunker Hill Monument. Pray be judge between me and the building committee of that monument. There you observe that my model was founded solidly, and on each of its square plinths were trophies, or groups, or cannon, as might be thought fit. (No. I.)

Well, they have taken away the foundation, made the shaft start sheer from the dirt like a spear of asparagus, and, instead of an acute angle, by which I hoped to show the work was done and lead off the eye, they have made an obtuse one, producing the broken-chimney-like effect which your eye will not fail to condemn in No. II. Then they have enclosed theirs with a light, elegant fence, *à la Parigina*, as though the austere forms of Egypt were compatible with the decorative flummery of the boulevards. Let 'em go for dunderheads as they are. . . .

I congratulate you on your sound conscience with regard to the affair that you wot of. As for your remaining free, that's all very well to think during the interregnum, but a man without a true love is a ship

without ballast, a one-tined fork, half a pair of scissors, an utter flash in the pan. . . . So you are going home, my dear Morse, and God knows if ever I shall see you again. Pardon, I pray you, anything of levity which you may have been offended at in me. Believe me it arose from my so rarely finding one to whom I could be natural and give loose without fear of good faith or good nature ever failing. Wherever I am your approbation will be dearer to me than the hurrah of a world. I shall write to glorious Fenimore in a few days. My love to Allston and Dana. God bless you,

H. GREENOUGH.

These extracts are from different letters, but they show, I think, the charming character of the man and reflect his admiration for Morse. From the letters of James Fenimore Cooper, written while they were both in Europe, I select the two following as characteristic:

July 31, 1832.

MY DEAR MORSE, — Here we are at Spa — the famous hard-drinking, dissipated, gambling, intriguing Spa — where so much folly has been committed, so many fortunes squandered, and so many women ruined! How are the mighty fallen! We have just returned from a ramble in the environs, among deserted reception-houses and along silent roads. The country is not unlike Ballston, though less wooded, more cultivated, and perhaps a little more varied. . . . I have had a great compliment paid me, Master Samuel, and, as it is nearly the only compliment I have received in travelling over Europe, I am the more proud of it. Here are the facts.

You must know there is a great painter in Brussels of

the name of Verboeckhoven (which, translated into the vernacular, means a *bull and a book baked in an oven!*), who is another Paul Potter. He outdoes all other men in drawing cattle, etc., with a suitable landscape. In his way he is truly admirable. Well, sir, this artist did me the favor to call at Brussels with the request that I would let him sketch my face. He came after the horses were ordered, and, knowing the difficulty of the task, I thanked him, but was compelled to refuse. On our arrival at Liège we were told that a messenger from the Governor had been to enquire for us, and I began to bethink me of my sins. There was no great cause for fear, however, for it proved that Mr. Bull-and-book-baked had placed himself in the diligence, come down to Liège (sixty-three miles), and got the Governor to give him notice, by means of my passport, when we came. Of course I sat.

I cannot say the likeness is good, but it has a vastly life-like look and is like all the other pictures you have seen of my chameleon face. Let that be as it will, the compliment is none the less, and, provided the artist does not mean to serve me up as a specimen of American wild beasts, I shall thank him for it. To be followed twelve posts by a first-rate artist, who is in favor with the King, is so unusual that I was curious to know how far our minds were in unison, and so I probed him a little. I found him well skilled in his art, of course, but ignorant on most subjects. As respects our general views of men and things there was scarcely a point in common, for he has few salient qualities, though he is liberal; but his gusto for natural subjects is strong, and his favorite among all my books is "The Prairie," which,

you know, is filled with wild beasts. Here the secret was out. That picture of animal nature had so caught his fancy that he followed me sixty miles to paint a sketch.

While this letter of Cooper's was written in lighter vein, the following extracts from one written on August 19 show another side of his character: —

The criticisms of which you speak give me no concern. . . . The "Heidenmauer" is not equal to the "Bravo," but it is a good book and better than two thirds of Scott's. They may say it is like his if they please; they have said so of every book I have written, even the "Pilot." But the "Heidenmauer" is like and was intended to be like, in order to show how differently a democrat and an aristocrat saw the same thing. As for French criticisms they have never been able to exalt me in my own opinion nor to stir my bile, for they are written with such evident ignorance (I mean of English books) as to be beneath notice. What the deuce do I care whether my books are on their shelves or not? What did I ever get from France or Continental Europe? Neither personal favors nor money. But this they cannot understand, for so conceited is a Frenchman that many of them think that I came to Paris to be paid. Now I never got the difference in the boiling of the pot between New York and Paris in my life. The "Journal des Débats" was snappish with "Water Witch," merve [?] I believe with "Bravo," and let it bark at "Heidenmauer" and be hanged.

No, no more. The humiliation comes from home. It is biting to find that accident has given me a country which has not manliness and pride to maintain its own

opinions, while it is overflowing with conceit. But never mind all this. See that you do not decamp before my departure and I'll promise not to throw myself into the Rhine. . . .

I hope the Fourth of July is not breaking out in Habersham's noddle, for I can tell him that was the place most affected during the dinner. Adieu,

Yours as ever,

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

The Mr. Habersham here jokingly referred to was R. W. Habersham, of Augusta, Georgia, who in the year 1831 was an art student in the *atelier* of Baron Gros, and between whom and Morse a friendship sprang up. They roomed together at a time when the cholera was raging in Paris, but, owing to Mr. Habersham's wise insistence that all the occupants of the house should take a teaspoonful of charcoal every morning, all escaped the disease.

Mr. Habersham in after years wrote and sent to Morse some of his reminiscences of that period, and from these I shall quote the following as being of more than ordinary interest: —

"The Louvre was always closed on Monday to clean up the gallery after the popular exhibition of the paintings on Sunday, so that Monday was our day for visits, excursions, etc. On one occasion I was left alone, and two or three times during the week he was absent. This was unusual, but I asked no questions and made no remarks. But on Saturday evening, sitting by our evening lamp, he seemed lost in thought, till suddenly he remarked: 'The mails in our country are too slow; this French telegraph is better, and would do even better in

our clear atmosphere than here, where half the time fogs obscure the skies. But this will not be fast enough — *the lightning would serve us better.*'

"These may not be the exact words, but they convey the sense, and I, laughing, said: 'Aha! I see what you have been after, you have been examining the French system of telegraphing.' He admitted that he had taken advantage of the kind offer of one in authority to do so. . . .

"There was, on one occasion, another reference made to the conveyance of sound under water, and to the length of time taken to communicate the letting in of the water into the Erie Canal by cannon shots to New York, and other means, during which the suggestion of using keys and wires, like the piano, was rejected as requiring too many wires, if other things were available. I recollect also that in our frequent visits to Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper's, in the Rue St. Dominique, these subjects, so interesting to Americans, were often introduced, and that Morse seemed to harp on them, constantly referring to Franklin and Lord Bacon. Now I, while recognizing the intellectual grandeur of both these men, had contracted a small opinion of their moral strength; but Morse would uphold and excuse, or rather deny, the faults attributed. Lord Bacon, especially, he held to have *sacrificed himself to serve the queen in her aberrations*; while of Franklin, 'the Great American,' recognized by the French, he was particularly proud."

Cooper also remembered some such hints of a telegraph made by Morse at that time, for in "The Sea Lions,"¹ on page 161, he says: —

¹ The Riverside Press, 1870.

"We pretend to no knowledge on the subject of the dates of discoveries in the arts and sciences, but well do we remember the earnestness, and single-minded devotion to a laudable purpose, with which our worthy friend first communicated to us his ideas on the subject of using the electric spark by way of a telegraph. It was in Paris and during the winter of 1831-32 and the succeeding spring, and we have a satisfaction in recording this date that others may prove better claims if they can."

Curiously enough, Morse himself could, in after years, never remember having suggested at that time the possibility of using electricity to convey intelligence. He always insisted that the idea first came to him a few months later on his return voyage to America, and in 1849 he wrote to Mr. Cooper saying that he must be mistaken, to which the latter replied, under date of May 18:—

"For the time I still stick to Paris, so does my wife, so does my eldest daughter. You did no more than to throw out the general idea, but I feel quite confident this occurred in Paris. I confess I thought the notion evidently chimerical, and as such spoke of it in my family. I always set you down as a sober-minded, common-sense sort of a fellow, and thought it a high flight for a painter to make to go off on the wings of the lightning. We may be mistaken, but you will remember that the priority of the invention was a question early started, and my impressions were the same much nearer to the time than it is to-day."

That the recollections of his friends were probably clearer than his own on this point is admitted by Morse in the following letter:—

IRVING HOUSE,
NEW YORK, September 5, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR, — I was agreeably surprised this morning in conversing with Professor Renwick to find that he corroborates the fact you have mentioned in your "Sea Lions" respecting the earlier conception of my telegraph by me, than the date I had given, and which goes only so far back in my own recollection as 1832. Professor Renwick insists that immediately after Professor Dana's lectures at the New York Athenæum, I consulted with him on the subject of the velocity of electricity and in such a way as to indicate to him that I was contriving an electric telegraph. The consultation I remember, but I did not recollect the time. He will depose that it was before I went to Europe, after those lectures; now I went in 1829; this makes it almost certain that the impression you and Mrs. Cooper and your daughter had that I conversed with you on the subject in 1831 after my return from Italy is correct.

If you are still persuaded that this is so, your deposition before the Commission in this city to that fact will render me an incalculable service. I will cheerfully defray your expenses to and from the city if you will meet me here this week or beginning of next.

In haste, but with best respects to Mrs. Cooper and family,

I am, dear sir, as ever your friend and servant,

SAML. F. B. MORSE.

J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq.

All this is interesting, but, of course, has no direct bearing on the actual date of invention. It is more than

probable that Morse did, while he was studying the French semaphores, and at an even earlier date, dream vaguely of the possibility of using electricity for conveying intelligence, and that he gave utterance among his intimates to these dreams; but the practical means of so utilizing this mysterious agent did not take shape in his mind until 1832. An inchoate vision of the possibility of using electricity is far different from an actual plan eventually elaborated into a commercial success.

Another extract from Mr. Habersham's reminiscences, on a totally different subject, will be found interesting: "I have forgot to mention that one day, while in the Rue Surenne, I was studying from my own face reflected in a glass, as is often done by young artists, when I remarked how grand it would be if we could invent a method of fixing the image on the mirror. Professor Morse replied that he had thought of it while a pupil at Yale, and that Professor Silliman (I think) and himself had tried it with a wash of nitrate of silver on a piece of paper, but that, unfortunately, it made the lights *dark* and the shadows *light*, but that if they could be reversed, we should have a facsimile like India-ink drawings. Had they thought of using glass, as is now done, the daguerreotype would have been perhaps anticipated — certainly the photograph."

This is particularly interesting because, as I shall note later on, Morse was one of the pioneers in experimenting with the daguerreotype in America.

Among the paintings which Morse executed while he was in Paris was a very ambitious one. This was an interior of one of the galleries in the Louvre with carefully

executed miniature copies of some of the most celebrated canvases. Writing of it, and of the dreadful epidemic of cholera, to his brothers on May 6, 1832, he says: —

“My anxiety to finish my picture and to return drives me, I fear, to too great application and too little exercise, and my health has in consequence been so deranged that I have been prevented from the speedy completion of my picture. From nine o’clock until four daily I paint uninterruptedly at the Louvre, and, with the closest application, I shall not be able to finish it before the close of the gallery on the 10th of August. The time each morning before going to the gallery is wholly employed in preparation for the day, and, after the gallery closes at four, dinner and exercise are necessary, so that I have no time for anything else.

“The cholera is raging here, and I can compare the state of mind in each man of us only to that of soldiers in the heat of battle; all the usual securities of life seem to be gone. Apprehension and anxiety make the stoutest hearts quail. Any one feels, when he lays himself down at night, that he will in all probability be attacked before daybreak; for the disease is a pestilence that walketh in darkness, and seizes the greatest number of its victims at the most helpless hour of the night. Fifteen hundred were seized in a day, and fifteen thousand at least have already perished, although the official accounts will not give so many.

“*May 14.* My picture makes progress and I am sanguine of success if nothing interferes to prevent its completion. I shall take no more commissions here and shall only complete my large picture and a few unfinished works.

“General Lafayette told me a few weeks ago, when I was returning with him in his carriage, that the financial condition of the United States was a subject of great importance, and he wished that I would write you and others, who were known as statistical men, and get your views on the subject. There never was a better time for demonstrating the principles of our free institutions by showing a result favorable to our country.”

Among the men of note whom Morse met while he was in Paris was Baron Alexander von Humboldt, the famous traveller and naturalist, who was much attracted towards the artist, and often went to the Louvre to watch him while he was at work, or to wander through the galleries with him, deep in conversation. He was afterwards one of the first to congratulate Morse on the successful exhibition of his telegraph before the French Academy of Science.

As we have already seen, Morse was intensely patriotic. He followed with keen interest the developments in our national progress as they unrolled themselves before his eyes, and when the occasion offered he took active part in furthering what he considered the right and in vigorously denouncing the wrong. He was never blind to our national or party failings, but held the mirror up before his countrymen's eyes with steady hand, and yet he was prouder of being an American than of anything else, and, as I have had occasion to remark before, his ruling passion was an intense desire to accomplish some great good for his beloved country, to raise her in the estimation of the rest of the world.

On the 4th of July, 1832, he was called on to preside at the banquet given by the Americans resident in Paris,

with Mr. Cooper as vice-president. General Lafayette was the guest of honor, and the American Minister Hon. William C. Rives, G. W. Haven, and many others were present.

Morse, in proposing the toast to General Lafayette, spoke as follows: —

“I cannot propose the next toast, gentlemen, so intimately connected with the last, without adverting to the distinguished honor and pleasure we this day enjoy above the thousands, and I may say hundreds of thousands, of our countrymen who are at this moment celebrating this great national festival — the honor and pleasure of having at our board our venerable guest on my right hand, the hero whom two worlds claim as their own. Yes, gentlemen, he belongs to America as well as to Europe. He is our fellow citizen, and the universal voice of our country would cry out against us did we not manifest our nation’s interest in his person and character.

“With the mazes of European politics we have nothing to do; to changing schemes of good or bad government we cannot make ourselves a party; with the success or defeat of this or that faction we can have no sympathy; but with the great principles of rational liberty, of civil and religious liberty, those principles for which our guest fought by the side of our fathers, and which he has steadily maintained for a long life, ‘through good report and evil report,’ we do sympathize. We should not be Americans if we did not sympathize with them, nor can we compromise one of these principles and preserve our self-respect as loyal American citizens. They are the principles of order and good government,

of obedience to law; the principles which, under Providence, have made our country unparalleled in prosperity; principles which rest, not in visionary theory, but are made palpable by the sure test of experiment and time.

“But, gentlemen, we honor our guest as the stanch, undeviating defender of these principles, of our principles, of American principles. Has he ever deserted them? Has he ever been known to waver? Gentlemen, there are some men, some, too, who would wish to direct public opinion, who are like the buoys upon tide-water. They float up and down as the current sets this way or that. If you ask at an emergency where they are, we cannot tell you; we must first consult the almanac; we must know the quarter of the moon, the way of the wind, the time of the tide, and then we may guess where you will find them.

“But, gentlemen, our guest is not of this fickle class. He is a tower amid the waters, his foundation is upon a rock, he moves not with the ebb and flow of the stream. The storm may gather, the waters may rise and even dash above his head, or they may subside at his feet, still he stands unmoved. We know his site and his bearings, and with the fullest confidence we point to where he stood six-and-fifty years ago. He stands there now. The winds have swept by him, the waves have dashed around him, the snows of winter have lighted upon him, but still he is there.

“I ask you, therefore, gentlemen, to drink with me in honor of General Lafayette.”

Portions of many of Morse's letters to his brothers were published in the New York “Observer,” owned and edited by them. Part of the following letter was so

published, I believe, but, at Mr. Cooper's request, the sentences referring to his personal sentiments were omitted. There can be no harm, however, in giving them publicity at this late day.

The letter was written on July 18, 1832, and begins by gently chiding his brothers for not having written to him for nearly four months, and he concludes this part by saying, "But what is past can't be helped. I am glad, exceedingly glad, to hear of your prosperity and hope it may be continued to you." And then he says: —

"I am diligently occupied every moment of my time at the Louvre finishing the great labor which I have there undertaken. I say 'finishing,' I mean that part of it which can only be completed there, namely, the copies of the pictures. All the rest I hope to do at home in New York, such as the frames of the pictures, the figures, etc. It is a great labor, but it will be a splendid and valuable work. It excites a great deal of attention from strangers and the French artists. I have many compliments upon it, and I am sure it is the most *correct* one of *its kind* ever painted, for every one says I have caught the style of each of the masters. Cooper is delighted with it and I think he will own it. He is with me two or three hours at the gallery (the hours of his relaxation) every day as regularly as the day comes. I spend almost every evening at his house in his fine family.

"Cooper is very little understood, I believe, by our good people. He has a bold, original, independent mind, thoroughly American. He loves his country and her principles most ardently; he knows the hollowness of all the despotic systems of Europe, and especially is he thoroughly conversant with the heartless, false, selfish

system of Great Britain; the perfect antipodes of our own. He fearlessly supports American principles in the face of all Europe, and braves the obloquy and intrigues against him of all the European powers. I say all the European powers, for Cooper is more read, and, therefore, more feared, than any American, — yes, more than any European with the exception, possibly, of Scott. His works are translated into all the languages of the Continent; editions of every work he publishes are printed in, I think, more than thirty different cities, and all this without any pains on his part. He deals, I believe, with only one publisher in Paris and one in London. He never asks what effect any of his sentiments will have upon the sale of his works; the only question he asks is — ‘Are they just and true?’

“I know of no man, short of a true Christian, who is so truly guided by high principles as Cooper. He is not a religious man (I wish from my heart he was), yet he is theoretically orthodox, a great respecter of religion and religious men, a man of unblemished moral character. He is courted by the greatest and the most aristocratic, yet he never compromises the dignity of an American citizen, which he contends is the highest distinction a man can have in Europe, and there is not a doubt but he commands the respect of the exclusives here in a ten-fold degree more than those who truckle and cringe to European opinions and customs. They love an independent man and know enough of their own heartless system to respect a real freeman. I admire exceedingly his proud assertion of the rank of an American (I speak from a political point of view), for I know no reason why an American should not take rank, and assert it, too,

above any of the artificial distinctions that Europe has made. We have no aristocratic grades, no titles of nobility, no ribbons, and garters, and crosses, and other gewgaws that please the great babies of Europe; are we, therefore, to take rank below or above them? I say above them, and I hope that every American who comes abroad will feel that he is bound, for his country's sake, to take that stand. I don't mean ostentatiously, or offensively, or obtrusively, but he ought to have an American self-respect.

"There can be no *condescension* to an American. An American gentleman is equal to any title or rank in Europe, kings and emperors not excepted. Why is he not? By what law are we bound to consider ourselves inferior because we have stamped *folly* upon the artificial and unjust grades of European systems, upon these antiquated remnants of feudal barbarism?

"Cooper sees and feels the absurdity of these distinctions, and he asserts his American rank and maintains it, too, I believe, from a pure patriotism. Such a man deserves the support and respect of his countrymen, and I have no doubt he has them. . . . It is high time we should assume a more American tone while Europe is leaving no stone unturned to vilify and traduce us, because the rotten despotisms of Europe fear our example and hate us. You are not aware, perhaps, that the *Trollope* system is political altogether. You think that, because we know the grossness of her libels and despise her abuse, England and Europe do the same. You are mistaken; they wish to know no good of us. Mrs. Trollope's book is more popular in England (and that, too, among a class who you fain would think know

better) than any book of travels ever published in America.¹ It is also translating into French, and will be puffed and extolled by France, who is just entering upon the system of vilification of America and her institutions, that England has been pursuing ever since we as colonies resisted her oppressive measures. Tory England, aristocratic England, is the same now towards us as she was then, and Tory France, aristocratic France, follows in her steps. We may deceive ourselves on this point by knowing the kindly feeling manifested by religious and benevolent men towards each other in both countries, but we shall be wanting in our usual Yankee penetration if the good feeling of these excellent and pious men shall lead us to think that their governments, or even the mass of their population, are actuated by the same kindly regard. No, they hate us, cordially hate us. We should not disguise the truth, and I will venture to say that no genuine American, one who loves his country and her distinctive principles, can live abroad in any of the countries of Europe, and not be thoroughly convinced that Europe, as it is, and America, as it is, can have no feeling of cordiality for each other.

“America is the stronghold of the popular principle, Europe of the despotic. These cannot unite; there can be, at present, no sympathy. . . . We need not quarrel with Europe, but we must keep ourselves aloof and suspect all her manœuvres. She has no good will towards us and we must not be duped by her soft speeches and fair words, on the one side, nor by her contemptible detraction on the other.”

¹ This refers to Mrs. Frances Trollope's book *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, which created quite a stir in its day.

Morse found time, in spite of his absorption in his artistic work, to interest himself and others in behalf of the Poles who had unsuccessfully struggled to maintain their independence as a nation. He was an active member of a committee organized to extend help to them, and this committee was instrumental in obtaining the release from imprisonment in Berlin of Dr. S. G. Howe, who "had been entrusted with twenty thousand francs for the relief of the distressed Poles." In this work he was closely associated with General Lafayette, already his friend, and their high regard for each other was further strengthened and resulted in an interchange of many letters. Some of these were given away by Morse to friends desirous of possessing autographs of the illustrious Lafayette; others are still among his papers, and some of these I shall introduce in their proper chronological order. The following one was written on September 27, 1832, from La Grange: —

MY DEAR SIR, — I am sorry to see you will not take Paris and La Grange in your way to Havre, unless you were to wait for the packet of the 10th in company with General Cadwalader, Commodore Biddle, and those young, amiable Philadelphians who contemplate sailing on that day. But if you persist to go by the next packet, I beg you here to receive my best wishes and those of my family for your happy voyage.

Upon you, my dear sir, I much depend to give our friends in the United States a proper explanation of the state of things in Europe. You have been very attentive to what has passed since the Revolution of 1830. Much has been obtained here and in other parts of Europe in

this whirlwind of a week. Further consequences here and in other countries — Great Britain and Ireland included — will be the certain result, though they have been mauled and betrayed where they ought to have received encouragement. But it will not be so short and so cheap as we had a right to anticipate it might be. I think it useful, on both sides of the water, to dispel the cloud which ignorance or design may throw over the real state of European and French politics.

In the mean while I believe it to be the duty of every American returned home to let his fellow citizens know what wretched handle is made of the violent collisions, threats of a separation, and reciprocal abuse, to injure the character and question the stability of republican institutions. I too much depend upon the patriotism and good sense of the several parties in the United States to be afraid that those dissensions may terminate in a final dissolution of the Union; and should such an event be destined in future to take place, deprecated as it has been by the best wishes of the departed founders of the Revolution, — Washington at their head, — it ought at least, in charity, not to take place before the not remote period when every one of those who have fought and bled in the cause shall have joined their contemporaries.

What is to be said of Poland and the situation of her heroic, unhappy sons, you well know, having been a constant and zealous member of our committee.

You know what sort of mental perturbation, among the ignorant part of every European nation, has accompanied the visit of the cholera in Russia, Germany, Hungary, and several parts of Great Britain and France — suspicions of poison, prejudices against the politicians,

and so forth. I would like to know whether the population of the United States has been quite free of these aberrations, as it would be an additional argument in behalf of republican institutions and superior civilization resulting from them.

Most truly and affectionately,

Your friend,

LAFAYETTE.

As we see from the beginning of this letter, Morse had now determined to return home. He had executed all the commissions for copies which had been given to him, and his ambitious painting of the interior of the Louvre was so far finished that he could complete it at home. He sailed from Havre on the 1st of October in the packet-ship Sully. The name of this ship has now become historic, and a chance conversation in mid-ocean was destined to mark an epoch in human evolution. Before sailing, however, he made a flying trip to England, and he writes to his brothers from London on September 21:—

“Here I am once more in England and on the wing *home*. I shall probably sail from Havre in the packet of October 1 (the Sully), and I shall leave London for Southampton and Havre on the 26th inst., to be prepared for sailing.

“I am visiting old friends and renewing old associations in London. Twenty years make a vast difference as well in the aspect of this great city as in the faces of old acquaintances. London may be said literally to have gone into the country. Where I once was accustomed to walk in the fields, so far out of town as even to shoot at

a target against the trees with impunity, now there are spacious streets and splendid houses and gardens.

“I spend a good deal of my spare time with Leslie. He is the same amiable, intelligent, unassuming gentleman that I left in 1815. He is painting a little picture — ‘Sterne recovering his Manuscripts from the Curls of his Hostess at Lyons.’ I have been sitting to him for the head of Sterne, whom he thinks I resemble very strongly. At any rate, he has made no alteration in the character of the face from the one he had drawn from Sterne’s portrait, and has simply attended to the expression.

“When I left Paris I was feeble in health, so much so that I was fearful of the effects of the journey to London, especially as I passed through villages suffering severely from the cholera. But I proceeded moderately, lodged the first night at Boulogne-sur-Mer, crossed to Dover in a severe southwest gale, and passed the next night at Canterbury, and the next day came to London. I think the ride did me good, and I have been exercising a great deal, riding and walking, since, and my general health is certainly improving. I am in hopes that the voyage will completely set me up again.”

CHAPTER XX.

MORSE'S life almost equally divided into two periods, artistic and scientific. — Estimate of his artistic ability by Daniel Huntington. — Also by Samuel Isham. — His character as revealed by his letters, notes, etc. — End of Volume I.

MORSE'S long life (he was eighty-one when he died) was almost exactly divided, by the nature of his occupations, into two equal periods. During the first, up to his forty-first year, he was wholly the artist, enthusiastic, filled with a laudable ambition to excel, not only for personal reasons, but, as appears from his correspondence, largely from patriotic motives, from a wish to rescue his country from the stigma of pure commercialism which it had incurred in the eyes of the rest of the world. It is true that his active brain and warm heart spurred him on to interest himself in many other things, in inventions of more or less utility, in religion, politics, and humanitarian projects; but next to his sincere religious faith, his art held chiefest sway, and everything else was made subservient to that.

During the latter half of his life, however, a new goddess was enshrined in his heart, a goddess whose cult entailed even greater self-sacrifice; keener suffering, both mental and physical; more humiliation to a proud and sensitive soul, shrinking alike from the jeers of the incredulous and the libels and plots of the envious and the unscrupulous.

While he plied his brush for many years after the conception of his epoch-making invention, it was with an ever lessening enthusiasm, with a divided interest. Art

no longer reigned supreme; Invention shared the throne with her and eventually dispossessed her. It seems, therefore, fitting that, in closing the chronicle of Morse the artist, his rank in the annals of American art should be estimated as viewed by a contemporary and by the more impartial historian of the present day.

From a long article prepared by the late Daniel Huntington for Mr. Prime, I shall select the following passages: —

“My acquaintance with Professor Morse began in the spring of 1835, when I was placed under his care by my father as a pupil. He then lived in Greenwich Lane (now Greenwich Avenue), and several young men were studying art under his instruction. . . . He gave a short time every day to each pupil, carefully pointing out our errors and explaining the principles of art. After drawing for some time from casts with the crayon, he allowed us to begin the use of the brush, and we practised painting our studies from the casts, using black, white, and raw umber.

“I believe this method was of great use in enabling us early to acquire a good habit of painting. I only regret that he did not insist on our sticking to this kind of study a longer time and drill us more severely in it; but he indulged our hankering for color too soon, and, when once we had tasted the luxury of a full palette of colors, it was a dry business to go back to plain black and white.

“In the autumn of that year, 1835, he removed to spacious rooms in the New York University on Washington Square. In the large studio in the north wing he painted several fine portraits, among them the beautiful full-length of his daughter, Mrs. Lind. He also lectured

before the students and a general audience, illustrating his subject by painted diagrams. . . .

“Professor Morse’s love of scientific experiments was shown in his artist life. He formed theories of color, tried experiments with various vehicles, oils, varnishes, and pigments. His studio was a kind of laboratory. A beautiful picture of his wife and two children was painted, he told me, with colors ground in milk, and the effect was juicy, creamy, and pearly to a degree. Another picture was commenced with colors mixed with beer; afterwards solidly impasted and glazed with rich, transparent tints in varnish. His theory of color is fully explained in the account of his life in Dunlap’s ‘Arts of Design.’ He proved its truth by boxes and balls of various colors. He had an honest, solid, vigorous *impasto*, which he strongly insisted on in his instructions — a method which was like the great masters of the Venetian school. This method was modified in his practice by his studies under West in England, and by his intimacy with Allston, for whose genius he had a great reverence, and by whose way of painting he was strongly influenced.

“He was a lover of simple, unaffected truth, and this trait is shown in his works as an artist. He had a passion for color, and rich, harmonious tints run through his pictures, which are glowing and mellow, and yet pearly and delicate.

“He had a true painter’s eye, but he was hindered from reaching the fame his genius promised as a painter by various distractions, such as the early battles of the Academy of Design in its struggles for life, domestic afflictions, and, more than all, the engrossing cares of his invention.



SUSAN W. MORSE

Eldest daughter of the artist

"The 'Hercules,' with its colossal proportions and daring attitude, is evidence of the zeal and courage of his early studies. . . . It is worthy of being carefully preserved in a public gallery, not only as an instance of successful study in a young artist (Morse was in his twenty-first year), but as possessing high artistic merit, and a force and richness which plainly show that, if his energies had not been diverted, he might have achieved a name in art equal to the greatest of his contemporaries. . . .

"Professor Morse's world-wide fame rests, of course, on his invention of the electric telegraph; but it should be remembered that the qualities of mind which led to it were developed in the progress of his art studies, and if his paintings, in the various fields of history, portrait, and landscape, could be brought together, it would be found that he deserved an honored place among the foremost American artists."

This was an estimate of Morse's ability as a painter by a man of his own day, a friend and pupil. As this would, naturally, be somewhat biased, it will be more to the point to see what a competent critic of the present day has to say.

Mr. Samuel Isham, in his authoritative "History of American Painting," published in 1910, after giving a brief biographical sketch of Morse and telling why he came to abandon the brush, thus sums up:—

"It was a serious loss, for Morse, without being a genius, was yet, perhaps, better calculated than another to give in pictures the spirit of the difficult times from 1830 to 1860. He was a man sound in mind and body, well born, well educated, and both by birth and education

in sympathy with his time. He had been abroad, had seen good work, and received sound training. His ideals were not too far ahead of his public. Working as he did under widely varying conditions, his paintings are dissimilar, not only in merit but in method of execution; even his portraits vary from thin, free handling to solid *impasto*. Yet in the best of them there is a real painter's feeling for his material; the heads have a soundness of construction and a freshness in the carnations that recall Raeburn rather than West; the poses are graceful or interesting, the costumes are skilfully arranged, and in addition he understands perfectly the character of his sitters, the men and women of the transition period, shrewd, capable, but rather commonplace, without the ponderous dignity of Copley's subjects or the cosmopolitan graces of a later day.

"The struggles incident to the invention and development of telegraphy turned Morse from the practice of art, but up to the end of his life he was interested in it and aggressive in any scheme for its advancement."

I think that from the letters, notes, etc., which I have in the preceding pages brought together, a clear conception of Morse's character can be formed. The dominant note was an almost childlike religious faith; a triumphant trust in the goodness of God even when his hand was wielding the rod; a sincere belief in the literal truth of the Bible, which may seem strange to us of the twentieth century; a conviction that he was destined in some way to accomplish a great good for his fellow men.

Next to love of God came love of country. He was patriotic in the best sense of the word. While abroad

he stoutly upheld the honor of his native land, and at home he threw himself with vigor into the political discussions of the day, fighting stoutly for what he considered the right. While sometimes, in the light of future events, he seems to have erred in allowing his religious beliefs to tinge too much his political views, he was always perfectly sincere and never permitted expediency to brush aside conviction.

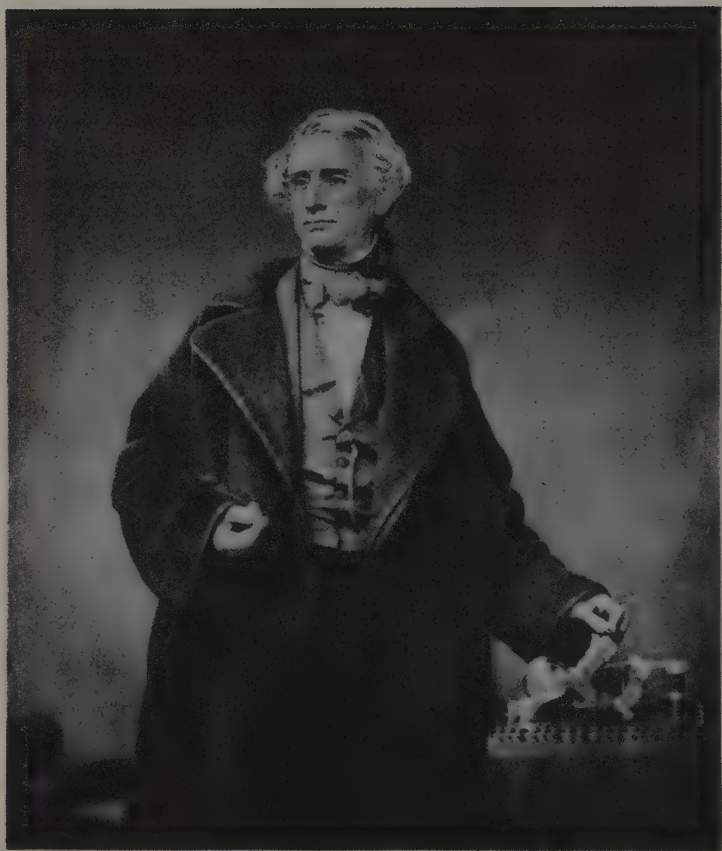
We have seen that wherever he went he had the faculty of inspiring respect and affection, and that an ever widening circle of friends admitted him to their intimacy, sought his advice, and confided in him with the perfect assurance of his ready sympathy.

A favorite Bible quotation of his was "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." He deeply deplored the necessity of making enemies, but he early in his career became convinced that no man could accomplish anything of value in this world without running counter either to the opinions of honest men, who were as sincere as he, or to the self-seeking of the dishonest and the unscrupulous. Up to this time he had had mainly to deal with the former class, as in his successful efforts to establish the National Academy of Design on a firm footing; but in the future he was destined to make many and bitter enemies of both classes. In the controversies which ensued he always strove to be courteous and just, even when vigorously defending his rights or taking the offensive. That he sometimes erred in his judgment cannot be denied, but the errors were honest, and in many cases were kindled and fanned into a flame by the crafty malice of third parties for their own pecuniary advantage.

So now, having followed him in his career as an artist, which, discouraging and troubled as it may often have seemed to him, was as the calm which precedes the storm to the years of privation and heroic struggle which followed, I shall bring this first volume to a close.

END OF VOLUME I

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE
HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOLUME II



Sam. F. B. Morse,

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE
HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS

EDITED AND SUPPLEMENTED

BY HIS SON

EDWARD LIND MORSE

ILLUSTRATED

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF HIS PAINTINGS

AND WITH NOTES AND DIAGRAMS

BEARING ON THE

INVENTION OF THE TELEGRAPH

VOLUME II



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1914

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY EDWARD LIND MORSE

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Published November 1914

“Th’ invention all admir’d, and each how he
To be th’ inventor miss’d, so easy it seem’d
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible.”

MILTON.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XXI

OCTOBER 1, 1832 — FEBRUARY 23, 1833

Packet-ship Sully. — Dinner-table conversation. — Dr. Charles T. Jackson. — First conception of telegraph. — Sketch-book. — Idea of 1832 basic principle of telegraph of to-day. — Thoughts on priority. — Testimony of passengers and Captain Pell. — Difference between "discovery" and "invention." — Professor E. N. Horsford's paper. — Arrival in New York. — Testimony of his brothers. — First steps toward perfection of the invention. — Letters to Fenimore Cooper . 1

CHAPTER XXII

1833 — 1836

Still painting. — Thoughts on art. — Picture of the Louvre. — Rejection as painter of one of the pictures in the Capitol. — John Quincy Adams. — James Fenimore Cooper's article. — Death blow to his artistic ambition. — Washington Allston's letter. — Commission by fellow artists. — Definite abandonment of art. — Repayment of money advanced. — Death of Lafayette. — Religious controversies. — Appointed Professor in University of City of New York. — Description of first telegraphic instrument. — Successful experiments. — Relay. — Address in 1853 25

CHAPTER XXIII

1835 — 1837

First exhibitions of the Telegraph. — Testimony of Robert G. Rankin and Rev. Henry B. Tappan. — Cooke and Wheatstone. — Joseph Henry, Leonard D. Gale, and Alfred Vail. — Professor Gale's testimony. — Professor Henry's discoveries. — Regrettable controversy of later years. — Professor Charles T. Jackson's claims. — Alfred Vail. — Contract of September 23, 1837. — Work at Morristown, New Jersey. — The "Morse Alphabet." — Reading by sound. — First and second forms of alphabet 45

CHAPTER XXIV

OCTOBER 3, 1837 — MAY 16, 1838

The Caveat. — Work at Morristown. — Judge Vail. — First success. — Resolution in Congress regarding telegraphs. — Morse's reply. — Ill-

ness. — Heaviness of first instruments. — Successful exhibition in Morristown. — Exhibition in New York University. — First use of Morse alphabet. — Change from first form of alphabet to present form. — Trials of an inventor. — Dr. Jackson. — Slight friction between Morse and Vail. — Exhibition at Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. — Exhibitions in Washington. — Skepticism of public. — F. O. J. Smith. — F. L. Pope's estimate of Smith. — Proposal for government telegraph. — Smith's report. — Departure for Europe. . . . 69

CHAPTER XXV

JUNE, 1838 — JANUARY 21, 1839

Arrival in England. — Application for letters patent. — Cooke and Wheatstone's telegraph. — Patent refused. — Departure for Paris. — Patent secured in France. — Earl of Elgin. — Earl of Lincoln. — Baron de Meyendorff. — Russian contract. — Return to London. — Exhibition at the Earl of Lincoln's. — Letter from secretary of Lord Campbell, Attorney-General. — Coronation of Queen Victoria. — Letters to daughter. — Birth of the Count of Paris. — Exhibition before the Institute of France. — Arago; Baron Humboldt. — Negotiations with the Government and Saint-Germain Railway. — Reminiscences of Dr. Kirk. — Letter of the Honorable H. L. Ellsworth. — Letter to F. O. J. Smith. — Dilatoriness of the French 91

CHAPTER XXVI

JANUARY 6, 1839 — MARCH 9, 1839

Despondent letter to his brother Sidney. — Longing for a home. — Letter to Smith. — More delays. — Change of ministry. — Proposal to form private company. — Impossible under the laws of France. — Telegraphs a government monopoly. — Refusal of Czar to sign Russian contract. — Dr. Jackson. — M. Amyot. — Failure to gain audience of king. — Lord Elgin. — Earl of Lincoln. — Robert Walsh prophesies success. — Meeting with Earl of Lincoln in later years. — Daguerre. — Letter to Mrs. Cass on lotteries. — Railway and military telegraphs. — Skepticism of a Marshal of France 113

CHAPTER XXVII

APRIL 15, 1839 — SEPTEMBER 30, 1840

Arrival in New York. — Disappointment at finding nothing done by Congress or his associates. — Letter to Professor Henry. — Henry's reply. — Correspondence with Daguerre. — Experiments with daguerreotypes. — Professor Draper. — First group photograph of a college class. — Failure of Russian contract. — Mr. Chamberlain. — Discouragement through lack of funds. — No help from his asso-

CONTENTS

ix

ciates. — Improvements in telegraph made by Morse. — Humorous letter 135

CHAPTER XXVIII

JUNE 20, 1840 — AUGUST 12, 1842

First patent issued. — Proposal of Cooke and Wheatstone to join forces rejected. — Letter to Rev. E. S. Salisbury. — Money advanced by brother artists repaid. — Poverty. — Reminiscences of General Strother, "Porte Crayon." — Other reminiscences. — Inaction in Congress. — Flattering letter of F. O. J. Smith. — Letter to Smith urging action. — Gonon and Wheatstone. — Temptation to abandon enterprise. — Partners all financially crippled. — Morse alone doing any work. — Encouraging letter from Professor Henry. — Renewed enthusiasm. — Letter to Hon. W. W. Boardman urging appropriation of \$3500 by Congress. — Not even considered. — Despair of inventor . . . 157

CHAPTER XXIX

JULY 16, 1842 — MARCH 26, 1843

Continued discouragements. — Working on improvements. — First submarine cable from Battery to Governor's Island. — The Vails refuse to give financial assistance. — Goes to Washington. — Experiments conducted at the Capitol. — First to discover duplex and wireless telegraphy. — Dr. Fisher. — Friends in Congress. — Finds his statuette of Dying Hercules in basement of Capitol. — Alternately hopes and despairs of bill passing Congress. — Bill favorably reported from committee. — Clouds breaking. — Ridicule in Congress. — Bill passes House by narrow majority. — Long delay in Senate. — Last day of session. — Despair. — Bill passes. — Victory at last . . . 180

CHAPTER XXX

MARCH 15, 1843 — JUNE 13, 1844

Work on first telegraph line begun. — Gale, Fisher, and Vail appointed assistants. — F. O. J. Smith to secure contract for trenching. — Morse not satisfied with contract. — Death of Washington Allston. — Reports to Secretary of the Treasury. — Prophecies Atlantic cable. — Failure of underground wires. — Carelessness of Fisher. — F. O. J. Smith shows cloven hoof. — Ezra Cornell solves a difficult problem. — Cornell's plan for insulation endorsed by Professor Henry. — Many discouragements. — Work finally progresses favorably. — Frelinghuysen's nomination as Vice-President reported by telegraph. — Line to Baltimore completed. — First message. — Triumph. — Reports of Democratic Convention. — First long-distance conversation. — Utility of telegraph established. — Offer to sell to Government . . . 204

CHAPTER XXXI

JUNE 23, 1844 — OCTOBER 9, 1845

Fame and fortune now assured. — Government declines purchase of telegraph. — Accident to leg gives needed rest. — Reflections on ways of Providence. — Consideration of financial propositions. — F. O. J. Smith's fulsome praise. — Morse's reply. — Extension of telegraph proceeds slowly. — Letter to Russian Minister. — Letter to London "Mechanics' Magazine" claiming priority and first experiments in wireless telegraphy. — Hopes that Government may yet purchase. — Longing for a home. — Dinner at Russian Minister's. — Congress again fails him. — Amos Kendall chosen as business agent. — First telegraph company. — Fourth voyage to Europe. — London, Broek, Hamburg. — Letter of Charles T. Fleischmann. — Paris. — Nothing definite accomplished 230

CHAPTER XXXII

DECEMBER 20, 1845 — APRIL 19, 1848

Return to America. — Telegraph affairs in bad shape. — Degree of LL.D. from Yale. — Letter from Cambridge Livingston. — Henry O'Reilly. — Grief at unfaithfulness of friends. — Estrangement from Professor Henry. — Morse's "Defense." — His regret at feeling compelled to publish it. — Hopes to resume his brush. — Capitol panel. — Again disappointed. — Another accident. — First money earned from telegraph devoted to religious purposes. — Letters to his brother Sidney. — Telegraph matters. — Mexican War. — Faith in the future. — Desire to be lenient to opponents. — Dr. Jackson. — Edward Warren. — Alfred Vail remains loyal. — Troubles in Virginia. — Henry J. Rogers. — Letter to J. D. Reid about O'Reilly. — F. O. J. Smith again. — Purchases a home at last. — "Locust Grove," on the Hudson, near Poughkeepsie. — Enthusiastic description. — More troubles without, but peace in his new home 257

CHAPTER XXXIII

JANUARY 9, 1848 — DECEMBER 19, 1849

Preparation for lawsuits. — Letter from Colonel Shaffner. — Morse's reply deprecating bloodshed. — Shaffner allays his fears. — Morse attends his son's wedding at Utica. — His own second marriage. — First of great lawsuits. — Almost all suits in Morse's favor. — Decision of Supreme Court of United States. — Extract from an earlier opinion. — Alfred Vail leaves the telegraph business. — Remarks on this by James D. Reid. — Morse receives decoration from Sultan of Turkey. — Letter to organizers of Printers' Festival. — Letter concerning aviation. — Optimistic letter from Mr. Kendall. — Humorous letter from George Wood. — Thomas R. Walker. — Letter to Fenimore

CONTENTS

xi

Cooper. — Dr. Jackson again. — Unfairness of the press. — Letter from Charles C. Ingham on art matters. — Letter from George Vail. — F. O. J. Smith continues to embarrass. — Letter from Morse to Smith 286

CHAPTER XXXIV

MARCH 5, 1850 — NOVEMBER 10, 1854

Precarious financial condition. — Regret at not being able to make loan. — False impression of great wealth. — Fears he may have to sell home. — F. O. J. Smith continues to give trouble. — Morse system extending throughout the world. — Death of Fenimore Cooper. — Subscriptions to charities, etc. — First use of word "Telegram." — Mysterious fire in Supreme Court clerk's room. — Letter of Commodore Perry. — Disinclination to antagonize Henry. — Temporary triumph of F. O. J. Smith. — Order gradually emerging. — Expenses of the law. — Triumph in Australia. — Gift to Yale College. — Supreme Court decision and extension of patent. — Social diversions in Washington. — Letters of George Wood and P. H. Watson on extension of patent. — Loyalty to Mr. Kendall; also to Alfred Vail. — Decides to publish "Defense." — Controversy with Bishop Spaulding. — Creed on Slavery. — Political views. — Defeated for Congress 310

CHAPTER XXXV

JANUARY 8, 1855 — AUGUST 14, 1856

Payment of dividends delayed. — Concern for welfare of his country. — Indignation at corrupt proposal from California. — Kendall hampered by the Vails — Proposition by capitalists to purchase patent rights. — Cyrus W. Field. — Newfoundland Electric Telegraph Company. — Suggestion of Atlantic Cable. — Hopes thereby to eliminate war. — Trip to Newfoundland. — Temporary failure. — F. O. J. Smith continues to give trouble. — Financial conditions improve. — Morse and his wife sail for Europe. — Fêted in London. — Experiments with Dr. Whitehouse. — Mr. Brett. — Dr. O'Shaughnessy and the telegraph in India. — Mr. Cooke. — Charles R. Leslie. — Paris. — Hamburg. — Copenhagen. — Presentation to king. — Thorwaldsen Museum. — Oersted's daughter. — St. Petersburg. — Presentation to Czar at Peterhoff 335

CHAPTER XXXVI

AUGUST 23, 1856 — SEPTEMBER 15, 1858

Berlin. — Baron von Humboldt. — London, successful cable experiments with Whitehouse and Bright. — Banquet at Albion Tavern. — Flattering speech of W. F. Cooke. — Returns to America. — Troubles multiply. — Letter to the Honorable John Y. Mason on political mat-

ters. — Kendall urges severing of connection with cable company. — Morse, nevertheless, decides to continue. — Appointed electrician of company. — Sails on U.S.S. Niagara. — Letter from Paris on the crinoline. — Expedition sails from Liverpool. — Queenstown harbor. — Accident to his leg. — Valencia. — Laying of cable begun. — Anxieties. — Three successful days. — Cable breaks. — Failure. — Returns to America. — Retires from cable enterprise. — Predicts in 1858 failure of apparently successful laying of cable. — Sidney E. Morse. — The Hare and the Tortoise. — European testimonial: considered niggardly by Kendall. — Decorations, medals, etc., from European nations. — Letter of thanks to Count Walewski . . . 365

CHAPTER XXXVII

SEPTEMBER 3, 1858 — SEPTEMBER 21, 1863

Visits Europe again with a large family party. — Regrets this. — Sails for Porto Rico with wife and two children. — First impressions of the tropics. — Hospitalities. — His son-in-law's plantation. — Death of Alfred Vail. — Smithsonian exonerates Henry. — European honors to Morse. — First line of telegraph in Porto Rico. — Banquet. — Returns home. — Reception at Poughkeepsie. — Refuses to become candidate for the Presidency. — Purchases New York house. — F. O. J. Smith claims part of European gratuity. — Succeeds through legal technicality. — Visit of Prince of Wales. — Duke of Newcastle. — War clouds. — Letters on slavery, etc. — Matthew Vassar. — Efforts as peacemaker. — Foresees Northern victory. — Gloomy forebodings. — Monument to his father. — Divides part of European gratuity with widow of Vail. — Continued efforts in behalf of peace. — Bible arguments in favor of slavery . . . 396

CHAPTER XXXVIII

FEBRUARY 26, 1864 — NOVEMBER 8, 1867

Sanitary Commission. — Letter to Dr. Bellows. — Letter on "loyalty." — His brother Richard upholds Lincoln. — Letters of brotherly reproof. — Introduces McClellan at preëlection parade. — Lincoln re-elected. — Anxiety as to future of country. — Unsuccessful effort to take up art again. — Letter to his sons. — Gratification at rapid progress of telegraph. — Letter to George Wood on two great mysteries of life. — Presents portrait of Allston to the National Academy of Design. — Endows lectureship in Union Theological Seminary. — Refuses to attend fifty-fifth reunion of his class. — Statue to him proposed. — Ezra Cornell's benefaction. — American Asiatic Society. — Amalgamation of telegraph companies. — Protest against stock manipulations. — Approves of President Andrew Johnson. — Sails with family for Europe. — Paris Exposition of 1867. — Descriptions of festivities. — Cyrus W. Field. — Incident in early life of Napoleon III. — Made Honorary Commissioner to Exposition. — Attempt on

CONTENTS

xiii

life of Czar. — Ball at Hôtel de Ville. — Isle of Wight. — England and Scotland. — The "Sounder." — Returns to Paris 427

CHAPTER XXXIX

NOVEMBER 28, 1867 — JUNE 10, 1871

Goes to Dresden. — Trials financial and personal. — Humorous letter to E. S. Sanford. — Berlin. — The telegraph in the war of 1866. — Paris. — Returns to America. — Death of his brother Richard. — Banquet in New York. — Addresses of Chief Justice Chase, Morse, and Daniel Huntington. — Report as Commissioner finished. — Professor W. P. Blake's letter urging recognition of Professor Henry. — Morse complies. — Henry refuses to be reconciled. — Reading by sound. — Morse breaks his leg. — Deaths of Amos Kendall and George Wood. — Statue in Central Park. — Addresses of Governor Hoffman and William Cullen Bryant. — Ceremonies at Academy of Music. — Morse bids farewell to his children of the telegraph 459

CHAPTER XL

JUNE 14, 1871 — APRIL 16, 1872

Nearing the end. — Estimate of the Reverend F. B. Wheeler. — Early poem. — Leaves "Locust Grove" for last time. — Death of his brother Sidney. — Letter to Cyrus Field on neutrality of telegraph. — Letter of F. O. J. Smith to H. J. Rogers. — Reply by Professor Gale. — Vicious attack by F. O. J. Smith. — Death prevents reply by Morse. — Unveils statue of Franklin in last public appearance. — Last hours. — Death. — Tributes of James D. Reid, New York "Evening Post," New York "Herald," and Louisville "Courier-Journal." — Funeral. — Monument in Greenwood Cemetery. — Memorial services in House of Representatives, Washington. — Address of James G. Blaine. — Other memorial services. — Mr. Prime's review of Morse's character. — Epilogue 492

ILLUSTRATIONS

MORSE THE INVENTOR (Photogravure)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
From a photograph.	
DRAWINGS FROM 1832 SKETCH-BOOK, SHOWING FIRST CON- CEPTION OF TELEGRAPH	6
MORSE'S FIRST TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT	38
Now in the National Museum, Washington.	
ROUGH DRAWING BY MORSE SHOWING THE FIRST FORM OF THE ALPHABET AND THE CHANGES TO THE PRESENT FORM	66
QUANTITIES OF THE TYPE FOUND IN THE TYPE-CASES OF A PRINTING-OFFICE. CALCULATION MADE BY MORSE TO AID HIM IN SIMPLIFYING ALPHABET	68
"ATTENTION UNIVERSE, BY KINGDOMS RIGHT WHEEL." FACSIMILE OF FIRST MORSE ALPHABET MESSAGE	76
Given to General Thomas S. Cummings at time of transmission by Professor S. F. B. Morse, New York University, Wednesday, January 24, 1838. Presented to the National Museum at Wash- ington by the family of General Thomas S. Cummings of New York, February 13, 1906.	
DRAWING BY MORSE OF RAILWAY TELEGRAPH, PATENTED BY HIM IN FRANCE IN 1838, AND EMBODYING PRINCIPLE OF POLICE AND FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH	132
FIRST FORM OF KEY.—IMPROVED FORM OF KEY.—EARLY RELAY. — FIRST WASHINGTON-BALTIMORE INSTRUMENT	222
The two keys and the relay are in the National Museum, Washing- ton. The Washington-Baltimore instrument is owned by Cornell University.	
S. F. B. MORSE	248
From a portrait by Daniel Huntington.	
HOUSE AT LOCUST GROVE, POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK	280
SARAH ELIZABETH GRISWOLD, SECOND WIFE OF S. F. B. MORSE	290
From a daguerreotype.	

MORSE AND HIS YOUNGEST SON	396
From an ambrotype.	
HOUSE AND LIBRARY AT 5 WEST 22D STREET, NEW YORK .	410
TELEGRAM SHOWING MORSE'S CHARACTERISTIC DEADHEAD, WHICH HE ALWAYS USED TO FRANK HIS MESSAGES . .	445
MORSE IN OLD AGE	450
From a photograph by Sarony.	

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE
HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS
VOLUME II

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS

CHAPTER XXI

OCTOBER 1, 1832 — FEBRUARY 28, 1833

Packet-ship Sully. — Dinner-table conversation. — Dr. Charles T. Jackson. — First conception of telegraph. — Sketch-book. — Idea of 1832 basic principle of telegraph of to-day. — Thoughts on priority. — Testimony of passengers and Captain Pell. — Difference between "discovery" and "invention." — Professor E. N. Horsford's paper. — Arrival in New York. — Testimony of his brothers. — First steps toward perfection of the invention. — Letters to Fenimore Cooper.

THE history of every great invention is a record of struggle, sometimes heartbreaking, on the part of the inventor to secure and maintain his rights. No sooner has the new step in progress proved itself to be an upward one than claimants arise on every side; some honestly believing themselves to have solved the problem first; others striving by dishonest means to appropriate to themselves the honor and the rewards, and these sometimes succeeding; and still others, indifferent to fame, thinking only of their own pecuniary gain and dishonorable in their methods. The electric telegraph was no exception to this rule; on the contrary, its history perhaps leads all the rest as a chronicle of "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." On the other hand, it brings out in strong relief the opposing virtues of steadfastness, perseverance, integrity, and loyalty.

Many were the wordy battles waged in the scientific world over the questions of priority, exclusive discovery or invention, indebtedness to others, and conscious or

unconscious plagiarism. Some of these questions are, in many minds, not yet settled. Acrimonious were the legal struggles fought over infringements and rights of way, and, in the first years of the building of the lines to all parts of this country, real warfare was waged by the workers of competing companies.

It is not my purpose to treat exhaustively of any of these battles, scientific, legal, or physical. All this has already been written down by abler pens than mine, and has now become history. My aim in following the career of Morse the Inventor is to shed a light (to some a new light) on his personality, self-revealed by his correspondence, tried first by hardships, poverty, and deep discouragement, and then by success, calumny, and fame. Like other men who have achieved greatness, he was made the target for all manner of abuse, accused of misappropriating the ideas of others, of lying, deceit, and treachery, and of unbounded conceit and vaingloriousness. But a careful study of his notes and correspondence, and the testimony of others, proves him to have been a pure-hearted Christian gentleman, earnestly desirous of giving to every one his just due, but jealous of his own good name and fame, and fighting valiantly, when needs must be, to maintain his rights; guilty sometimes of mistakes and errors of judgment; occasionally quick-tempered and testy under the stress of discouragement and the pressure of poverty, but frank to acknowledge his error and to make amends when convinced of his fault; and the calm verdict of posterity has awarded him the crown of greatness.

Morse was now forty-one years old; he had spent three delightful years in France and Italy; had matured

his art by the intelligent study of the best of the old masters; had made new friends and cemented more strongly the ties that bound him to old ones; and he was returning to his dearly loved native land and to his family with high hopes of gaining for himself and his three motherless children at least a competence, and of continuing his efforts in behalf of the fine arts.

From Mr. Cooper's and Mr. Habersham's reminiscences we must conclude that, in the background of his mind, there existed a plan, unformed as yet, for utilizing electricity to convey intelligence. He was familiar with much that had been discovered with regard to that mysterious force, through his studies under Professors Day and Silliman at Yale, and through the lectures and conversation of Professors Dana and Renwick in New York, so that the charge which was brought against him that he knew absolutely nothing of the subject, can be dismissed as simply proving the ignorance of his critics.

Thus prepared, unconsciously to himself, to receive the inspiration which was to come to him like a flash of the subtle fluid which afterwards became his servant, he went on board the good ship Sully, Captain Pell commanding, on the 1st of October, 1832. Among the other passengers were the Honorable William C. Rives, of Virginia, our Minister to France, with his family; Mr. J. F. Fisher, of Philadelphia; Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, who was destined to play a malign rôle in the subsequent history of the telegraph, and others. The following letter was written to his friend Fenimore Cooper from Havre, on the 2d of October: —

"I have but a moment to write you one line, as in a few hours I shall be under way for dear America. I

arrived from England by way of Southampton a day or two since, and have had every moment till now occupied in preparations for embarking. I received yours from Vevay yesterday and thank you for it. Yes, Mr. Rives and family, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Palmer and family, and a full cabin beside accompany me. What shall I do with such an *antistatistical* set? I wish you were of the party to shut their mouths on some points. I shall have good opportunity to talk with Mr. Rives, whom I like notwithstanding. I think he has good American feeling in the main and means well, although I cannot account for his permitting you to suffer in the chambers (of the General). I will find out *that* if I can.

“My journey to England, change of scene and air, have restored me wonderfully. I knew they would. I like John’s country; it is a garden beautifully in contrast with France, and John’s people have excellent qualities, and he has many good people; but I hate his aristocratic system, and am more confirmed in my views than ever of its oppressive and unjust character. I saw a great deal of Leslie; he is the same good fellow that he always was. Be tender of him, my dear sir; I could mention some things which would soften your judgment of his political feelings. One thing only I can now say, — remember he has married an English wife, whom he loves, and who has never known America. He keeps entirely aloof from politics and is wholly absorbed in his art. Newton is married to a Miss Sullivan, daughter of General Sullivan, of Boston, an accomplished woman and a belle. He is expected in England soon.

“I found almost everybody out of town in London. I called and left a card at Rogers’s, but he was in the

country, so were most of the artists of my acquaintance. The fine engraver who has executed so many of Leslie's works, Danforth, is a stanch American; he would be a man after your heart; he admires you for that very quality. — I must close in great haste."

The transatlantic traveller did not depart on schedule time in 1832, as we find from another letter written to Mr. Cooper on October 5: —

"Here I am yet, wind-bound, with a tremendous southwester directly in our teeth. Yesterday the *Formosa* arrived and brought papers, etc., to the 10th September. I have been looking them over. Matters look serious at the South; they are mad there; great decision and prudence will be required to restore them to reason again, but they are so hot-headed, and are so far committed, I know not what will be the issue. Yet I think our institutions are equal to any crisis. . . .

"*October 6, 7 o'clock.* We are getting under way. Good-bye."

It is greatly to be regretted that Morse did not, on this voyage as on previous ones, keep a careful diary. Had he done so, many points relating to the first conception of his invention would, from the beginning, have been made much clearer. As it is, however, from his own accounts at a later date, and from the depositions of the captain of the ship and some of the passengers, the story can be told.

The voyage was, on the whole, I believe, a pleasant one and the company in the cabin congenial. One night at the dinner-table the conversation chanced upon the subject of electro-magnetism, and Dr. Jackson described some of the more recent discoveries of European

scientists — the length of wire in the coil of a magnet, the fact that electricity passed instantaneously through any known length of wire, and that its presence could be observed at any part of the line by breaking the circuit. Morse was, naturally, much interested and it was then that the inspiration, which had lain dormant in his brain for many years, suddenly came to him, and he said: "If the presence of electricity can be made visible in any part of the circuit, I see no reason why intelligence may not be transmitted instantaneously by electricity."

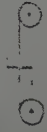
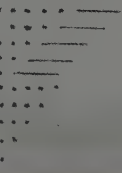
The company was not startled by this remark; they soon turned to other subjects and thought no more of it. Little did they realize that this exclamation of Morse's was to mark an epoch in civilization; that it was the germ of one of the greatest inventions of any age, an invention which not only revolutionized the methods by which intelligence was conveyed from place to place, but paved the way for the subjugation, to the uses of man in many other ways, of that mysterious fluid, electricity, which up to this time had remained but a plaything of the laboratory. In short, it ushered in the Age of Electricity. Least of all, perhaps, did that Dr. Jackson, who afterwards claimed to have given Morse all his ideas, apprehend the tremendous importance of that chance remark. The fixed idea had, however, taken root in Morse's brain and obsessed him. He withdrew from the cabin and paced the deck, revolving in his mind the various means by which the object sought could be attained. Soon his ideas were so far focused that he sought to give them expression on paper, and he drew from his pocket one of the little sketch-books which he

(25)

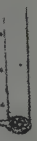
p 25

Electric Alphabet

1234567890



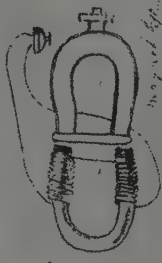
Wire tube.



Page 20 23

26

56
Holland. Belgium. Allénie.
France. England. 3000. 1841. 1836.
252
Austria. 4030
322
Prussia. 103542.
Nationalist. 1841.



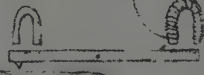
Magnet lifting the pen

29

Thomson & Morse



Weak permanent magnet.



Electric magnet strong

DRAWINGS FROM 1832 SKETCH-BOOK, SHOWING FIRST CONCEPTION OF TELEGRAPH

FIRST CONCEPTION OF TELEGRAPH 7

always carried with him, and rapidly jotted down in sketches and words the ideas as they rushed from his brain. This original sketch-book was burned in a mysterious fire which, some years later, during one of the many telegraph suits, destroyed many valuable papers. Fortunately, however, a certified copy had wisely been made, and this certified copy is now in the National Museum in Washington, and the reproduction here given of some of its pages will show that Morse's first conception of a Recording Electric Magnetic Telegraph is practically the telegraph in universal use to-day.

His first thought was evidently of some system of signs which could be used to transmit intelligence, and he at once realized that nothing could be simpler than a point or a dot, a line or dash, and a space, and a combination of the three. Thus the first sketch shows the embryo of the dot-and-dash alphabet, applied only to numbers at first, but afterwards elaborated by Morse to represent all the letters of the alphabet.

Next he suggests a method by which these signs may be recorded permanently, evidently by chemical decomposition on a strip of paper passed along over two rollers. He then shows a message which could be sent by this means, interspersed with ideas for insulating the wires in tubes or pipes. And here I want to call attention to a point which has never, to my knowledge, been noticed before. In the message, which, in pursuance of his first idea, adhered to by him for several years, was to be sent by means of numbers, every word is numbered conventionally except the proper name "Cuvier," and for this he put a number for each letter. How this was to be in-

licated was not made clear, but it is evident that he saw at once that all proper names could not be numbered; that some other means must be employed to indicate them; in other words that each letter of the alphabet must have its own sign. Whether at that early period he had actually devised any form of alphabet does not appear, although some of the depositions of his fellow passengers would indicate that he had. He himself put its invention at a date a few years after this, and it has been bitterly contested that he did not invent it at all. I shall prove, in the proper place, that he did, but I think it is proved that it must have been thought of even at the early date of 1832, and, at all events, the dot-and-dash as the basis of a conventional code were original with Morse and were quite different from any other form of code devised by others.

The next drawing of a magnet lifting sixty pounds shows that Morse was familiar with the discoveries of Arago, Davy, and Sturgeon in electro-magnetism, but what application of them was to be made is not explained.

The last sketch is to me the most important of all, for it embodies the principle of the receiving magnet which is universally used at the present day. The weak permanent magnet has been replaced by a spring, but the electro-magnet still attracts the lever and produces the dots and dashes of the alphabet; and this, simple as it seems to us "once found," was original with Morse, was absolutely different from any other form of telegraph devised by others, and, improved and elaborated by him through years of struggle, is now recognized throughout the world as the Telegraph.

It was not yet in a shape to prove to a skeptical

world its practical utility; much had still to be done to bring it to perfection; new discoveries had still to be made by Morse and by others which were essential to its success; the skill, the means, and the faith of others had to be enlisted in its behalf, but the actual invention was there and Morse was the inventor.

How simple it all seems to us now, and yet its very simplicity is its sublimest feature, for it was this which compelled the admiration of scientists and practical men of affairs alike, and which gradually forced into desuetude all other systems of telegraphy until to-day the Morse telegraph still stands unrivalled.

That many other minds had been occupied with the same problem was a fact unknown to the inventor at the time, although a few years later he was rudely awakened. A fugitive note, written many years later, in his handwriting, although speaking of himself in the third person, bears witness to this. It is entitled "Good thought":—

"A circumstance which tends to confuse, in fairly ascertaining priority of invention, is that a subsequent state of knowledge is confounded in the general mind with the state of knowledge when the invention is first announced as successful. This is certainly very unfair. When Morse announced his invention, what was the general state of knowledge in regard to the telegraph? It should be borne in mind that a knowledge of the futile attempts at electric telegraphs previous to his successful one has been brought out from the lumber garret of science by the research of eighteen years. Nothing was known of such telegraphs to many scientific men of the highest attainments in the centres of civilization.

Professor Morse says himself (and certainly he has not given in any single instance a statement which has been falsified) that, at the time he devised his system, he supposed himself to be the first person that ever put the words 'electric telegraph' together. He supposed himself at the time the originator of the phrase as well as the thing. But, aside from his positive assertion, the truth of this statement is not only possible but very probable. The comparatively few (very few as compared with the mass who now are learned in the facts) who were in the habit of reading the scientific journals may have read of the thought of an electric telegraph about the year 1832, and even of Ronald's, and Betancourt's, and Salva's, and Lomond's impracticable schemes previously, and have forgotten them again, with thousands of other dreams, as the ingenious ideas of visionary men; ideas so visionary as to be considered palpably impracticable, declared to be so, indeed, by Barlow, a scientific man of high standing and character; yet the mass of the scientific as well as the general public were ignorant even of the attempts that had been made. The fact of any of them having been published in some magazine at the time, whose circulation may be two or three thousand, and which was soon virtually lost amid the shelves of immense libraries, does not militate against the assertion that the world was ignorant of the fact. We can show conclusively the existence of this ignorance respecting telegraphs at the time of the invention of Morse's telegraph."

The rest of this note (evidently written for publication) is missing, but enough remains to prove the point.

Thus we have seen that the idea of his telegraph came

to Morse as a sudden inspiration and that he was quite ignorant of the fact that others had thought of using electricity to convey intelligence to a distance. Mr. Prime in his biography says: "Of all the great inventions that have made their authors immortal and conferred enduring benefit upon mankind, no one was so completely grasped at its inception as this."

One of his fellow passengers, J. Francis Fisher, Esq., counsellor-at-law of Philadelphia, gave the following testimony at Morse's request:—

"In the fall of the year 1832 I returned from Europe as a passenger with Mr. Morse in the ship Sully, Captain Pell master. During the voyage the subject of an electric telegraph was one of frequent conversation. Mr. Morse was most constant in pursuing it, and *alone* the one who seemed disposed to reduce it to a practical test, and I recollect that, for this purpose, he devised *a system of signs for letters* to be indicated and marked by a quick succession of strokes or shocks of the galvanic current, and I am sure of the fact that it was deemed by Mr. Morse perfectly competent to effect the result stated. I did not suppose that any other person on board the ship claimed any merit in the invention, or was, in fact, interested to pursue it to maturity as Mr. Morse then seemed to be, nor have I been able since that time to recall any fact or circumstance to justify the claim of any person other than Mr. Morse to the invention."

This clear statement of Mr. Fisher's was cheerfully given in answer to a request for his recollections of the circumstances, in order to combat the claim of Dr. Charles T. Jackson that he had given Morse all the

ideas of the telegraph, and that he should be considered at least its joint inventor. This was the first of the many claims which the inventor was forced to meet. It resulted in a lawsuit which settled conclusively that Morse was the sole inventor, and that Jackson was the victim of a mania which impelled him to claim the discoveries and achievements of others as his own. I shall have occasion to refer to this matter again.

It is to be noted that Mr. Fisher refers to "signs for letters." Whether Morse actually had devised or spoken of a conventional alphabet at that time cannot be proved conclusively, but that it must have been in his mind the "Cuvier" referred to before indicates.

Others of his fellow-passengers gave testimony to the same effect, and Captain Pell stated under oath that, when he saw the completed instrument in 1837, he recognized it as embodying the principles which Morse had explained to him on the Sully; and he added: "Before the vessel was in port, Mr. Morse addressed me in these words: 'Well, Captain, should you hear of the telegraph one of these days as the wonder of the world, remember the discovery was made on board the good ship Sully.'"

Morse always clung tenaciously to the date of 1832 as that of his invention, and, I claim, with perfect justice. While it required much thought and elaboration to bring it to perfection; while he used the published discoveries of others in order to make it operate over long distances; while others labored with him in order to produce a practical working apparatus, and to force its recognition on a skeptical world, the basic idea on which everything else depended was his; it was original with

him, and he pursued it to a successful issue, himself making certain new and essential discoveries and inventions. While, as I have said, he made use of the discoveries of others, these men in turn were dependent on the earlier investigations of scientists who preceded them, and so the chain lengthens out.

There will always be a difference of opinion as to the comparative value of a new discovery and a new invention, and the difference between these terms should be clearly apprehended. While they are to a certain extent interchangeable, the word "discovery" in science is usually applied to the first enunciation of some property of nature till then unrecognized; "invention," on the other hand, is the application of this property to the uses of mankind. Sometimes discovery and invention are combined in the same individual, but often the discoverer is satisfied with the fame arising from having called attention to something new, and leaves to others the practical application of his discovery. Scientists will always claim that a new discovery, which marks an advance in knowledge in their chosen field, is of paramount importance; while the world at large is more grateful to the man who, by combining the discoveries of others and adding the culminating link, confers a tangible blessing upon humanity.

Morse was completely possessed by this new idea. He worked over it that day and far into the night. His vivid imagination leaped into the future, brushing aside all obstacles, and he realized that here in his hands was an instrument capable of working inconceivable good. He recalled the days and weeks of anxiety when he was hungry for news of his loved ones; he foresaw that

in affairs of state and of commerce rapid communication might mean the avoidance of war or the saving of a fortune; that, in affairs nearer to the heart of the people, it might bring a husband to the bedside of a dying wife, or save the life of a beloved child; apprehend the fleeing criminal, or commute the sentence of an innocent man. His great ambition had always been to work some good for his fellow-men, and here was a means of bestowing upon them an inestimable boon.

After several days of intense application he disclosed his plan to Mr. Rives and to others. Objections were raised, but he was ready with a solution. While the idea appeared to his fellow-passengers as chimerical, yet, as we have seen, his earnestness made so deep an impression that when, several years afterwards, he exhibited to some of them a completed model, they, like Captain Pell, instantly recognized it as embodying the principles explained to them on the ship.

Without going deeply into the scientific history of the successive steps which led up to the invention of the telegraph, I shall quote a few sentences from a long paper written by the late Professor E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and included in Mr. Prime's biography:—

“What was needed to the *original conception* of the Morse recording telegraph?

“1. A knowledge that soft wire, bent in the form of a horseshoe, could be magnetized by sending a galvanic current through a coil wound round the iron, and that it would lose its magnetism when the current was suspended.

“2. A knowledge that such a magnet had been made to lift and drop masses of iron of considerable weight.

"3. A knowledge, or a belief, that the galvanic current could be transmitted through wires of great length.

"These were all. Now comes the conception of devices for employing an agent which could produce reciprocal motion to effect registration, and the invention of an alphabet. In order to this invention it must be seen how up and down — reciprocal — motion could be produced by the opening and closing of the circuit. Into this simple band of vertical tracery of paths in space must be thrown the shuttle of time and a ribbon of paper. It must be seen how a lever-pen, alternately dropping upon and rising at defined intervals from a fillet of paper moved by independent clock-work, would produce the fabric of the alphabet and writing and printing.

"Was there anything required to produce these results which was not known to Morse? . . .

"He knew, for he had witnessed it years before, that, by means of a battery and an electro-magnet, reciprocal motion could be produced. He knew that the force which produced it could be transmitted along a wire. He *believed* that the battery current could be made, through an electro-magnet, to produce physical results at a *distance*. He saw in his mind's eye the existence of an agent and a medium by which reciprocal motion could be not only produced but controlled at a distance. The question that addressed itself to him at the outset was, naturally, this: 'How can I make use of the simple up-and-down motion of opening and closing a circuit to write an intelligible message at one end of a wire, and at the same time print it at the other?' . . . Like many a kindred work of genius it was in nothing more wonderful

than in its simplicity. . . . Not one of the brilliant scientific men who have attached their names to the history of electro-magnetism had brought the means to produce the practical registering telegraph. Some of them had ascended the tower that looked out on the field of conquest. Some of them brought keener vision than others. Some of them stood higher than others. But the genius of invention had not recognized them. There was needed an inventor. Now what sort of a want is this?

“There was required a rare combination of qualities and conditions. There must be ingenuity in the adaptation of available means to desired ends; there must be the genius to see through non-essentials to the fundamental principle on which success depends; there must be a kind of skill in manipulation; great patience and pertinacity; a certain measure of culture, and the inventor of a recording telegraph must be capable of being inspired by the grandeur of the thought of writing, figuratively speaking, with a pen a thousand miles long—with the thought of a postal system without the element of time. Moreover the person who is to be the inventor must be free from the exactions of well-compensated, everyday, absorbing duties—perhaps he must have had the final baptism of poverty.

“Now the inventor of the registering telegraph did not rise from the perusal of any brilliant paper; he happened to be at leisure on shipboard, ready to contribute and share in the after-dinner conversation of a ship’s cabin, when the occasion arose. Morse’s electro-magnetic telegraph was mainly an invention employing powers and agencies through mechanical devices to

produce a given end. It involved the combination of the results of the labors of others with a succession of special contrivances and some discoveries of the inventor himself. There was an ideal whole almost at the outset, but involving great thought, and labor, and patience, and invention to produce an art harmonious in its organization and action."

After a voyage of over a month Morse reached home and landed at the foot of Rector Street on November 15, 1832. His two brothers, Sidney and Richard, met him on his arrival, and were told at once of his invention. His brother Richard thus described their meeting: —

"Hardly had the usual greetings passed between us three brothers, and while on our way to my house, before he informed us that he had made, during his voyage, an important invention, which had occupied almost all his attention on shipboard — one that would astonish the world and of the success of which he was perfectly sanguine; that this invention was a means of communicating intelligence by electricity, so that a message could be written down in a permanent manner by characters at a distance from the writer. He took from his pocket and showed from his sketch-book, in which he had drawn them, the kind of characters he proposed to use. These characters were dots and spaces representing the ten digits or numerals, and in the book were sketched other parts of his electro-magnetic machinery and apparatus, actually drawn out in his sketch-book."

The other brother, Sidney, also bore testimony: —

"He was full of the subject of the telegraph during the walk from the ship, and for some days afterwards could scarcely speak about anything else. He expressed

himself anxious to make apparatus and try experiments for which he had no materials or facilities on shipboard. In the course of a few days after his arrival he made a kind of cogged or saw-toothed type, the object of which I understood was to regulate the interruptions of the electric current, so as to enable him to make dots, and regulate the length of marks or spaces on the paper upon which the information transmitted by his telegraph was to be recorded.

“He proposed at that time a single circuit of wire, and only a single circuit, and letters, words, and phrases were to be indicated by numerals, and these numerals were to be indicated by dots and other marks and spaces on paper. It seemed to me that, as wire was cheap, it would be better to have twenty-four wires, each wire representing a letter of the alphabet, but my brother always insisted upon the superior advantages of his single circuit.”

Thus we see that Morse, from the very beginning, and from intuition, or inspiration, or whatever you please, was insistent on one of the points which differentiated his invention from all others in the same field, namely, its simplicity, and it was this feature which eventually won for it a universal adoption. But, simple as it was, it still required much elaboration in order to bring it to perfection, for as yet it was but an idea roughly sketched on paper; the appliances to put this idea to a practical test had yet to be devised and made, and Morse now entered upon the most trying period of his career. His three years in Europe, while they had been enjoyed to the full and had enabled him to perfect himself in his art, had not yielded him large financial returns; he had

DEVELOPMENT OF THE INVENTION 19

not expected that they would, but based his hopes on increased patronage after his return. He was entirely dependent on his brush for the support of himself and his three motherless children, and now this new inspiration had come as a disturbing element. He was on the horns of a dilemma. If he devoted himself to his art, as he must in order to keep the wolf from the door, he would not have the leisure to perfect his invention, and others might grasp the prize before him. If he allowed thoughts of electric currents, and magnets, and batteries to monopolize his attention, he could not give to his art, notoriously a jealous mistress, that worship which alone leads to success.

An added bar to the rapid development of his invention was the total lack (hard to realize at the present day) of the simplest essentials. There were no manufacturers of electrical appliances; everything, even to the winding of the wires around the magnets, had to be done laboriously by hand. Even had they existed Morse had but scant means with which to purchase them.

This was his situation when he returned from Europe in the fall of 1832, and it is small wonder that twelve years elapsed before he could prove to the world that his revolutionizing invention was a success, and the wonder is great that he succeeded at all, that he did not sink under the manifold discouragements and hardships, and let fame and fortune elude him. Unknown to him many men in different lands were working over the same problem, some of them of assured scientific position and with good financial backing; is it then remarkable that Morse in later years held himself to be but an instrument in the hands of God to carry out His will? He

never ceased to marvel at the amazing fact that he, poor, scoffed at or pitied, surrounded by difficulties of every sort, should have been chosen to wrest the palm from the hands of trained scientists of two continents. To us the wonder is not so great, for we, if we have read his character aright as revealed by his correspondence, can see that in him, more than in any other man of his time, were combined the qualities necessary to a great inventor as specified by Professor Horsford earlier in this chapter.

In following Morse's career at this critical period it will be necessary to record his experiences both as painter and inventor, for there was no thought of abandoning his profession in his mind at first; on the contrary, he still had hopes of ultimate success, and it was his sole means of livelihood. It is true that he at times gave way to fits of depression. In a letter to his brother Richard before leaving Europe he had thus given expression to his fears: —

“I have frequently felt melancholy in thinking of my prospects for encouragement when I return, and your letter found me in one of those moments. You cannot, therefore, conceive with what feelings I read your offer of a room in your new house. Give me a resting-place and I will yet move the country in favor of the arts. I return with some hopes but many fears. Will my country employ me on works which may do it honor? I want a commission from Government to execute two pictures from the life of Columbus, and I want eight thousand dollars for each, and on these two I will stake my reputation as an artist.”

It was in his brother Richard's house that he took the

first step towards the construction of the apparatus which was to put his invention to a practical test. This was the manufacture of the saw-toothed type by which he proposed to open and close the circuit and produce his conventional signs. He did not choose the most appropriate place for this operation, for his sister-in-law rather pathetically remarked: "He melted the lead which he used over the fire in the grate of my front parlor, and, in his operation of casting the type, he spilled some of the heated metal upon the drugget, or loose carpeting, before the fireplace, and upon a flag-bottomed chair upon which his mould was placed."

He was also handicapped by illness just after his return, as we learn from the following letter to his friend Fenimore Cooper. In this letter he also makes some interesting comments on New York and American affairs, but, curiously enough, he says nothing of his invention:

"*February 21, 1833.* Don't scold at me. I don't deserve a scolding if you knew all, and I do if you don't know all, for I have not written to you since I landed in November. What with severe illness for several weeks after my arrival, and the accumulation of cares consequent on so long an absence from home, I have been overwhelmed and distracted by calls upon my time for a thousand things that pressed upon me for immediate attention; and so I have put off and put off what I have been longing (I am ashamed to say for weeks if not months) to do, I mean to write to you.

"The truth is, my dear sir, I have so much to say that I know not where to commence. I throw myself on your indulgence, and, believing you will forgive me, I commence without further apology.

“First, as to things at home. New York is *improved*, as the word goes, wonderfully. You will return to a strange city; you will not recognize many of your acquaintances among the old buildings; brand-new buildings, stores, and houses are taking the place of the good, staid, modest houses of the early settlers. *Improvement* is all the rage, and houses and churchyards must be overthrown and upturned whenever the Corporation plough is set to work for the widening of a narrow, or the making of a new, street.

“I believe you sometimes have a fit of the blues. It is singular if you do not with your temperament. I confess to many fits of this disagreeable disorder, and I know nothing so likely to induce one as the finding, after an absence of some years from home, the great hour-hand of life sensibly advanced on all your former friends. What will be your sensations after six or seven years if mine are acute after three years’ absence?

“I have not been much in society as yet. I have many visitations, but, until I clear off the accumulated rubbish of three years which lies upon my table, I must decline seeing much of my friends. I have seen twice your sisters the Misses Delancy, and was prevented from being at their house last Friday evening by the severest snow-storm we have had this season. Our friends the Jays I have met several times, and have had much conversation with them about you and your delightful family. Mr. P. A. Jay is a member of the club, so I see him every Friday evening. Chancellor Kent also is a member, and both warm friends of yours. . . .

“My time for ten or twelve days past has been occupied in answering a pamphlet of Colonel Trumbull, who

came out for the purpose of justifying his opposition to measures which had been devised for uniting the two Academies. I send you the first copy hot from the press. There is a great deal to dishearten in the state of feeling, or rather state of no feeling, on the arts in this city. The only way I can keep up my spirits is by resolutely resisting all disposition to repine, and by fighting perseveringly against all the obstacles that hinder the progress of art.

"I have been told several times since my return that I was born one hundred years too soon for the arts in our country. I have replied that, if that be the case, I will try and make it but fifty. I am more and more persuaded that I have quite as much to do with the pen for the arts as the pencil, and if I can in my day so enlighten the public mind as to make the way easier for those that come after me, I don't know that I shall not have served the cause of the fine arts as effectively as by painting pictures which might be appreciated one hundred years after I am gone. If I am to be the Pioneer and am fitted for it, why should I not glory as much in felling trees and clearing away the rubbish as in showing the decorations suited to a more advanced state of cultivation? . . .

"You will certainly have the blues when you first arrive, but the longer you stay abroad the more severe will be the disease. Excuse my predictions. . . . The Georgia affair is settled after a fashion; not so the nullifiers; they are infatuated. Disagreeable as it will be, they will be put down with disgrace to them."

In another letter to Mr. Cooper, dated February 28, 1833, he writes in the same vein: —

"The South Carolina business is probably settled by this time by Mr. Clay's compromise bill, so that the legitimates of Europe may stop blowing their two-penny trumpets in triumph at our *disunion*. The same clashing of interests in Europe would have caused twenty years of war and torrents of bloodshed; with us it has caused three or four years of wordy war and some hundreds of gallons of ink; but no necks are broken, nor heads; all will be in *statu ante bello* in a few days. . . .

"My dear sir, you are wanted at home. I want you to encourage me by your presence. I find the pioneer business has less of romance in the reality than in the description, and I find some tough stumps to pry up and heavy stones to roll out of the way, and I get exhausted and desponding, and I should like a little of your sinew to come to my aid at such times, as it was wont to come at the Louvre. . . .

"There is nothing new in New York; everybody is driving after money, as usual, and there is an alarm of fire every half-hour, as usual, and the pigs have the freedom of the city, as usual; so that, in these respects at least, you will find New York as you left it, except that they are not the same people that are driving after money, nor the same houses burnt, nor the same pigs at large in the street. . . . You will all be welcomed home, but come prepared to find many, very many things in taste and manners different from your own good taste and manners. Good taste and good manners would not be conspicuous if all around possessed the same manners."

CHAPTER XXII

1833 — 1836

Still painting. — Thoughts on art. — Picture of the Louvre. — Rejection as painter of one of the pictures in the Capitol. — John Quincy Adams. — James Fenimore Cooper's article. — Death blow to his artistic ambition. — Washington Allston's letter. — Commission by fellow artists. — Definite abandonment of art. — Repayment of money advanced. — Death of Lafayette. — Religious controversies. — Appointed Professor in University of City of New York. — Description of first telegraphic instrument. — Successful experiments. — Relay. — Address in 1853.

It was impossible for the inventor during the next few years to devote himself entirely to the construction of a machine to test his theories, impatient though he must have been to put his ideas into practical form. His two brothers came nobly to his assistance, and did what lay in their power and according to their means to help him; but it was always repugnant to him to be under pecuniary obligations to any one, and, while gratefully accepting his brothers' help, he strained every nerve to earn the money to pay them back. We, therefore, find little or no reference in the letters of those years to his invention, and it was not until the year 1835 that he was able to make any appreciable progress towards the perfection of his telegraphic apparatus. The intervening years were spent in efforts to rouse an interest in the fine arts in this country; in hard work in behalf of the still young Academy of Design; and in trying to earn a living by the practice of his profession.

"During this time," he says, "I never lost faith in the practicability of the invention, nor abandoned the intention of testing it as soon as I could command the

means." But in order to command the means, he was obliged to devote himself to his art, and in this he did not meet with the encouragement which he had expected and which he deserved. His ideals were always high, perhaps too high for the materialistic age in which he found himself. The following fugitive note will illustrate the trend of his thoughts, and is not inapplicable to conditions at the present day: —

"Are not the refining influences of the fine arts needed, doubly needed, in our country? Is there not a tendency in the democracy of our country to low and vulgar pleasures and pursuits? Does not the contact of those more cultivated in mind and elevated in purpose with those who are less so, and to whom the former look for political favor and power, necessarily debase that cultivated mind and that elevation of purpose? When those are exalted to office who best can flatter the low appetites of the vulgar; when boorishness and ill manners are preferred to polish and refinement, and when, indeed, the latter, if not avowedly, are in reality made an objection, is there not danger that those who would otherwise encourage refinement will fear to show their favorable inclination lest those to whom they look for favor shall be displeased; and will not habit fix it, and another generation bear it as its own inherent, native character?"

That he was naturally optimistic is shown by a footnote which he added to this thought, dated October, 1833: —

"These were once my fears. There is doubtless danger, but I believe in the possibility, by the diffusion of the highest moral and intellectual cultivation

through every class, of raising the lower classes in refinement."

But while in his leisure moments he could indulge in such hopeful dreams, his chief care at that time, as stated at the beginning of this chapter, was to earn money by the exercise of his profession. His important painting of the Louvre, from which he had hoped so much, was placed on exhibition, and, while it received high praise from the artists, its exhibition barely paid expenses, and it was finally sold to Mr. George Clarke, of Hyde Hall, on Otsego Lake, for thirteen hundred dollars, although the artist had expected to get at least twenty-five hundred dollars for it. In a letter to Mr. Clarke, of June 30, 1834, he says: —

"The picture of the Louvre was intended originally for an exhibition picture, and I painted it in the expectation of disposing of it to some person for that purpose who could amply remunerate himself from the receipts of a well-managed exhibition. The time occupied upon this picture was fourteen months, and at much expense and inconvenience, so that that sum [\$2500] for it, if sold under such circumstances, would not be more than a fair compensation.

"I was aware that but few, if any, gentlemen in our country would be willing to expend so large a sum on a single picture, although in fact they would, in this case, purchase seven-and-thirty in one.

"I have lately changed my plans in relation to this picture and to my art generally, and consequently I am able to dispose of it at a much less price. I have need of funds to prosecute my new plans, and, if this picture could now realize the sum of twelve hundred dollars it

would at this moment be to me equivalent in value to the sum first set upon it."

The change of plans no doubt referred to his desire to pursue his electrical experiments, and for this ready money was most necessary, and so he gladly, and even gratefully, accepted Mr. Clarke's offer of twelve hundred dollars for the painting and one hundred dollars for the frame. Even this was not cash, but was in the form of a note payable in a year! His enthusiasm for his art seems at this period to have been gradually waning, although he still strove to command success; but it needed a decisive stroke to wean him entirely from his first love, and Fate did not long delay the blow.

His great ambition had always been to paint historical pictures which should commemorate the glorious events in the history of his beloved country. In the early part of the year 1834 his great opportunity had, apparently, come, and he was ready and eager to grasp it. There were four huge panels in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, which were still to be filled by historical paintings, and a committee in Congress was appointed to select the artists to execute them.

Morse, president of the National Academy of Design, and enthusiastically supported by the best artists in the country, had every reason to suppose that he would be chosen to execute at least one of these paintings. Confident that he had but to make his wishes known to secure the commission, he addressed the following circular letter to various members of Congress, among whom were such famous men as Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, and John Quincy Adams, all personally known to him: —

March 7, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR, — I perceive that the Library Committee have before them the consideration of a resolution on the expediency of employing four artists to paint the remaining four pictures in the Rotunda of the Capitol. If Congress should pass a resolution in favor of the measure, I should esteem it a great honor to be selected as one of the artists.

I have devoted twenty years of my life, of which seven were passed in England, France, and Italy, studying with special reference to the execution of works of the kind proposed, and I must refer to my professional life and character in proof of my ability to do honor to the commission and to the country.

May I take the liberty to ask for myself your favorable recommendation to those in Congress who have the disposal of the commissions?

With great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

S. F. B. MORSE.

While this letter was written in 1834, the final decision of the committee was not made until 1837, but I shall anticipate a little and give the result which had such a momentous effect on Morse's career. There was every reason to believe that his request would be granted, and he and his friends, many of whom endorsed by letter his candidacy, had no fear as to the result; but here again Fate intervened and ordered differently.

Among the committee men in Congress to whom this matter was referred was John Quincy Adams, ex-President of the United States. In discussing the sub-

ject, Mr. Adams submitted a resolution opening the competition to foreign artists as well as to American, giving it as his opinion that there were no artists in this country of sufficient talent properly to execute such monumental works. The artists and their friends were, naturally, greatly incensed at this slur cast upon them, and an indignant and remarkably able reply appeared anonymously in the New York "Evening Post." The authorship of this article was at once saddled on Morse, who was known to wield a facile and fearless pen. Mr. Adams took great offense, and, as a result, Morse's name was rejected and his great opportunity passed him by. There can be no reasonable doubt that, had he received this commission, he would have deferred the perfecting of his telegraphic device until others had so far distanced him in the race that he could never have overtaken them.

Instead of his having been the author of the "Evening Post" article, it transpired that he had not even heard of Mr. Adams's resolution until his friend Fenimore Cooper, the real author of the answer, told him of both attack and reply.

This was the second great tragedy of Morse's life; the first was the untimely death of his young wife, and this other marked the death of his hopes and ambitions as an artist. He was stunned. The blow was as unexpected as it was overwhelming, and what added to its bitterness was that it had been innocently dealt by the hand of one of his dearest friends, who had sought to render him a favor. The truth came out too late to influence the decision of the committee; the die was cast, and his whole future was changed in the twinkling of

an eye; for what had been to him a joy and an inspiration, he now turned from in despair. He could not, of course, realize at the time that Fate, in dealing him this cruel blow, was dedicating him to a higher destiny. It is doubtful if he ever fully realized this, for in after years he could never speak of it unmoved. In a letter to this same friend, Fenimore Cooper, written on November 20, 1849, he thus laments: —

“Alas! My dear sir, the very name of *pictures* produces a sadness of heart I cannot describe. Painting has been a smiling mistress to many, but she has been a cruel jilt to me. I did not abandon her, she abandoned me. I have taken scarcely any interest in painting for many years. Will you believe it? When last in Paris, in 1845, I did not go into the Louvre, nor did I visit a single picture gallery.

“I sometimes indulge a vague dream that I may paint again. It is rather the memory of past pleasures, when hope was enticing me onward only to deceive me at last. Except some family portraits, valuable to me from their likenesses only, I could wish that every picture I ever painted was destroyed. I have no wish to be remembered as a painter, for I never was a painter. My ideal of that profession was, perhaps, too exalted — I may say is too exalted. I leave it to others more worthy to fill the niches of art.”

Of course his self-condemnation was too severe, for we have seen that present-day critics assign him an honorable place in the annals of art, and while, at the time of writing that letter, he had definitely abandoned the brush, he continued to paint for some years after his rejection by the committee of Congress. He had to,

for it was his only means of earning a livelihood, but the old enthusiasm was gone never to return. Fortunately for himself and for the world, however, he transferred it to the perfecting of his invention, and devoted all the time he could steal from the daily routine of his duties to that end.

His friends sympathized with him most heartily and were indignant at his rejection. Washington Allston wrote to him: —

I have learned the disposition of the pictures. I had hoped to find your name among the commissioned artists, but I was grieved to find that all my efforts in your behalf have proved fruitless. I know what your disappointment must have been at this result, and most sincerely do I sympathize with you. That my efforts were both sincere and conscientious I hope will be some consolation to you.

But let not this disappointment cast you down, my friend. You have it still in your power to let the world know what you can do. Dismiss it, then, from your mind, and determine to paint all the better for it. God bless you.

Your affectionate friend

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

The following sentences from a letter written on March 14, 1837, by Thomas Cole, one of the most celebrated of the early American painters, will show in what estimation Morse was held by his brother artists: —

“I have learned with mortification and disappointment that your name was not among the *chosen*, and I have feared that you would carry into effect your reso-

lution of abandoning the art and resigning the presidency of our Academy. I sincerely hope you will have reason to cast aside that resolution. To you our Academy owes its existence and present prosperity, and if, in after times, it should become a great institution, your name will always be coupled with its greatness. But, if you leave us, I very much fear that the fabric will crumble to pieces. You are the keystone of the arch; if you remain with us time may furnish the Academy with another block for the place. I hope my fears may be vain, and that circumstances will conspire to induce you to remain our president."

Other friends were equally sympathetic and Morse did retain the presidency of the Academy until 1845.

To emphasize further their regard for him, a number of artists, headed by Thomas S. Cummings, unknown to Morse, raised by subscription three thousand dollars, to be given to him for the painting of some historical subject. General Cummings, in his "Annals of the Academy," thus describes the receipt of the news by the discouraged artist:—

"The effect was electrical; it roused him from his depression and he exclaimed that never had he read or known of such an act of professional generosity, and that he was fully determined to paint the picture — his favorite subject, 'The Signing of the First Compact on board the Mayflower,' — not of small size, as requested, but of the size of the panels in the Rotunda. That was immediately assented to by the committee, thinking it possible that one or the other of the pictures so ordered might fail in execution, in which case it would afford favorable inducements to its substitution, and, of course,

much to Mr. Morse's profit; as the artists from the first never contemplated taking possession of the picture so executed. It was to remain with Mr. Morse, and for his use and benefit."

The enthusiasm thus roused was but a flash in the pan, however; the wound he had received was too deep to be thus healed. Some of the money was raised and paid to him, and he made studies and sketches for the painting, but his mind was now on his invention, and the painting of the picture was deferred from year to year and finally abandoned. It was characteristic of him that, when he did finally decide to give up the execution of this work, he paid back the sums which had been advanced to him, with interest.

Another grief which came to him in the summer of 1834 (to return to that year) was the death of his illustrious friend General Lafayette. The last letter received from him was written by his amanuensis and unsigned, and simply said: —

"General Lafayette, being detained by sickness, has sent to the reporter of the committee the following note, which the said reporter has read to the House."

The note referred to is, unfortunately, missing. This letter was written on April 29 and the General died on May 20. Morse sent a letter of sympathy to the son, George Washington Lafayette, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, in which the following sentiments occur: —

"In common with this whole country, now clad in mourning, with the lovers of true liberty and of exalted philanthropy throughout the world, I bemoan the departure from earth of your immortal parent. Yet I may

be permitted to indulge in additional feelings of more private sorrow at the loss of one who honored me with his friendship, and had not ceased, till within a few days of his death, to send to me occasional marks of his affectionate remembrance. Be assured, my dear Sir, that the memory of your father will be especially endeared to me and mine."

Morse's admiration of Lafayette was most sincere, and he was greatly influenced in his political feelings by his intercourse with that famous man. Among other opinions which he shared with Lafayette and other thoughtful men, was the fear of a Roman Catholic plot to gain control of the Government of the United States. He defended his views fearlessly and vigorously in the public press and by means of pamphlets, and later entered into a heated controversy with Bishop Spaulding of Kentucky.

I shall not attempt to treat exhaustively of these controversies, but think it only right to refer to them from time to time, not only that the clearest possible light may be shed upon Morse's character and convictions, but to show the extraordinary activity of his brain, which, while he was struggling against obstacles of all kinds, not only to make his invention a success, but for the very means of existence, could yet busy itself with the championing of what he conceived to be the right.

To illustrate his point of view I shall quote a few extracts from a letter to R. S. Willington, Esq., who was the editor of a journal which is referred to as the "Courier." This letter was written on May 20, 1835, when Morse's mind, we should think, would have been wholly absorbed in the details of the infant telegraph: —

“With regard to the more important matter of the Conspiracy, I perceive with regret that the evidence which has been convincing to so many minds of the first order, and which continues daily to spread conviction of the truth of the charge I have made, is still viewed by the editors of the ‘Courier’ as inconclusive. My situation in regard to those who dissent from me is somewhat singular. I have brought against the absolute Governments of Europe a charge of conspiracy against the liberties of the United States. I support the charge by facts, and by reasonings from those facts, which produce conviction on most of those who examine the matter. . . . But those that dissent simply say, ‘I don’t think there is a conspiracy’; yet give no reasons for dissent. The Catholic journals very artfully make no defense themselves, but adroitly make use of the Protestant defense kindly prepared for them. . . .

“No Catholic journal has attempted any refutation of the charge. It cannot be refuted, for it is true. And be assured, my dear sir, it is no extravagant prediction when I say that the question of Popery and Protestantism, or Absolutism and Republicanism, which in these two opposite categories are convertible terms, is fast becoming and will shortly be the *great absorbing question*, not only of this country but of the whole civilized world. I speak not at random; I speak from long and diligent observation in Europe, and from comparison of the state of affairs in this country with the state of public opinion in Europe.

“We are asleep, sir, when every freeman should be awake and look to his arms. . . . Surely, if the danger is groundless, there can be no harm in endeavoring to

ascertain its groundlessness. If you were told your house was on fire you would hardly think of calling the man a maniac for informing you of it, even if he should use a tone of voice and gestures somewhat earnest and impassioned. The course of some of our journals on the subject of Popery has led to the belief that they are covertly under the control of the Jesuits. And let me say, sir, that the modes of control in the resources of this insidious society, notorious for its political arts and intrigues, are more numerous, more powerful, and more various than an unsuspicious people are at all conscious of. . . .

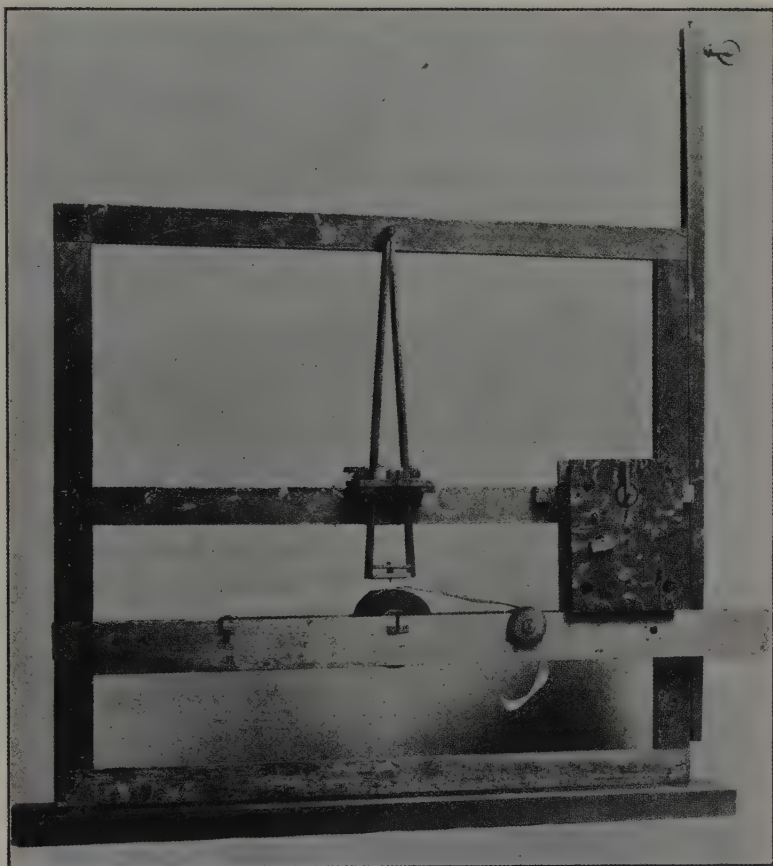
“Mr. Y. falls into the common error and deprecates what he calls a *religious* controversy, as if the subject of Popery was altogether religious. History, it appears to me, must have been read to very little purpose by any one who can entertain such an error in regard to the cunningest political despotism that ever cursed mankind. I must refer you to the preface of the second edition, which I send you, for my reasonings on that point. If they are not conclusive, I should be glad to be shown wherein they are defective. If they are conclusive, is it not time for every patriot to open his eyes to the truth of the fact that we are politically attacked under guise of a religious system, and is it not a serious question whether our political press should advocate the cause of foreign enemies to our government, or help to expose and repel them?”

It was in the year 1835 that Morse was appointed Professor of the Literature of the Arts of Design in the University of the City of New York, and here again we

can mark the guiding hand of Fate. A few years earlier he had been tentatively offered the position of instructor of drawing at the United States Military Academy at West Point, but this offer he had promptly but courteously declined. Had he accepted it he would have missed the opportunity of meeting certain men who gave him valuable assistance. As an instructor in the University he not only received a small salary which relieved him, in a measure, from the grinding necessity of painting pot-boilers, but he had assigned to him spacious rooms in the building on Washington Square, which he could utilize not only as studio and living apartments, but as a workshop. For these rooms, however, he paid a rent, at first of \$325 a year, afterwards of \$400.

Three years had elapsed since his first conception of the invention, and, although burning to devote himself to its perfecting, he had been compelled to hold himself in check and to devote all his time to painting. Now, however, an opportunity came to him, for he moved into the University building before it was entirely finished, and the stairways were in such an embryonic state that he could not expect sitters to attempt their perilous ascent. This enforced leisure gave him the chance he had long desired and he threw himself heart and soul into his electrical experiments. Writing of this period in later years he thus records his struggles: —

“There I immediately commenced, with very limited means, to experiment upon my invention. My first instrument was made up of an old picture or canvas frame fastened to a table; the wheels of an old wooden clock moved by a weight to carry the paper forward;

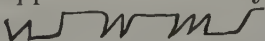


FIRST TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT, 1837

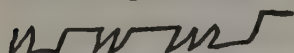
Now in the National Museum, Washington

three wooden drums, upon one of which the paper was wound and passed over the other two; a wooden pendulum, suspended to the top piece of the picture or stretching-frame, and vibrating across the paper as it passes over the centre wooden drum; a pencil at the lower end of the pendulum in contact with the paper; an electro-magnet fastened to a shelf across the picture or stretching frame, opposite to an armature made fast to the pendulum; a type rule and type, for breaking the circuit, resting on an endless band composed of carpet-binding, which passed over two wooden rollers, moved by a wooden crank, and carried forward by points projecting from the bottom of the rule downward into the carpet-binding; a lever, with a small weight on the upper side, and a tooth projecting downward at one end, operated on by the type, and a metallic fork, also projecting downward, over two mercury cups; and a short circuit of wire embracing the helices of the electro-magnet connected with the positive and negative poles of the battery and terminating in the mercury cups."

This first rude instrument was carefully preserved by the inventor, and is now in the Morse case in the National Museum at Washington. A reproduction of it is here given.

I shall omit certain technical details in the inventor's account of this first instrument, but I wish to call attention to his ingenuity in adapting the means at his disposal to the end desired. Much capital has been made, by those who opposed his claims, out of the fact that this primitive apparatus could only produce a V-shaped mark, thus —  — and not a dot and a dash, which they insist was of later introduction and

by another hand. But a reference to the sketches made on board the Sully will show that the original system of signs consisted of dots and lines, and that the first conception of the means to produce these signs was by an up-and-down motion of a lever controlled by an electromagnet. It is easy to befog an issue by misstating facts, but the facts are here to speak for themselves, and that Morse temporarily abandoned his first idea, because he had not the means at his disposal to embody it in workable form and had recourse to another method for producing practically the same result, only shows wonderful ingenuity on his part. It can easily be seen that the waving line traced by the first instrument — thus,



— can be translated by reading the lower part into . a . . . u of the final Morse alphabet.

The beginnings of every great invention have been clumsy and uncouth compared with the results attained by years of study and elaboration participated in by many clever brains. Contrast the Clermont of Fulton with the floating palaces of the present day, the Rocket of Stephenson with the powerful locomotives of our mile-a-minute fliers, and the hand-press of Gutenberg with the marvellous and intricate Hoe presses of modern times. And yet the names of those who first conceived and wrought these primitive contrivances stand highest in the roll of fame; and with justice, for it is infinitely easier to improve on the suggestion of another than to originate a practical advance in human endeavor.

Returning again to Morse's own account of his early experiments I shall quote the following sentences: —

“With this apparatus, rude as it was, and completed before the first of the year 1836, I was enabled to and did mark down telegraphic, intelligible signs, and to make and did make distinguishable sounds for telegraphing; and, having arrived at that point, I exhibited it to some of my friends early in that year, and among others to Professor Leonard D. Gale, who was a college professor in the University. I also experimented with the chemical power of the electric current in 1836, and succeeded in marking my telegraphic signs upon paper dipped in turmeric and solution of the sulphate of soda (as well as other salts) by passing the current through it. I was soon satisfied, however, that the *electro-magnetic* power was more available for telegraphic purposes and possessed many advantages over any other, and I turned my thoughts in that direction.

“Early in 1836 I procured forty feet of wire, and, putting it in the circuit, I found that my battery of one cup was not sufficient to work my instrument. This result suggested to me the probability that the magnetism to be obtained from the electric current would diminish in proportion as the circuit was lengthened, so as to be insufficient for any practical purposes at great distances; and, to remove that probable obstacle to my success, I conceived the idea of combining two or more circuits together in the manner described in my first patent, each with an independent battery, making use of the magnetism of the current on the first to close and break the second; the second the third; and so on.”

Thus modestly does he refer to what was, in fact, a wonderful discovery, the more wonderful because of its simplicity. Professor Horsford thus comments on it: —

“In 1835 Morse made the discovery of the *relay*, the most brilliant of all the achievements to which his name must be forever attached. It was a discovery of a means by which the current, which through distance from its source had become feeble, could be reënforced or renewed. This discovery, according to the different objects for which it is employed, is variously known as the registering magnet, the local circuit, the marginal circuit, the repeater, etc.”

Professor Horsford places the date of this discovery in the year 1835, but Morse himself, in the statement quoted above, assigned it to the early part of 1836.

It is only fair to note that the discovery of the principle of the relay was made independently by other scientists, notably by Davy, Wheatstone, and Henry, but Morse apparently antedated them by a year or two, and could not possibly have been indebted to any of them for the idea. This point has given rise to much discussion among scientists which it will not be necessary to enter into here, for all authorities agree in according to Morse independent invention of the relay.

“Up to the autumn of 1837,” again to quote Morse’s own words, “my telegraphic apparatus existed in so rude a form that I felt a reluctance to have it seen. My means were very limited — so limited as to preclude the possibility of constructing an apparatus of such mechanical finish as to warrant my success in venturing upon its public exhibition. I had no wish to expose to ridicule the representative of so many hours of laborious thought.

“Prior to the summer of 1837, at which time Mr. Alfred Vail’s attention became attracted to my tele-

graph, I depended upon my pencil for subsistence. Indeed, so straitened were my circumstances that, in order to save time to carry out my invention and to economize my scanty means, I had for months lodged and eaten in my studio, procuring my food in small quantities from some grocery, and preparing it myself. To conceal from my friends the stinted manner in which I lived, I was in the habit of bringing my food to my room in the evenings, and this was my mode of life for many years."

Nearly twenty years later, in 1853, Morse referred to this trying period in his career at a meeting of the Association of the Alumni of the University: —

"Yesternight, on once more entering your chapel, I saw the same marble staircase and marble floors I once so often trod, and so often with a heart and head overburdened with almost crushing anxieties. Separated from the chapel by but a thin partition was that room I occupied, now your Philomathean Hall, whose walls — had thoughts and mental struggles, with the alternations of joys and sorrows, the power of being daguerreotyped upon them — would show a thickly studded gallery of evidence that there the Briarean infant was born who has stretched forth his arms with the intent to encircle the world. Yes, that room of the University was the birthplace of the Recording Telegraph. Attempts, indeed, have been made to assign to it other parentage, and to its birthplace other localities. Personally I have very little anxiety on this point, except that the truth should not suffer; for I have a consciousness, which neither sophistry nor ignorance can shake, that that room is the place of its birth, and a confidence,

too, that its cradle is in hands that will sustain its rightful claim."

The old building of the University of the City of New York on Washington Square has been torn down to be replaced by a mercantile structure; the University has moved to more spacious quarters in the upper part of the great city; but one of its notable buildings is the Hall of Fame, and among the first names to be immortalized in bronze in the stately colonnade was that of Samuel F. B. Morse.

CHAPTER XXIII

1835 — 1837

First exhibitions of the Telegraph. — Testimony of Robert G. Rankin and Rev. Henry B. Tappan. — Cooke and Wheatstone. — Joseph Henry, Leonard D. Gale, and Alfred Vail. — Professor Gale's testimony. — Professor Henry's discoveries. — Regrettable controversy of later years. — Professor Charles T. Jackson's claims. — Alfred Vail. — Contract of September 23, 1837. — Work at Morristown, New Jersey. — The "Morse Alphabet." — Reading by sound. — First and second forms of alphabet.

IN after years the question of the time when the telegraph was first exhibited to others was a disputed one; it will, therefore, be well to give the testimony of a few men of undoubted integrity who personally witnessed the first experiments.

Robert G. Rankin, Esq., gave his reminiscences to Mr. Prime, from which I shall select the following passages: —

"Professor Morse was one of the purest and noblest men of any age. I believe I was among the earliest, outside of his family circle, to whom he communicated his design to encircle the globe with wire. . . .

"Some time in the fall of 1835 I was passing along the easterly walk of Washington Parade-Ground, leading from Waverly Place to Fourth Street, when I heard my name called. On turning round I saw, over the picket-fence, an outstretched arm from a person standing in the middle or main entrance door of the unfinished University building of New York, and immediately recognized the professor, who beckoned me toward him. On meeting and exchanging salutations, — and you know how genial his were, — he took me by the arm and said:

‘I wish you to go up in my sanctum and examine a piece of mechanism, which, if you may not believe in, *you*, at least, will not laugh at, as I fear some others will. I want you to give me your frank opinion as a friend, for I know your interest in and love of the applied sciences.’”

Here follow a description of what he saw and Morse’s explanation, and, then he continues: —

“A long silence on the part of each ensued, which was at length broken by my exclamation: ‘Well, professor, you have a pretty play! — theoretically true but practically useful only as a mantel ornament, or for a mistress in the parlor to direct the maid in the cellar! But, professor, *cui bono*? In imagination one can make a new earth and improve all the land communications of our old one, but my unfortunate practicality stands in the way of my comprehension as yet.’

“We then had a long conversation on the subject of magnetism and its modifications, and if I do not recollect the very words which clothed his thoughts, they were substantially as follows.

“He had been long impressed with the belief that God had created the great forces of nature, not only as manifestations of his own infinite power, but as expressions of good-will to man, to do him good, and that every one of God’s great forces could yet be utilized for man’s welfare; that modern science was constantly evolving from the hitherto hidden secrets of nature some new development promotive of human welfare; and that, at no distant day, magnetism would do more for the advancement of human sociology than any of the material forces yet known; that he would scarcely dare to compare spiritual with material forces, yet that, analogi-

cally, magnetism would do in the advancement of human welfare what the Spirit of God would do in the moral renovation of man's nature; that it would educate and enlarge the forces of the world. . . . He said he had felt as if he was doing a great work for God's glory as well as for man's welfare; that such had been his long cherished thought. His whole soul and heart appeared filled with a glow of love and good-will, and his sensitive and impassioned nature seemed almost to transform him in my eyes into a prophet."

It required, indeed, the inspirational vision of a prophet to foresee, in those narrow, skeptical days, the tremendous part which electricity was to play in the civilization of a future age, and I wish again to lay stress on the fact that it was the telegraph which first harnessed this mysterious force, and opened the eyes of the world to the availability of a power which had lain dormant through all the ages, but which was now, for the first time, to be brought under the control of man, and which was destined to rival, and eventually to displace, in many ways, its elder brother steam. Was not Morse's ambition to confer a lasting good on his fellow-men more fully realized than even he himself at that time comprehended?

The Reverend Henry B. Tappan, who in 1835 was a colleague of Morse's in the New York University and afterwards President of the University of Michigan, gave his testimony in reply to a request from Morse, and, among other things, he said: —

"In 1835 you had advanced so far that you were prepared to give, on a small scale, a practical demonstration of the possibility of transmitting and recording

words through distance by means of an electro-magnetic arrangement. I was one of the limited circle whom you invited to witness the first experiments. In a long room of the University you had wires extended from end to end, where the magnetic apparatus was arranged.

“It is not necessary for me to describe particulars which have now become familiar to every one. The fact which I recall with the liveliest interest, and which I mentioned in conversation at Mr. Bancroft’s as one of the choicest recollections of my life, was that of the first transmission and recording of a telegraphic dispatch.

“I suppose, of course, that you had already made these experiments before the company arrived whom you had invited. But I claim to have witnessed *the first transmission and recording of words* by lightning ever made public. . . . The arrangement which you exhibited on the above mentioned occasion, as well as the mode of receiving the dispatches, were substantially the same as those you now employ. I feel certain that you had then already grasped the whole invention, however you may have since perfected the details.”

Others bore testimony in similar words, so that we may regard it as proved that, both in 1835 and 1836, demonstrations were made which, uncouth though they were, compared to present-day perfection, proved that the electric telegraph was about to emerge from the realms of fruitless experiment. Among these witnesses were Daniel Huntington, Hon. Hamilton Fish, and Commodore Shubrick; and several of these gentlemen asserted that, at that early period, Morse confidently predicted that Europe and America would eventually be united by an electric wire.

The letters written by Morse during these critical years have become hopelessly dispersed, and but few have come into my possession. His brothers were both in New York, so that there was no necessity of writing to them, and the letters written to others cannot, at this late day, be traced. As he also, unfortunately, did not keep a journal, I must depend on the testimony of others, and on his own recollections in later years for a chronicle of his struggles. The pencil copy of a letter written to a friend in Albany, on August 27, 1837, has, however, survived, and the following sentences will, I think, be found interesting:—

“Thanks to you, my dear C——, for the concern you express in regard to my health. It has been perfectly good and is now, with the exception of a little anxiety in relation to the telegraph and to my great pictorial undertaking, which wears the furrows of my face a little deeper. My Telegraph, in all its essential points, is tested to my own satisfaction and that of the scientific gentlemen who have seen it; but the machinery (all which, from its peculiar character, I have been compelled to make myself) is imperfect, and before it can be perfected I have reason to fear that other nations will take the hint and rob me both of the credit and the profit. There are indications of this in the foreign journals lately received. I have a defender in the ‘Journal of Commerce’ (which I send you that you may know what is the progress of the matter), and doubtless other journals of our country will not allow foreign nations to take the credit of an invention of such vast importance as they assign to it, when they learn that it certainly belongs to America.

“There is not a thought in any one of the foreign journals relative to the Telegraph which I had not expressed nearly five years ago, on my passage from France, to scientific friends; and when it is considered how quick a hint flies from mind to mind and is soon past all tracing back to the original suggester of the hint, it is certainly by no means improbable that the excitement on the subject in England has its origin from my giving the details of the plan of my Telegraph to some of the Englishmen or other fellow-passengers on board the ship, or to some of the many I have since made acquainted with it during the five years past.”

In this he was mistaken, for the English telegraph of Cooke and Wheatstone was quite different in principle, using the deflection, by a current of electricity, of a delicately adjusted needle to point to the letters of the alphabet. While this was in use in England for a number of years, it was gradually superseded by the Morse telegraph which proved its decided superiority. It is also worthy of note that in this letter, and in all future letters and articles, he, with pardonable pride, uses a capital T in speaking of his Telegraph.

One of the most difficult of the problems which confront the historian who sincerely wishes to deal dispassionately with his subject is justly to apportion the credit which must be given to different workers in the same field of endeavor, and especially in that of invention; for every invention is but an improvement on something which has gone before. The sail-boat was an advance on the rude dugout propelled by paddles. The first clumsy steamboat seemed a marvel to those who

had known no other propulsive power than that of the wind or the oar. The horse-drawn vehicle succeeded the litter and the palanquin, to be in turn followed by the locomotive; and so the telegraph, as a means of rapidly communicating intelligence between distant points, was the logical successor of the signal fire and the semaphore.

In all of these improvements by man upon what man had before accomplished, the pioneer was not only dependent upon what his predecessors had achieved, but, in almost every case, was compelled to call to his assistance other workers to whom could be confided some of the minutiae which were essential to the successful launching of the new enterprise.

I have shown conclusively that the idea of transmitting intelligence by electricity was original with Morse in that he was unaware, until some years after his first conception, that anyone else had ever thought of it. I have also shown that he, unaided by others, invented and made with his own hands a machine, rude though it may have been, which actually did transmit and record intelligence by means of the electric current, and in a manner entirely different from the method employed by others. But he had now come to a point where knowledge of what others had accomplished along the same line would greatly facilitate his labors, and when the assistance of one more skilled in mechanical construction was a great desideratum, and both of these essentials were at hand. It is quite possible that he might have succeeded in working out the problem absolutely unaided, just as a man might become a great painter without instruction, without a knowledge of the accumulated wisdom of those who preceded him, and without the

assistance of the color-maker and the manufacturer of brushes and canvas. But the artist is none the less a genius because he listens to the counsels of his master, profits by the experience of others, and purchases his supplies instead of grinding his own colors and laboriously manufacturing his own canvas and brushes.

The three men to whom Morse was most indebted for material assistance in his labors at this critical period were Professor Joseph Henry, Professor Leonard D. Gale, and Alfred Vail, and it is my earnest desire to do full justice to all of them. Unfortunately after the telegraph had become an assured success, and even down to the present day, the claims of Morse have been bitterly assailed, both by well-meaning persons and by the unscrupulous who sought to break down his patent rights; and the names of these three men were freely used in the effort to prove that to one or all of them more credit was due than to Morse.

Now, after the lapse of nearly three quarters of a century, the verdict has been given in favor of Morse, his name alone is accepted as that of the Inventor of the Telegraph, and in this work it is my aim to prove that the judgment of posterity has not erred, but also to give full credit to those who aided him when he was most in need of assistance. My task in some instances will be a delicate one; I shall have to prick some bubbles, for the friends of some of these men have claimed too much for them, and, on that account, have been bitter in their accusations against Morse. I shall also have to acknowledge some errors of judgment on the part of Morse, for the malice of others fomented a dispute between him and

one of these three men, which caused a permanent estrangement and was greatly to be regretted.

The first of the three to enter into the history of the telegraph was Leonard D. Gale, who, in 1836, was a professor in the University of the City of New York, and he has given his recollections of those early days. Avoiding a repetition of facts already recorded I shall quote some sentences from Professor Gale's statement. After describing the first instrument, which he saw in January of 1836, he continues: —

“During the years 1836 and beginning of 1837 the studies of Professor Morse on his telegraph I found much interrupted by his attention to his professional duties. I understood that want of pecuniary means prevented him from procuring to be made such mechanical improvements, and such substantial workmanship, as would make the operation of his invention more exact.

“In the months of March and April, 1837, the announcement of an extraordinary telegraph on the visual plan (as it afterwards proved to be), the invention of two French gentlemen of the names of Gonon and Servell, was going the rounds of the papers. The thought occurred to me, as well as to Professor Morse and some others of his friends, that the invention of his electromagnetic telegraph had somehow become known, and was the origin of the new telegraph thus conspicuously announced. This announcement at once aroused Professor Morse to renewed exertions to bring the new invention creditably before the public, and to consent to a public announcement of the existence of his invention. From April to September, 1837, Professor Morse and myself were engaged together in the work of preparing

magnets, winding wire, constructing batteries, etc., in the University for an experiment on a larger, but still very limited scale, in the little leisure that each had to spare, and being at the same time much cramped for funds. . . .

“The latter part of August, 1837, the operation of the instruments was shown to numerous visitors at the University. . . .

“On Saturday, the 2d of September, 1837, Professor Daubeny, of the English Oxford University, being on a visit to this country, was invited with a few friends to see the operation of the telegraph, in its then rude form, in the cabinet of the New York University, where it had then been put up with a circuit of seventeen hundred feet of copper wire stretched back and forth in that long room. Professor Daubeny, Professor Torrey, and Mr. Alfred Vail were present among others. This exhibition of the telegraph, although of very rude and imperfectly constructed machinery, demonstrated to all present the practicability of the invention, and it resulted in enlisting the means, the skill, and the zeal of Mr. Alfred Vail, who, early the next week, called at the rooms and had a more perfect explanation from Professor Morse of the character of the invention.”

It was Professor Gale who first called Morse's attention to the discoveries of Professor Joseph Henry, especially to that of the intensity magnet, and he thus describes the interesting event: —

“Morse's machine was complete in all its parts and operated perfectly through a circuit of some forty feet, but there was not sufficient force to send messages to a distance. At this time I was a lecturer on chemistry,

and from necessity was acquainted with all kinds of galvanic batteries, and knew that a battery of one or a few cups generates a large quantity of electricity capable of producing heat, etc., but not of projecting electricity to a great distance, and that, to accomplish this, a battery of many cups is necessary. It was, therefore, evident to me that the one large cup-battery of Morse should be made into ten or fifteen smaller ones to make it a battery of intensity so as to project the electric fluid. . . . Accordingly I substituted the battery of many cups for the battery of one cup. The remaining defect in the Morse machine, as first seen by me, was that the coil of wire around the poles of the electro-magnet consisted of but a few turns only, while, to give the greatest projectile power, the number of turns should be increased from tens to hundreds, as shown by Professor Henry in his paper published in the 'American Journal of Science,' 1831. . . . After substituting the battery of twenty cups for that of a single cup, we added some hundred or more turns to the coil of wire around the poles of the magnet and sent a message through two hundred feet of conductors, then through one thousand feet, and then through ten miles of wire arranged on reels in my own lecture-room in the New York University in the presence of friends."

This was a most important step in hastening the reduction of the invention to a practical, workable basis and I wish here to bear testimony to the great services of Professor Henry in making this possible. His valuable discoveries were freely given to the world with no attempt on his part to patent them, which is, perhaps, to be regretted, but much more is it to be deplored that, in

the litigation which ensued a few years later, Morse and Henry were drawn into a controversy, fostered and fomented by others for their own pecuniary benefit, which involved the honor and veracity of both of these distinguished men. Both were men of the greatest sensitiveness, proud and jealous of their own integrity, and the breach once made was never healed. Of the rights and wrongs of this controversy I may have occasion later on to treat more in detail, although I should much prefer to dismiss it with the acknowledgment that there was much to deplore in what was said and written by Morse, although he sincerely believed himself to be in the right, and much to regret in some of the statements and actions of Henry.

At this late day, when the mists which enveloped the questions have rolled away, it seems but simple justice to admit that the wonderful discoveries of Henry were essential to the successful working over long distances of Morse's discoveries and inventions; just as the discoveries and inventions of earlier and contemporary scientists were essential to Henry's improvements. But it is also just to place emphasis on the fact that Henry's experiments were purely scientific. He never attempted to put them in concrete form for the use of mankind in general; they led up to the telegraph; they were not a practical telegraph in themselves. It was Morse who added the final link in the long chain, and, by combining the discoveries of others with those which he had himself made, gave to the world this wonderful new agent.

A recent writer in the "Scientific American" gave utterance to the following sentiment, which, it seems to me, most aptly describes this difference: "We need physical

discoveries and revere those who seek truth for its own sake. But mankind with keen instinct saves its warmest acclaim for those who also make discoveries of some avail in adding to the length of life, its joys, its possibilities, its conveniences."

We must also remember that, while the baby telegraph had, in 1837, been recognized as a promising infant by a very few scientists and personal friends of the inventor, it was still regarded with suspicion, if not with scorn, by the general public and even by many men of scholarly attainments, and a long and heart-breaking struggle for existence was ahead of it before it should reach maturity and develop into the lusty giant of the present day. Here again Morse proved that he was the one man of his generation most eminently fitted to fight for the child of his brain, to endure and to persevere until the victor's crown was grasped.

It is always idle to speculate on what might have happened if certain events had not taken place; if certain men had not met certain other men. A telegraph would undoubtedly have been invented if Morse had never been born; or he might have perfected his invention without the aid and advice of others, or with the assistance of different men from those who appeared at the psychological moment. But we are dealing with facts and not with suppositions, and the facts are that through Professor Gale he was made acquainted with the discoveries of Joseph Henry, which had been published to the world several years before, and could have been used by others if they had had the wit or genius to grasp their significance and hit upon the right means to make them of practical utility.

Morse was ever ready cheerfully to acknowledge the assistance which had been given to him by others, but, at the same time, he always took the firm stand that this did not give them a claim to an equal share with himself in the honor of the invention. In a long letter to Professor Charles T. Jackson, written on September 18, 1837, he vigorously but courteously repudiates the claim of the latter to have been a co-inventor on board the Sully, and he proves his point, for Jackson not only knew nothing of the plan adopted by Morse, and carried by him to a successful issue, but had never suggested anything of a practical nature. At the same time Morse freely acknowledges that the conversation between them on the ship suggested to him the train of thought which culminated in the invention, for he adds: —

“You say, ‘I trust you will take care that the proper share of credit shall be given to me when you make public your doings.’ This I always have done and with pleasure. I have always given you credit for great genius and acquirements, and have always said, in giving any account of my Telegraph, that it was during a scientific conversation with you on board the ship that I first conceived the thought of an electric Telegraph. Is there really any more that you will claim or that I could in truth and justice give?

“I have acknowledgments of a similar kind to make to Professor Silliman and to Professor Gale; to the former of whom I am under precisely similar obligations with yourself for several useful hints; and to the latter I am most of all indebted for substantial and effective aid in many of my experiments. If any one has a claim to be considered as a mutual inventor on the score of aid by

hints, it is Professor Gale, but he prefers no claim of the kind."

And he never did prefer such a claim (although it was made for him by others), but remained always loyal to Morse. Jackson, on the other hand, insisted on pressing his demand, although it was an absurd one, and he was a thorn in the flesh to Morse for many years. It will not be necessary to go into the matter in detail, as Jackson was, through his wild claims to other inventions and discoveries, thoroughly discredited, and his views have now no weight in the scientific world.

The third person who came to the assistance of Morse at this critical period was Alfred Vail, son of Judge Stephen Vail, of Morristown, New Jersey. In 1837 he was a young man of thirty and had graduated from the University of the City of New York in 1836. He was present at the exhibition of Morse's invention on the 2d of September, 1837, and he at once grasped its great possibilities. After becoming satisfied that Morse's device of the relay would permit of operation over great distances, he expressed a desire to become associated with the inventor in the perfecting and exploitation of the invention. His father was the proprietor of the Speedwell Iron Works in Morristown, and young Vail had had some experience in the manufacture of mechanical appliances in the factory, although he had taken the theological course at the University with the intention of entering the Presbyterian ministry. He had abandoned the idea of becoming a clergyman, however, on account of ill-health, and was, for a time, uncertain as to his future career, when the interest aroused by the sight of Morse's machine settled the matter, and, after

consulting with his father and brother, he entered into an agreement with Morse on the 23d day of September, 1837.

In the contract drawn up between them Vail bound himself to construct, at his own expense, a complete set of instruments; to defray the costs of securing patents in this country and abroad; and to devote his time to both these purposes. It was also agreed that each should at once communicate to the other any improvement or new invention bearing on the simplification or perfecting of the telegraph, and that such improvements or inventions should be held to be the property of each in the proportion in which they were to share in any pecuniary benefits which might accrue.

As the only way in which Morse could, at that time, pay Vail for his services and for money advanced, he gave him a one-fourth interest in the invention in this country, and one half in what might be obtained from Europe. This was, in the following March, changed to three sixteenths in the United States and one fourth in Europe.

Morse had now secured two essentials most necessary to the rapid perfection of his invention, the means to purchase materials and an assistant more skilled than he in mechanical construction, and who was imbued with faith in the ultimate success of the enterprise. Now began the serious work of putting the invention into such a form that it could demonstrate to the skeptical its capability of performing what was then considered a miracle. It is hard for us at the present time, when new marvels of science and invention are of everyday occurrence, to realize the hidebound incredulousness which

prevailed during the first half of the nineteenth century. Men tapped their foreheads and shook their heads in speaking of Morse and his visionary schemes, and deeply regretted that here was the case of a brilliant man and excellent artist evidently gone wrong. But he was not to be turned from his great purpose by the jeers of the ignorant and the anxious solicitations of his friends, and he was greatly heartened by the encouragement of such men as Gale and Vail. They all three worked over the problems yet to be solved, Morse going backwards and forwards between New York and Morristown. That both Gale and Vail suggested improvements which were adopted by Morse, can be taken for granted, but, as I have said before, to modify or elaborate something originated by another is a comparatively easy matter, and the basic idea, first conceived by Morse on the Sully, was retained throughout.

All the details of these experiments have not been recorded, but I believe that at first an attempt was made to put into a more finished form the principle of the machine made by Morse, with its swinging pendulum tracing a waving line, but this was soon abandoned in favor of an instrument using the up-and-down motion of a lever, as drawn in the 1832 sketch-book. In other words, it was a return to first principles as thought out by Morse, and not, as some would have us believe, something entirely new suggested and invented independently by Vail.

It was rather unfortunate and curious, in view of Morse's love of simplicity, that he at first insisted on using the dots and dashes to indicate numbers only, the numbers to correspond to words in a specially prepared

dictionary. His arguments in favor of this plan were specious, but the event has proved that his reasoning was faulty. His first idea was that the telegraph should belong to the Government; that intelligence sent should be secret by means of a kind of cipher; that it would take less time to send a number than each letter of each word, especially in the case of the longer words; and, finally, that although the labor in preparing a dictionary of all the most important words in the language and giving to each its number would be great, once done it would be done for all time.

I say that this was unfortunate because the fact that the telegraphic alphabet of dots and dashes was not used until after his association with Vail has lent strength to the claims on the part of Vail's family and friends that he was the inventor of it and not Morse. This claim has been so insistently, and even bitterly, made, especially after Morse's death, that it gained wide credence and has even been incorporated in some encyclopedias and histories. Fortunately it can be easily disproved, and I am desirous of finally settling this vexed question because I consider the conception of this simplest of all conventional alphabets one of the grandest of Morse's inventions, and one which has conferred great good upon mankind. It is used to convey intelligence not only by electricity, but in many other ways. Its cabalistic characters can be read by the eye, the ear, and the touch.

Just as the names of Ampère, Volta, and Watt have been used to designate certain properties or things discovered by them, so the name of Morse is immortalized in the alphabet invented by him. The telegraph oper-

ators all over the world send "Morse" when they tick off the dots and dashes of the alphabet, and happily I can prove that this is not an honor filched from another.

It is a matter of record that Vail himself never claimed in any of his letters or diaries (and these are voluminous) that he had anything to do with the devising of this conventional alphabet, even with the modification of the first form. On the other hand, in several letters to Morse he refers to it as being Morse's. For instance, in a letter of April 20, 1848, he uses the words "your system of marking, *lines* and *dots*, which you have patented." All the evidence brought forward by the advocates of Vail is purely hearsay; he is said to have said that he invented the alphabet.

Morse, however, always, in every one of his many written references to the matter, speaks of it as "my conventional alphabet." In an article which I contributed to the "Century Magazine" of March, 1912, I treated this question at length and proved by documentary evidence that Morse alone devised the dot-and-dash alphabet. It will not be necessary for me to repeat all this evidence here; I shall simply give enough to prove conclusively that the Morse Alphabet has not been misnamed.

The following is a fugitive note which was reproduced photographically in the "Century" article:—

"Mr. Vail, in his work on the Telegraph, at p. 32, intimates that the saw-teeth type for letters, as he has described them in the diagram (9), were devised by me as early as the year 1832. Two of the elements of these letters, indeed, were then devised, the dot and space,

and used in constructing the type for numerals, but, so far as my recollection now serves me, it was not until I experimented with the first instrument in 1835 that I added the — dash, which supplied me with the three elements for combinations for letters. It was on noticing the fact that, when the circuit was closed a longer time than was necessary to make a dot, there was produced a line or dash, that, if I rightly remember, the broken parts of a continuous line as the means of imprinting at a distance were suggested to me; since the inequalities of long and short lines, separated by long and short spaces, gave me all the variations or combinations of long and short lines necessary to form the alphabet. The date of the code complete must, therefore, be put at 1835, and not 1832, although at the date of 1832 the principle of the code was *evolved*.”

In addition to this being a definite claim in writing on the part of Morse that he had devised an alphabetic code in 1835, two years before Vail had ever heard of the telegraph, it is well to note his scrupulous insistence on historical accuracy.

In a letter to Professor Gale, referring to reading by sound as well as by sight, occur the following sentences. (Let me remark, by the way, that it is interesting to note that Morse thus early recognized the possibility of reading by sound, an honor which has been claimed for many others.)

“Exactly at what time I recognized the adaptation of the difference in the intervals in reading the *letters* as well as the numerals, I have now no means of fixing except in a general manner. It was, however, almost immediately on the construction of the letters by dots

and lines, and this was some little time previous to your seeing the instrument.

“Soon after the first operation of the instrument in 1835, in which the type for writing numbers were used, I not only conceived the letter type, but made them from some leads used in the printing-office. I have still quite a quantity of these type. They were used in Washington as well as the type for numerals in the winter of 1837–38.

“In the earlier period of the invention it was a matter which experience alone could determine whether the *numerical* system, by means of a numbered dictionary, or the alphabetic mode, by spelling of the words, was the better. While I perceived some advantages in the alphabetic system, especially in the writing of proper names, I at that time leaned rather towards the *numerical* mode under the impression that it would, on the whole, be the more rapid. A very short experience, however, showed the superiority of the alphabetic mode, and the big leaves of the numbered dictionary, which cost me a world of labor, and which you, perhaps, remember, were discarded and the alphabetic installed in its stead.”

Perhaps the most conclusive evidence that Vail did not invent this alphabet is contained in his own book on the “American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph,” published in 1845, in which he lays claim to certain improvements. After describing the dot-and-dash alphabet, he says:—

“This conventional alphabet was originated on board the packet Sully by Professor Morse, the very first elements of the invention, and arose from the necessity of the case; the motion produced by the magnet being

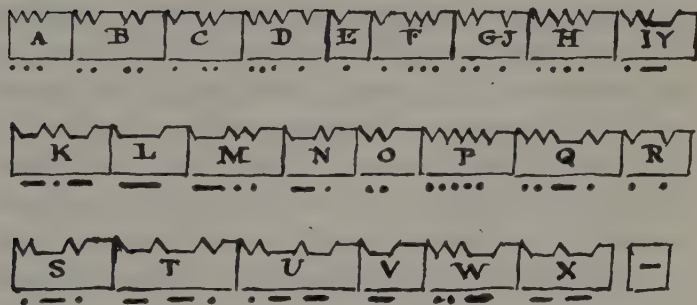
limited to a single action. During the period of the thirteen years *many plans have been devised by the inventor* to bring the telegraphic alphabet to its simplest form."

The italics are mine, for the advocates of Vail have always quoted the first sentence only, and have said that the word "originated" implies that, while Vail admitted that the embryo of the alphabet — the dots and dashes to represent numbers only — was conceived on the Sully, he did not admit that the alphabetical code was Morse's. But when we read the second sentence with the words "devised by the inventor," the meaning is so plain that it is astonishing that any one at all familiar with the facts could have been misled.

The first form of the alphabet which was attached to Morse's caveat of October 3, 1837, is shown in the drawing of the type in the accompanying figure.

It has been stated by some historians that the system of signs for letters was not attached to the caveat, but a careful reading of the text, in which reference is made to the drawing, will prove conclusively that it was. Moreover, in this caveat under section 5, "The Dictionary or Vocabulary," the very first sentence reads: "The dictionary is a complete vocabulary of words alphabetically arranged and regularly numbered, *beginning with the letters of the alphabet.*" The italics are mine. The mistake arose because the drawing was detached from the caveat and affixed to the various patents which were issued, even after the first form of the alphabet had been superseded by a better one, the principle, however, remaining the same, so that it was not necessary to patent the new form.

The following is the form of the type, and the code as drawn in the caveat of 1837.



The changes from this original arrangement of the dots, spaces and lines, are seen on Comparison.

A... is the present	S	Q... same	
B... ..	Y	R... .. present	O
C... ..	H	S... ..	T
D... ..	Z	T... ..	G
E... .. same		U... ..	W
F... .. is	K	V... .. V... ..	T
G... ..	C	W... ..	U
H... .. same		X... ..	M
I... ..	A		
J... ..	C		
K... .. same			
L... .. same			
M... ..	D		
N... .. same			
O... ..	I		
P... .. same			

ROUGH DRAWING OF ALPHABET BY MORSE

Showing the first form of the alphabet and the changes to the present form

As soon as it was proved that it would be simpler to use the letters of the alphabet in sending intelligence, the first form of the alphabet was changed in the manner shown in the preceding figure. Exactly when this was done has not been recorded, but it was after Vail's association with Morse, and it is quite possible that they worked over the problem together, but there is no written proof of this, whereas the accompanying reproduction of calculations in Morse's handwriting will prove that he gave himself seriously to its consideration.

The large numbers represent the quantities of type found in the type-cases of a printing-office; for, after puzzling over the question of the relative frequency of the occurrence of the different letters in the written language, a visit to the printing-office easily settled the matter.

This dispute, concerning the paternity of the alphabet, lasting for many years after the death of both principals, and regrettably creating much bad feeling, is typical of many which arose in the case of the telegraph, as well as in that of every other great invention, and it may not be amiss at this point to introduce the following fugitive note of Morse's, which, though evidently written many years later, is applicable to this as well as to other cases: —

“It is quite common to misapprehend the nature and extent of an improvement without a thorough knowledge of an original invention. A casual observer is apt to confound the new and the old, and, in noting a new arrangement, is often led to consider the whole as new. It is, therefore, necessary to exercise a proper discrimination lest injustice be done to the various laborers in

the same field of invention. I trust it will not be deemed egotistical on my part if, while conscious of the unfeigned desire to concede to all who are attempting improvements in the art of telegraphy that which belongs to them, I should now and then recognize the familiar features of my own offspring and claim their paternity."

Quantities of the Type.

a	8000	12	3	1	2	2000
b	1600	13	3	3		2000
c	3000	2		2		2000
d	4400			2		2000
e	12000	1		3	2	2000
f	2500	10				
g	1700	12		1		
h	6400			1	1	
i	8000	2				2000
j	400	17	5	1	1	
k	800	15				2000
l	4000			1	1	2000
m	3000	2		1	1	2000
n	8000	3		2	1	2000
o	8000	3	3	2	2	2000
p	1700	12	5	1	1	2000
q	500	16	5	1	1	2000
r	6200	5		1	1	2000
s	8000	3		1	1	2000
t	9000	2		1	1	2000
u	3400	8		1	1	2000
v	1200	14		1	1	2000
w	2000	11		16	0	2000
x	400	17		17	1	2000
y	2000	16		17	2	2000
z	200	18		18	1	2000

QUANTITIES OF THE TYPE FOUND IN A PRINTING-OFFICE

Calculation made by Morse to aid him in simplifying alphabet

CHAPTER XXIV

OCTOBER 3, 1837 — MAY 16, 1838

The Caveat. — Work at Morristown. — Judge Vail. — First success. — Resolution in Congress regarding telegraphs. — Morse's reply. — Illness. — Heaviness of first instruments. — Successful exhibition in Morristown. — Exhibition in New York University. — First use of Morse alphabet. — Change from first form of alphabet to present form. — Trials of an inventor. — Dr. Jackson. — Slight friction between Morse and Vail. — Exhibition at Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. — Exhibitions in Washington. — Skepticism of public. — F. O. J. Smith. — F. L. Pope's estimate of Smith. — Proposal for government telegraph. — Smith's report. — Departure for Europe.

I HAVE incidentally mentioned the caveat in the preceding chapter, but a more detailed account of this important step in bringing the invention into the light of day should, perhaps, be given. The reports in the newspapers of the activities of others, especially of scientists in Europe, led Morse to decide that he must at once take steps legally to protect himself if he did not wish to be distanced in the race. He accordingly wrote to the Commissioner of Patents, Henry L. Ellsworth, who had been a classmate of his at Yale, for information as to the form to be used in applying for a caveat, and, after receiving a cordial reply enclosing the required form, he immediately set to work to prepare his caveat. This was in the early part of September, 1837, before he had met Vail. The rough draft, which is still among his papers, was completed on September 28, and the finished copy was sent to Washington on October 3, and the receipt acknowledged by Commissioner Ellsworth on October 6. The drawing containing the signs for both numbers and letters was attached to this caveat.

Having now safeguarded himself, he was able to give

his whole mind to the perfecting of the mechanical parts of his invention, and in this he was ably assisted by his new partner, Alfred Vail, and by Professor Gale.

The next few months were trying ones to both Morse and Vail. It must not be supposed that the work went along smoothly without a hitch. Many were the discouragements, and many experiments were tried and then discarded. To add to the difficulties, Judge Vail, who, of course, was supplying the cash, piqued by the sneers of his neighbors and noting the feverish anxiety of his son and of Morse, lost faith, and would have willingly abandoned the whole enterprise. The two enthusiasts worked steadily on, however, avoiding the Judge as much as possible, and finally, on the 6th of January, 1838, they proudly invited him to come to the workshop and witness the telegraph in operation.

His hopes renewed by their confident demeanor, he hastened down from his house. After a few words of explanation he handed a slip of paper to his son on which he had written the words — "A patient waiter is no loser." He knew that Morse could not possibly know what he had written, and he said: "If you can send this and Mr. Morse can read it at the other end, I shall be convinced."

Slowly the message was ticked off, and when Morse handed him the duplicate of his message, his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and he proposed to go at once to Washington and urge upon Congress the establishment of a government line. But the instrument was not yet in a shape to be seen of all men, and many years were yet to elapse before the legislators of the country awoke to their opportunity.

Morse and Vail were, of course, greatly encouraged by this first triumph, and worked on with increased enthusiasm.

Many years after their early struggles, when the telegraph was an established success and Morse had been honored both at home and abroad, he thus spoke of his friend: —

“Alfred Vail, then a student in the university, and a young man of great ingenuity, having heard of my invention, came to my rooms and I explained it to him, and from that moment he has taken the deepest interest in the Telegraph. Finding that I was unable to command the means to bring my invention properly before the public, and believing that he could command those means through his father and brother, he expressed the belief to me, and I at once made such an arrangement with him as to procure the pecuniary means and the skill of these gentlemen. It is to their joint liberality, but especially to the attention, and skill, and faith in the final success of the enterprise maintained by Alfred Vail, that is due the success of my endeavors to bring the Telegraph at that time creditably before the public.”

The idea of telegraphs seems to have been in the air in the year 1837, for the House of Representatives had passed a resolution on the 3d of February, 1837, requesting the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. Levi Woodbury, to report to the House upon the propriety of establishing a system of telegraphs for the United States. The term “telegraph” in those days included semaphores and other visual appliances, and, in fact, anything by which intelligence could be transmitted to a distance.

The Secretary issued a circular to “Collectors of

Customs, Commanders of Revenue Cutters, and other Persons," requesting information. Morse received one of these circulars, and in reply sent a long account of his invention. But so hard to convince were the good people of that day, and so skeptical and even flippant were most of the members of Congress that six long years were to elapse, years filled with struggles, discouragements, and heart-breaking disappointments, before the victory was won.

Morse had still to contend with occasional fits of illness, for he writes to his brother Sidney from Morristown on November 8, 1837: —

"You will perhaps be surprised to learn that I came out here to be sick. I caught a severe cold the day I left New York from the sudden change of temperature, and was taken down the next morning with one of my bilious attacks, which, under other treatment and circumstances, might have resulted seriously. But, through a kind Providence, I have been thrown among most attentive, and kind, and skilful friends, who have treated me more like one of their own children than like a stranger. Mrs. Vail has been a perfect mother to me; our good Nancy Shepard can alone compare with her. Through her nursing and constant attention I am now able to leave my room and have been downstairs to-day, and hope to be out in a few days. This sickness will, of course, detain me a while longer than I intended, for I must finish the portraits before I return."

This refers to portraits of various members of the Vail family which he had undertaken to execute while he was in Morristown. Farther on in the letter he says: —

“The machinery for the Telegraph goes forward daily; slowly but well and thorough. You will be surprised at the strength and quantity of machinery, greater, doubtless, than will eventually be necessary, yet it gives the main points, certainty and accuracy.”

It may be well to note here that Morse evidently foresaw that the machinery constructed by Alfred Vail was too heavy and cumbersome; that more delicate workmanship would later be called for, and this proved to be the case. The iron works at Morristown were only adapted to the manufacture of heavy machinery for ships, etc., and Alfred Vail had had experience in that class of work only, so that he naturally made the telegraphic instruments much heavier and more unwieldy than was necessary. While these answered the purpose for the time being, they were soon superseded by instruments of greater delicacy and infinitely smaller bulk made by more skilful hands.

The future looked bright to the sanguine inventor in the early days of the year 1838, as we learn from the following letter to his brother Sidney, written on the 13th of January: —

“Mr. Alfred Vail is just going in to New York and will return on Monday morning. The machinery is at length completed and we have shown it to the Morristown people with great *éclat*. It is the talk of all the people round, and the principal inhabitants of Newark made a special excursion on Friday to see it. The success is complete. We have tried the experiment of sending a pretty full letter, which I set up from the numbers given me, transmitting through two miles of wire and deciphered with but a single unimportant error.

"I am staying out to perfect a modification of my portrue and hope to see you on Tuesday, or, at the farthest, on Wednesday, when I shall tell you all about it. The matter looks well now, and I desire to feel grateful to Him who gives success, and be always prepared for any disappointment which He in infinite wisdom may have in store."

We see from this letter, and from an account which appeared in the Morristown "Journal," that in these exhibitions the messages were sent by numbers with the aid of the cumbersome dictionary which Morse had been at such pains to compile. Very soon after this, however, as will appear from what follows, the dictionary was discarded forever, and the Morse alphabet came into practical use.

The following invitation was sent from the New York University on January 22, 1838: —

"Professor Morse requests the honor of Thomas S. Cummings, Esq., and family's company in the Geological Cabinet of the University, Washington Square, to witness the operation of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph at a private exhibition of it to a few friends, previous to its leaving the city for Washington.

"The apparatus will be prepared at precisely twelve o'clock on Wednesday, 24th instant. The time being limited punctuality is specially requested."

Similar invitations were sent to other prominent persons and a very select company gathered at the appointed hour. That the exhibition was a success we learn from the following account in the "Journal of Commerce" of January 29, 1838: —

“THE TELEGRAPH. — We did not witness the operation of Professor Morse’s Electro-Magnetic Telegraph on Wednesday last, but we learn that the numerous company of scientific persons who were present pronounced it entirely successful. Intelligence was instantaneously transmitted through a circuit of TEN MILES, and legibly written on a cylinder at the extremity of the circuit. The great advantages which must result to the public from this invention will warrant an outlay on the part of the Government sufficient to test its practicability as a general means of transmitting intelligence.

“Professor Morse has recently improved on his mode of marking by which he can dispense altogether with the telegraphic dictionary, using *letters* instead of *numbers*, and he can transmit ten words per minute, which is more than double the number which can be transmitted by means of the dictionary.”

A charming and rather dramatic incident occurred at this exhibition which was never forgotten by those who witnessed it. General Cummings had just been appointed to a military command, and one of his friends, with this fact evidently in mind, wrote a message on a piece of paper and, without showing it to any one else, handed it to Morse. The assembled company was silent and only the monotonous clicking of the strange instrument was heard as the message was ticked off in the dots and dashes, and then from the other end of the ten miles of wire was read out this sentence pregnant with meaning: —

“Attention, the Universe, by kingdoms right wheel.”

The name of the man who indited that message seems

not to have been preserved, but, whoever he was, he must have been gifted with prophetic vision, and he must have realized that he was assisting at an occasion which was destined to mark the beginning of a new era in civilization. The attention of the universe was, indeed, before long attracted to this child of Morse's brain, and kingdom after kingdom wheeled into line, vying with each other in admiration and acceptance.

The message was recorded fourfold by means of a newly invented fountain pen, and was given to General Cummings and preserved by him. It is here reproduced.

It will be noticed that the signs for the letters are those, not of the first form of the alphabet as embodied in the drawing attached to the caveat, but of the finally adopted code. This has led some historians, notably Mr. Franklin Leonard Pope, to infer that some mistake has been made in giving out this as a facsimile of this early message; that the letters should have been those of the earlier alphabet. I think, however, that this is but an added proof that Morse devised the first form of the code long before he met Vail, and that the changes to the final form, a description of which I have given, were made by Morse in 1837, or early in 1838, as soon as he became convinced of the superiority of the alphabetic mode, in plenty of time to have been used in this exhibition.

The month of January, 1838, was a busy one at Morristown, for Morse and Vail were bending all their energies toward the perfecting and completion of the instruments, so that a demonstration of the telegraph could be given in Washington at as early a date as possible. Morse refers feelingly to the trials and anx-

ieties of an inventor in a letter to a friend, dated January 22, 1838: —

“I have just returned from nearly six weeks’ absence at Morristown, New Jersey, where I have been engaged in the superintendence of the making of my Telegraph for Washington.

Be thankful, C——, that you are not an inventor. Invention may seem an easy way to *fame*, or, what is the same thing to many, *notoriety*, different as are in reality the two objects. But it is far otherwise. I, indeed, desire the first, for true fame implies well-deserving, but I have no wish for the latter, which yet seems inseparable from it.

“The condition of an inventor is, indeed, not enviable. I know of but one condition that renders it in any degree tolerable, and that is the reflection that his fellow-men may be benefited by his discoveries. In the outset, if he has really made a *discovery*, which very word implies that it was before unknown to the world, he encounters the incredulity, the opposition, and even the sneers of many, who look upon him with a kind of pity, as a little beside himself if not quite mad. And, while maturing his invention, he has the comfort of reflection, in all the various discouragements he meets with from petty failures, that, should he by any means fail in the grand result, he subjects himself rather to the ridicule than the sympathy of his acquaintances, who will not be slow in attributing his failure to a want of that common sense in which, by implication, they so much abound, and which preserves them from the consequences of any such delusions.

“But you will, perhaps, think that there is an offset

in the honors and emoluments that await the successful inventor, one who has really demonstrated that he has made an important discovery. This is not so. Trials of another kind are ready for him after the appropriate difficulties of his task are over. Many stand ready to snatch the prize, or at least to claim a share, so soon as the success of an invention seems certain, and honor and profit alone remain to be obtained.

“This long prelude, C——, brings me at the same time to the point of my argument and to my excuse for my long silence. My argument goes to prove that, unless there is a benevolent consideration in our discoveries, one which enables us to rejoice that others are benefited even though we should suffer loss, our happiness from any honor awarded to a successful invention is exposed to constant danger from the designs of the unprincipled. My excuse is that, ever since the receipt of your most welcome letter, I have been engaged in preparing to repel a threatened invasion of my rights to the invention of the Telegraph by a fellow-passenger from France, one from whom I least expected any such insidious design. The attempt startled me and put me on my guard, and set me to the preparation for any attack. I have been compelled for some weeks to use my pen only for this purpose, and have written much in the hope of preventing the public exposure of my antagonist; but I fear my labor will be vain on this point, from what I hear and the tone in which he writes. I have no fear for myself, being now amply prepared with evidence to repel any attempt which may be made to sustain any claim he may prefer to a share with me in the invention of the Telegraph.”

I have already shown that this claim of Dr. Jackson's was proved to be but the hallucination of a disordered brain, and it will not be necessary to go into the details of the controversy.

These were anxious and nerve-racking days for both Morse and Vail, and it is small wonder that there should have been some slight friction. Vail in his private correspondence makes some mention of this. For instance, in a letter to his brother George, of January 22, 1838, he says: —

“We received the machine on Thursday morning, and in an hour we made the first trial, which did not succeed, nor did it with perfect success until Saturday — all which time Professor M. was rather *unwell*. To-morrow we shall make our first exhibition, and continue it until Wednesday, when we must again box up. Professor M. has received a letter from Mr. Patterson inviting us to exhibit at Philadelphia, and has answered it, but has said nothing to *me* about his intentions. He is altogether inclined to operate in his own name, so much so that he has had printed five hundred blank invitations in his own name at your expense.”

On the other hand, this same George Vail, writing to Morse on January 25, 1838, asks him to “bear with A., which I have no doubt you will. He is easily vexed. Trusting to your universal coolness, however, there is nothing to fear. Keep him from running ahead too fast.”

Again writing to his brother George from Washington, on February 20, 1838, Alfred says: “In regard to Professor M. calling me his ‘*assistant*,’ this is also settled, and he has said as much as to apologize for using the term.”

Why Vail should have objected to being called Morse's assistant, I cannot quite understand, for he was so designated in the contract later made with the Government; but Morse was evidently willing to humor him in this.

I have thought it best to refer to these little incidents partly in the interest of absolute candor, partly to emphasize the nervous tension under which both were working at that time. That there was no lasting resentment in the mind of Vail is amply proved by the following extract from a long letter written by him on March 19, 1838: —

"The great expectations I had on my return home of going into partnership with George, founded, or semi-founded, on the promises made by my father, have burst. I am again on vague promises for three months, and they resting upon the success of the printing machine.

"I feel, Professor Morse, that, if I am ever worth anything, it will be wholly attributable to your kindness. I now should have no *earthly* prospect of happiness and domestic bliss had it not been for what you have done. For which I shall ever remember [you] with the liveliest emotions of gratitude, whether it is eventually successful or not."

Aside from the slight friction to which I have referred, and which was most excusable under the circumstances, the joint work on the telegraph proceeded harmoniously. The invitation from Mr. Patterson, to exhibit the instrument before the Committee of Science and Arts of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, was accepted. The exhibition took place on February 8, and was a pronounced success, and the committee, in expressing

their gratification, voiced the hope that the Government would provide the funds for an experiment on an adequate scale.

From Philadelphia Morse proceeded to Washington accompanied by Vail, confidently believing that it would only be necessary to demonstrate the practicability of his invention to the country's legislators assembled in Congress, in order to obtain a generous appropriation to enable him properly to test it. But he had not taken into account that trait of human nature which I shall dignify by calling it "conservatism," in order not to give it a harder name.

The room of the Committee on Commerce was placed at his disposal, and there he hopefully strung his ten miles of wire and connected them with his instruments. Outwardly calm but inwardly nervous and excited, as he realized that he was facing a supreme moment in his career, he patiently explained to all who came, Congressmen, men of science, representatives of foreign governments, and hard-headed men of business, the workings of the instrument and proved its feasibility. The majority saw and wondered, but went away unconvinced. On February 21, President Martin Van Buren and his entire Cabinet, at their own special request, visited the room and saw the telegraph in operation. But no action was taken by Congress; the time was not yet ripe for the general acceptance of such a revolutionary departure from the slow-going methods of that early period. While individuals here and there grasped the full significance of what the mysterious ticking of that curious instrument foretold, they were vastly in the minority. The world, through its

representatives in the capital city of the United States, remained incredulous.

Among those who at once recognized the possibilities of the invention was Francis O. J. Smith, member of Congress from Portland, Maine, and chairman of the Committee on Commerce. He was a lawyer of much shrewdness and a man of great energy, and he very soon offered to become pecuniarily interested in the invention. Morse was, unfortunately, not a keen judge of men. Scrupulously honest and honorable himself, he had an almost childlike faith in the integrity of others, and all through his life he fell an easy victim to the schemes of self-seekers. In this case a man of more acute intuition would have hesitated, and would have made some enquiries before allying himself with one whose ideas of honor proved eventually to be so at variance with his own. Smith did so much in later years to injure Morse, and to besmirch his fame and good name, that I think it only just to give the following estimate of his character, made by the late Franklin Leonard Pope in an article contributed to the "Electrical World" in 1895:—

"A sense of justice compels me to say that the uncorroborated statements of F. O. J. Smith, in any matter affecting the credit or honor due to Professor Morse, should be allowed but little weight. . . . For no better reason than that Morse in 1843-1844 courteously but firmly refused to be a party to a questionable scheme devised by Smith for the irregular diversion into his own pocket of a portion of the governmental appropriation of \$30,000 for the construction of the experimental line, he ever after cherished toward the inventor the bitterest

animosity; a feeling which he took no pains to conceal. Many of his letters to him at that time, and for many years afterward, were couched in studiously insulting language, which must have been in the highest degree irritating to a sensitive artistic temperament like that of Morse.

"It probably by no means tended to mollify the disposition of such a man as Smith to find that Morse, in reply to these covert sneers and open insinuations, never once lost his self-control, nor permitted himself to depart from the dignified tone of rejoinder which becomes a gentleman in his dealings with one who, in his inmost nature, was essentially a blackguard."

However, it is an old saying that we must "give the devil his due," and the cloven foot did not appear at first. On the other hand, a man of business acumen and legal knowledge was greatly needed at this stage of the enterprise, and Smith possessed them both. Morse was so grateful to find any one with faith enough to be willing to invest money in the invention, and to devote his time and energy to its furtherance, that he at once accepted Smith's offer, and he was made a partner and given a one-fourth interest, Morse retaining nine sixteenths, Vail two sixteenths, and Professor Gale, also admitted as a partner, being allotted one sixteenth. It was characteristic of Morse that he insisted, before signing the contract, that Smith should obtain leave of absence from Congress for the remainder of the term, and should not stand for reelection. It was agreed that Smith should accompany Morse to Europe as soon as possible and endeavor to secure patents in foreign countries, and, if successful, the profits were to be divided

differently, Morse receiving eight sixteenths, Smith five, Vail two, and Gale one.

In spite of the incredulity of the many, Morse could not help feeling encouraged, and in a long letter to Smith, written on February 15, 1838, proposing an experiment of one hundred miles, he thus forecasts the future and proposes an intelligent plan of government control: —

“If no insurmountable obstacles present themselves in a distance of one hundred miles, none may be expected in one thousand or in ten thousand miles; and then will be presented for the consideration of the Government the propriety of completely organizing this *new telegraphic system as a part of the Government*, attaching it to some department already existing, or creating a new one which may be called for by the accumulating duties of the present departments.

“It is obvious, at the slightest glance, that this mode of instantaneous communication must inevitably become an instrument of immense power, to be wielded for good or for evil, as it shall be properly or improperly directed. In the hands of a company of speculators, who should monopolize it for themselves, it might be the means of enriching the corporation at the expense of the bankruptcy of thousands; and even in the hands of Government alone it might become the means of working vast mischief to the Republic.

“In considering these prospective evils, I would respectfully suggest a remedy which offers itself to my mind. Let the sole right of using the Telegraph belong, in the first place, to the Government, who should grant, for a specified sum or bonus, to any individual or com-

pany of individuals who may apply for it, and under such restrictions and regulations as the Government may think proper, the right to lay down a communication between any two points for the purpose of transmitting intelligence, and thus would be promoted a general competition. The Government would have a Telegraph of its own, and have its modes of communicating with its own officers and agents, independent of private permission or interference with and interruption to the ordinary transmissions on the private telegraphs. Thus there would be a system of checks and preventives of abuse operating to restrain the action of this otherwise dangerous power within those bounds which will permit only the good and neutralize the evil. Should the Government thus take the Telegraph solely under its own control, the revenue derived from the bonuses alone, it must be plain, will be of vast amount.

“From the enterprising character of our countrymen, shown in the manner in which they carry forward any new project which promises private or public advantage, it is not visionary to suppose that it would not be long ere the whole surface of this country would be channelled for those *nerves* which are to diffuse, with the speed of thought, a knowledge of all that is occurring throughout the land, making, in fact, *one neighborhood* of the whole country.

“If the Government is disposed to test this mode of telegraphic communication by enabling me to give it a fair trial for one hundred miles, I will engage to enter into no arrangement to dispose of my rights, as the inventor and patentee for the United States, to any individual or company of individuals, previous to offering it

to the Government for such a just and reasonable compensation as shall be mutually agreed upon."

We have seen that Morse was said to be a hundred years ahead of his time as an artist. From the sentences above quoted it would appear that he was far in advance of his contemporaries in some questions of national policy, for the plan outlined by him for the proper governmental control of a great public utility, like the telegraph, it seems to me, should appeal to those who, at the present time, are agitating for that very thing. Had the legislators and the people of 1838 been as wise and clear-sighted as the poor artist-inventor, a great step forward in enlightened statecraft could have been taken at a cost inconceivably less than would now be the case. Competent authorities estimate that to purchase the present telegraph lines in this country at their market valuation would cost the Government in the neighborhood of \$500,000,000; to parallel them would cost some \$25,000,000. The enormous difference in these two sums represents what was foretold by Morse would happen if the telegraph should become a monopoly in the hands of speculators. The history of the telegraph monopoly is too well known to be more than alluded to here, but it is only fair to Morse to state that he had sold all his telegraph stock, and had retired from active participation in the management of the different companies, long before the system of stock-watering began which has been carried on to the present day.

And for what sum could the Government have kept this great invention under its own control? It is on record that Morse offered, in 1844, after the experimental line between Washington and Baltimore had demon-

strated that the telegraph was a success, to sell all the rights in his invention to the Government for \$100,000, and would have considered himself amply remunerated.

But the legislators and the people of 1838, and even those of 1844, were not wise and far-sighted; they failed utterly to realize what a magnificent opportunity had been offered to them for a mere song; and this in spite of the fact that the few who did glimpse the great future of the telegraph painted it in glowing terms.

It is true that the House of Representatives had passed the resolution referred to earlier in this chapter, but that is as far as they went for several years. On the 6th of April, 1838, Mr. F. O. J. Smith made a long report on the petition of Morse asking for an appropriation sufficient to enable him to test his invention adequately. In the course of this report Mr. Smith indulged in the following eulogistic words:—

“It is obvious, however, that the influence of this invention over the political, commercial, and social relations of the people of this widely extended country, looking to nothing beyond, will, in the event of success, of itself amount to a revolution unsurpassed in moral grandeur by any discovery that has been made in the arts and sciences, from the most distant period to which authentic history extends to the present day. With the means of almost instantaneous communication of intelligence between the most distant points of the country, and simultaneously between any given number of intermediate points which this invention contemplates, space will be, to all practical purposes of information, completely annihilated between the States of the Union, as also between the individual citizens thereof.

The citizen will be invested with, and reduce to daily and familiar use, an approach to the HIGH ATTRIBUTE OF UBIQUITY in a degree that the human mind, until recently, has hardly dared to contemplate seriously as belonging to human agency, from an instinctive feeling of religious reverence and reserve on a power of such awful grandeur."

In the face of these enthusiastic, if somewhat stilted, periods the majority of his colleagues remained cold, and no appropriation was voted. Morse, however, was prepared to meet with discouragements, for he wrote to Vail on March 15: —

"Everything looks encouraging, but I need not say to you that in this world a continued course of prosperity is not a rational expectation. We shall, doubtless, find troubles and difficulties in store for us, and it is the part of true wisdom to be prepared for whatever may await us. If our hearts are right we shall not be taken by surprise. I see nothing now but an unclouded prospect, for which let us pay to Him who shows it to us the homage of grateful and obedient hearts, with most earnest prayers for grace to use prosperity aright."

This was written while there was still hope that Congress might take some action at that session, and Morse was optimistic. On March 31, he thus reports progress to Vail: —

"I write you a hasty line to say, in the first place, that I have overcome all difficulties in regard to a portrue, and have invented one which will be perfect. It is very simple, and will not take much time or expense to make it. Mr. S. has incorporated it into the specification for the patent. Please, therefore, not to proceed with the

type or portrue as now constructed. I will see you on my return and explain it in season for you to get one ready for us.

"I find it a most arduous and tedious process to adjust the specification. I have been engaged steadily for three days with Mr. S., and have not yet got half through, but there is one consolation, when done it will be well done. The drawings, I find on enquiry, would cost you from forty to fifty dollars if procured from the draughtsman about the Patent Office. I have, therefore, determined to do them myself and save you that sum."

The portrue, referred to above, was a device for sending automatically messages which were recorded permanently on the tape at the other end of the line. It worked well enough, but it was soon superseded by the key manipulated by hand, as this was much simpler and the dots and dashes could be sent more rapidly. It is curious to note, however, that down to the present day inventors have been busy in an effort to devise some mechanism by which messages could be sent automatically, and consequently more rapidly than by hand, which was Morse's original idea, but, to the best of my knowledge, no satisfactory solution of the problem has yet been found.

Morse was now preparing to go to Europe with Smith to endeavor to secure patents abroad, and, while he had put in his application for a patent in this country, he requested that the issuing of it should be held back until his return, so that a publication on this side should not injure his chances abroad.

All the partners were working under high pressure along their several lines to get everything in readiness

for a successful exhibition of the telegraph in Europe. Vail sent a long letter to Morse on April 18, detailing some of the difficulties which he was encountering, and Morse answered on the 24th:—

“I write in greatest haste, just to say that the boxes have safely arrived, and we shall proceed immediately to examine into the difficulties which have troubled you, but about which we apprehend no serious issue. . . .

“If you can possibly get the circular portrue completed before we go it will be a great convenience, not to say an indispensable matter, for I have just learned so much of Wheatstone’s Telegraph as to be pretty well persuaded that my superiority over him will be made evident more by the rapidity with which I can make the portrue work than in almost any other particular.”

At last every detail had been attended to, and in a postscript to a letter of April 28 he says: “We sail on the 16th of May for Liverpool in the ship Europe, so I think you will have time to complete circular portrue. Try, won’t you?”

CHAPTER XXV

JUNE, 1838 — JANUARY 21, 1839

Arrival in England. — Application for letters patent. — Cooke and Wheatstone's telegraph. — Patent refused. — Departure for Paris. — Patent secured in France. — Earl of Elgin. — Earl of Lincoln. — Baron de Meyendorff. — Russian contract. — Return to London. — Exhibition at the Earl of Lincoln's. — Letter from secretary of Lord Campbell, Attorney-General. — Coronation of Queen Victoria. — Letters to daughter. — Birth of the Count of Paris. — Exhibition before the Institute of France. — Arago; Baron Humboldt. — Negotiations with the Government and Saint-Germain Railway. — Reminiscences of Dr. Kirk. — Letter of the Honorable H. L. Ellsworth. — Letter to F. O. J. Smith. — Dilatoriness of the French.

It seems almost incredible to us, who have come to look upon marvel after marvel of science and invention as a matter of course, that it should have taken so many years to convince the world that the telegraph was a possibility and not an iridescent dream. While men of science and a few far-sighted laymen saw that the time was ripe for this much-needed advance in the means of conveying intelligence, governments and capitalists had held shyly aloof, and, even now, weighed carefully the advantages of different systems before deciding which, if any, was the best. For there were at this time several different systems in the field, and Morse soon found that he would have to compete with the trained scientists of the Old World, backed, at last, by their respective governments, in his effort to prove that his invention was the simplest and the best of them all. That he should have persisted in spite of discouragement after discouragement, struggling to overcome obstacles which to the faint-hearted would have seemed insuperable, constitutes one of his greatest claims to undying

fame. He left on record an account of his experiences in Europe on this voyage, memorable in more ways than one, and extracts from this, and from letters written to his daughter and brothers, will best tell the story: —

“On May 16, 1838, I left the United States and arrived in London in June, for the purpose of obtaining letters patent for my Electro-Magnetic Telegraph System. I learned before I left the United States that Professor Wheatstone and Mr. Cooke, of London, had obtained letters patent in England for a ‘*Magnetic-Needle Telegraph*,’ based, as the name implies, on the *deflection of the magnetic needle*. Their telegraph, at that time, required *six conductors* between the two points of intercommunication *for a single instrument* at each of the two termini. Their mode of indicating signs for communicating intelligence was by deflecting *five magnetic needles* in various directions, in such a way as to point to the required letters upon a diamond-shaped dial-plate. It was necessary that the signal should be *observed at the instant*, or it was lost and vanished forever.

“I applied for letters patent for my system of communicating intelligence at a distance by electricity, differing in all respects from Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke’s system, invented five years before theirs, and having nothing in common in the whole system but the use of *electricity on metallic conductors*, for which use no one could obtain an exclusive privilege, since this much had been used for nearly one hundred years. My system is peculiar in the employment of *electro-magnetism*, or the *motive power of electricity, to imprint permanent signs at a distance*.

“I made no use of the deflections of the magnetic needle as *signs*. I required but *one conductor* between the two termini, or any number of intermediate points of intercommunication. I used *paper moved by clock-work* upon which I caused a *lever*, moved by *magnetism* to *imprint the letters and words* of any required dispatch, having also invented and adapted to telegraph writing a *new and peculiar alphabetic character* for that purpose, a *conventional alphabet*, easily acquired and easily made and used by the operator. It is obvious at once, from a simple statement of these facts, that the system of Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke and my system were wholly unlike each other. As I have just observed, there was *nothing in common in the two systems* but the use of electricity upon metallic conductors, for which no one could obtain an exclusive privilege.

“The various steps required by the English law were taken by me to procure a patent for my mode, and the fees were paid at the Clerk’s office, June 22, and at the Home Department, June 25, 1838; also, June 26, caveats were entered at the Attorney and Solicitor-General’s, and I had reached that part of the process which required the sanction of the Attorney-General. At this point I met the opposition of Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke, and also of Mr. Davy, and a hearing was ordered before the Attorney-General, Sir John Campbell, on July 12, 1838. I attended at the Attorney-General’s residence on the morning of that day, carrying with me my telegraphic apparatus for the purpose of explaining to him the total dissimilarity between my system and those of my opponents. But, contrary to my expectation, the similarity or dissimilarity of my mode from that

of my opponents was not considered by the Attorney-General. He neither examined my instrument, which I had brought for that purpose, nor did he ask any questions bearing upon its resemblance to my opponents' system. I was met by the single declaration that my *'invention had been published,'* and in proof a copy of the London *'Mechanics' Magazine,'* No. 757, for February 10, 1838, was produced, and I was told that *'in consequence of said publication I could not proceed.'*

"At this summary decision I was certainly surprised, being conscious that there had been no such publication of my method as the law required to invalidate a patent; and, even if there had been, I ventured to hint to the Attorney-General that, if I was rightly informed in regard to the British law, it was the province of a court and jury, and not of the Attorney-General, to try, and to decide that point."

The publication to which the Attorney-General referred had merely stated results, with no description whatever of the means by which these results were to be obtained and it was manifestly unfair to Morse on the part of this official to have refused his sanction; but he remained obdurate. Morse then wrote him a long letter, after consultation with Mr. Smith, setting forth all these points and begging for another interview.

"In consequence of my request in this letter I was allowed a second hearing. I attended accordingly, but, to my chagrin, the Attorney-General remarked that he had not had time to examine the letter. He carelessly took it up and turned over the leaves without reading it, and then asked me if I had not taken measures for a patent in my own country. And, upon my reply in the

affirmative, he remarked that: 'America was a large country and I ought to be satisfied with a patent there.' I replied that, with all due deference, I did not consider that as a point submitted for the Attorney-General's decision; that the question submitted was whether there was any legal obstacle in the way of my obtaining letters patent for my Telegraph in England. He observed that he considered my invention as having been *published*, and that he must *therefore* forbid me to proceed.

"Thus forbidden to proceed by an authority from which there was no appeal, as I afterward learned, but to Parliament, and this at great cost of time and money, I immediately left England for France, where I found no difficulty in securing a patent. My invention there not only attracted the regards of the distinguished savants of Paris, but, in a marked degree, the admiration of many of the English nobility and gentry at that time in the French capital. To several of these, while explaining the operation of my telegraphic system, I related the history of my treatment by the English Attorney-General. The celebrated Earl of Elgin took a deep interest in the matter and was intent on my obtaining a special Act of Parliament to secure to me my just rights as the inventor of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph. He repeatedly visited me, bringing with him many of his distinguished friends, and on one occasion the noble Earl of Lincoln, since one of Her Majesty's Privy Council. The Honorable Henry Drummond also interested himself for me, and through his kindness and Lord Elgin's I received letters of introduction to Lord Brougham and to the Marquis of Northampton, the

President of the Royal Society, and several other distinguished persons in England. The Earl of Lincoln showed me special kindness. In taking leave of me in Paris he gave me his card, and, requesting me to bring my telegraphic instruments with me to London, pressed me to give him the earliest notice of my arrival in London.

“I must here say that for weeks in Paris I had been engaged in negotiation with the Russian Counselor of State, the Baron Alexander de Meyendorff, arranging measures for putting the telegraph in operation in Russia. The terms of a contract had been mutually agreed upon, and all was concluded but the signature of the Emperor to legalize it. In order to take advantage of the ensuing summer season for my operations in Russia, I determined to proceed immediately to the United States to make some necessary preparations for the enterprise, without waiting for the formal completion of the contract papers, being led to believe that the signature of the Emperor was sure, a matter of mere form.

“Under these circumstances I left Paris on the 13th of March, 1839, and arrived in London on the 15th of the same month. The next day I sent my card to the Earl of Lincoln and my letter and card to the Marquis of Northampton, and in two or three days received a visit from both. By Earl Lincoln I was at once invited to send my Telegraph to his house in Park Lane, and on the 19th of March I exhibited its operation to members of both Houses of Parliament, of the Royal Society, and the Lords of the Admiralty, invited to meet me by the Earl of Lincoln. From the circumstances mentioned my time in London was necessarily short, my passage hav-

ing been secured in the Great Western to sail on the 23d of March. Although solicited to remain a while in London, both by the Earl of Lincoln and the Honorable Henry Drummond, with a view to obtaining a special Act of Parliament for a patent, I was compelled by the circumstances of the case to defer till some more favorable opportunity, on my expected return to England, any attempt of the kind. The Emperor of Russia, however, refused to ratify the contract made with me by the Counselor of State, and my design of returning to Europe was frustrated, and I have not to this hour [April 2, 1847] had the means to prosecute this enterprise to a result in England. All my exertions were needed to establish my telegraphic system in my own country.

“Time has shown conclusively the essential difference of my telegraphic system from those of my opponents; time has also shown that my system *was not published* in England, as alleged by the Attorney-General, for, to this day, no work in England has published anything that does not show that, as yet, it is perfectly misunderstood. . . .

“The refusal to grant me a patent was, at that period, very disastrous. It was especially discouraging to have made a long voyage across the Atlantic in vain, incurring great expenditure and loss of time, which in their consequences also produced years of delay in the prosecution of my enterprise in the United States.”

The long statement, from which I have taken the above extracts, was written, as I have noted, on April 2, 1847, but the following interesting addition was made to it on December 11, 1848:—

“At the time of preparing this statement I lacked one

item of evidence, which it was desirable to have aside from my own assertion, viz., evidence that the refusal of the Attorney-General was on the ground '*that a publication of the invention had been made.*' I deemed it advisable rather to suffer from the delay and endure the taunts, which my unscrupulous opponents have not been slow to lavish upon me in consequence, if I could but obtain this evidence in proper shape. I accordingly wrote to my brother, then in London, to procure, if possible, from Lord Campbell or his secretary an acknowledgment of the ground on which he refused my application for a patent in 1838, since no public report or record in such cases is made.

"My brother, in connection with Mr. Carpmael, one of the most distinguished patent agents in England, addressed a note to Mr. H. Cooper, the Attorney-General's secretary at the time, and the only official person besides Lord Campbell connected with the matter. The following is Mr. Cooper's reply: —

"WILMINGTON SQUARE, May 23d, 1848.

"GENTLEMEN, — In answer to yours of the 20th inst., I beg to state that I have a distinct recollection of Professor Morse's application for a patent, strengthened by the fact of his not having paid the fees for the hearing, etc., and these being now owing. I understood at the time that the patent was stopped on the ground that a publication of the invention had been made, but I cannot procure Lord Campbell's certificate of that fact.

"I am, gentlemen

"Your obedient servant

"H. COOPER.'

"I thus have obtained the evidence I desired in the most authentic form, but accompanied with as gross an insult as could well be conceived. On the receipt of this letter I immediately wrote to F. O. J. Smith, Esq., at Portland, who accompanied me to England, and at whose sole expense, according to agreement, all proceedings in taking out patents in Europe were to be borne, to know if this charge of the Attorney-General's secretary could possibly be true; not knowing but through some inadvertence on his (Mr. Smith's) part, this bill might have been overlooked.

"Mr. Smith writes me in answer, sending me a copy *verbatim* of the following receipt, which he holds and which speaks for itself:—

"“Mr. Morse to the Attorney-General, Dr.

	£	s.	d.
Hearing on a patent	3	10	0
Giving notice on the same	1	1	0
	4	11	0

Settled the 13th of August, 1838.

"“(Signed) H. COOPER.”

"This receipt is signed, as will be perceived, by the same individual, H. Cooper, who, nearly ten years after his acknowledgment of the money, has the impudence to charge me with leaving my fees unpaid. I now leave the public to make their own comments both on the character of the whole transaction in England, and on the character and motives of those in this country who have espoused Lord Campbell's course, making it an occasion to charge me with having *invented nothing*.

"SAMUEL F. B. MORSE."

I have, in these extracts from an account of his European experiences, written by Morse at a later date, given but a brief summary of certain events; it will now be necessary to record more in detail some of the happenings on that memorable trip.

Attention has been called before to the fact that it was Morse's good fortune to have been an eye-witness of many events of historic interest. Still another was now to be added to the list, for, while he was in London striving unsuccessfully to secure a patent for his invention, he was privileged to witness the coronation of Queen Victoria; our Minister, the Honorable Andrew Stevenson, having procured for him a ticket of admission to Westminster Abbey.

Writing to his daughter Susan on June 19, 1838, before he had met with his rebuff from the Attorney-General, he comments briefly on the festivities incident to the occasion: —

“London is filling fast with crowds of all characters, from ambassadors and princes to pickpockets and beggars, all brought together by the coronation of the queen, which takes place in a few days (the 28th of June). Everything in London now is colored by the coming pageant. In the shop windows are the robes of the nobility, the crimson and ermine dresses, coronets, etc. Preparations for illuminations are making all over the city.

“I have scarcely entered upon the business of the Telegraph, but have examined (tell Dr. Gale) the specification of Wheatstone at the Patent Office, and except the alarum part, he has nothing which interferes with mine. His invention is ingenious and beautiful, but very complicated, and he must use twelve wires where I

use but four. I have also seen a telegraph exhibiting at Exeter Hall invented by Davy, something like Wheatstone's but still complicated. I find mine is yet the simplest and hope to accomplish something, but always keep myself prepared for disappointment."

At a later date he recounted the following pretty incident, showing the kindly character of the young queen, which may not be generally known:—

"I was in London in 1838, and was present with my excellent friend, the late Charles R. Leslie, R.A., at the imposing ceremonies of the coronation of the queen in Westminster Abbey. He then related to me the following incident which, I think, may truly be said to have been the first act of Her Majesty's reign.

"When her predecessor, William IV, died, a messenger was immediately dispatched by his queen (then become by his death queen dowager) to Victoria, apprising her of the event. She immediately called for paper and indited a letter of condolence to the widow. Folding it, she directed it 'To the Queen of England.' Her maid of honor in attendance, noting the inscription, said: 'Your Majesty, you are Queen of England.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'but the widowed queen is not to be reminded of that fact first by me.'"

Writing to his daughter from Havre, on July 26, 1838, while on his way to Paris, after telling her of the unjust decision of the Attorney-General, he adds:—

"Professor Wheatstone and Mr. Davy were my opponents. They have each very ingenious inventions of their own, particularly the former, who is a man of genius and one with whom I was personally much pleased. He has invented his, I believe, without knowing that I

was engaged in an invention to produce a similar result; for, although he dates back into 1832, yet, as no publication of our thoughts was made by either, we are evidently independent of each other. My time has not been lost, however, for I have ascertained with certainty that the *Telegraph of a single circuit* and a *recording apparatus* is mine. . . .

"I found also that both Mr. Wheatstone and Mr. Davy were endeavoring to simplify theirs by adding a recording apparatus and reducing theirs to a single circuit. The latter showed to the Attorney-General a drawing, which I obtained sight of, of a method by which he proposed a bungling imitation of my first characters, those that were printed in our journals, and one, however plausible on paper, and sufficiently so to deceive the Attorney-General, was perfectly impracticable. Partiality, from national or other motives, aside from the justice of the case, I am persuaded, influenced the decision against me.

"We are now on our way to Paris to try what we can do with the French Government. I confess I am not sanguine as to any favorable pecuniary result in Europe, but we shall try, and, at any rate, we have seen enough to know that the matter is viewed with great interest here, and the plan of such telegraphs will be adopted, and, of course, the United States is secured to us, and I do hope something from that.

"Be economical, my dear child, and keep your wants within bounds, for I am preparing myself for an unsuccessful result here, yet every proper effort will be made. I am in excellent health and spirits and leave to-morrow morning for Paris."

"*Paris, August 29, 1838.* I have obtained a patent here and it is exciting some attention. The prospects of future benefit from the invention are good, but I shall not probably realize much, or even anything, immediately.

"I saw by the papers, before I got your letter, that Congress had not passed the appropriation bill for the Telegraph. On some accounts I regret it, but it is only delayed, and it will probably be passed early in the winter."

Little did he think, in his cheerful optimism, that nearly five long years must elapse before Congress should awaken to its great opportunity.

"You will be glad to learn, my dear daughter, that your father's health was never so good, and probably before this reaches you he will be on the ocean on his return. I think of leaving Paris in a very few days. I am only waiting to show the Telegraph to the King, from whom I expect a message hourly. The birth of a prince occupies the whole attention just now of the royal family and the court. He was born on the 24th inst., the son of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. My rooms are as delightfully situated, perhaps, as any in Paris; they are close to the palace of the Tuileries and overlook the gardens, and are within half a stone's throw of the rooms of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. From my balcony I look directly into their rooms. I saw the company that was there assembled on the birthday of the little prince, and saw him in his nurse's arms at the window the next day after his birth. He looked very much like any other baby, and not half so handsome as little Hugh Peters.

"I received from the Minister of War, General Bernard, who has been very polite to me, a ticket to be present at the *Te Deum* performed yesterday in the great cathedral of Paris, Notre Dame, on account of the birth of the prince. The king and all the royal family and the court, with all the officers of state, were present. The cathedral was crowded with all the fashion of Paris. Along the ways and around the church were soldiers without number, almost; a proof that some danger was apprehended to the king, and yet he ought to be popular for he is the best ruler they have had for years. The ceremonies were imposing, appealing to the senses and the imagination, and not at all to the reason or the heart."

The king was Louis Philippe; the little prince, his grandson, was the Count of Paris.

"*Paris, September 29, 1838.* Since my last matters have assumed a totally different aspect. At the request of Monsieur Arago, the most distinguished astronomer of the day, I submitted the Telegraph to the Institute at one of their meetings, at which some of the most celebrated philosophers of France and of Germany and of other countries were present. Its reception was in the highest degree flattering, and the interest which they manifested, by the questions they asked and the exclamations they used, showed to me then that the invention had obtained their favorable regard. The papers of Paris immediately announced the Telegraph in the most favorable terms, and it has literally been the topic of the day ever since. The Baron Humboldt, the celebrated traveller, a member of the Institute and who saw its operation before that body, told Mr. Wheaton, our

Minister to Prussia, that my Telegraph was the best of all the plans that had been devised.

"I received a call from the administrator-in-chief of all the telegraphs of France, Monsieur Alphonse Foy. I explained it to him; he was highly delighted with it, and told me that the Government was about to try an experiment with the view of testing the practicability of the Electric Telegraph, and that he had been requested to see mine and report upon it; that he should report that '*mine was the best that had been submitted to him*'; and he added that I had better forthwith get an introduction to the Minister of the Interior, Mons. the Count Montalivet. I procured a letter from our Minister, and am now waiting the decision of the Government.

"Everything looks promising thus far, as much so as I could expect, but it involves the possibility, not to say the probability, of my remaining in Paris during the winter.

"If I should be delayed till December it would be prudent to remain until April. If it be possible, without detriment to my affairs, to make such arrangements that I may return this autumn, I shall certainly do it; but, if I should not, you must console yourselves that it is in consequence of meeting with success that I am detained, and that I shall be more likely to return with advantage to you all on account of the delay.

"I ought to say that the directors of the Saint-Germain Railroad have seen my Telegraph, and that there is some talk (as yet vague) of establishing a line of my Telegraph upon that road. I mention these, my dear child, to show you that I cannot at this moment leave Paris without detriment to my principal object."

“Paris, October 10, 1838. You are at an age when a parent’s care, and particularly a mother’s care, is most needed. You cannot know the depth of the wound that was inflicted when I was deprived of your dear mother, nor in how many ways that wound was kept open. Yet I know it is all well; I look to God to take care of you; it is his will that you should be almost truly an orphan, for, with all my efforts to have a home for you and to be near you, I have met hitherto only with disappointment. But there are now indications of a change, and, while I prepare for disappointment and wish you to prepare for disappointment, we ought to acknowledge the kind hand of our Heavenly Father in so far prospering me as to put me in the honorable light before the world which is now my lot. With the eminence is connected the prospect of pecuniary prosperity, yet this is not consummated, but only in prospect; it may be a long time before anything is realized. Study, therefore, prudence and economy in all things; make your wants as few as possible, for the habit thus acquired will be of advantage to you whether you have much or little.”

Thus did hope alternate with despondency as the days and weeks wore away and nothing tangible was accomplished. All who saw the working of the telegraph were loud in their expressions of wonder and admiration, but, for reasons which shall presently be explained, nothing else was gained by the inventor at that time.

An old friend of Morse’s, the Reverend Dr. Kirk, was then living in Paris, and the two friends not only roomed together but Dr. Kirk, speaking French fluently, which Morse did not, acted as interpreter in the many exhibi-

tions given. Writing of this in later years, Dr. Kirk says: —

“I remember rallying my friend frequently about the experience of great inventors, who are generally permitted to starve while living and are canonized after death.

“When the model telegraph had been set up in our rooms, Mr. Morse desired to exhibit it to the savants of Paris, but, as he had less of the talking propensity than myself, I was made the grand exhibitor.

“Our levee-day was Tuesday, and for weeks we received the visits of distinguished citizens and strangers, to whom I explained the principles and operation of the Telegraph. The visitors would agree upon a word among themselves which I was not to hear; then the Professor would receive it at the writing end of the wires, while it devolved upon me to interpret the characters which recorded it at the other end. As I explained the hieroglyphics the announcement of the word, which they saw could have come to me only through the wire, would often create a deep sensation of delighted wonder; and much do I now regret that I did not take notes of these interviews, for it would be an interesting record of distinguished names and of valuable remarks.”

On the 10th of September, 1838, Morse enjoyed the greatest triumph of all, for it was on that day that, by invitation of M. Arago, the exhibition of his invention before the Institute of France, casually mentioned in one of his letters to his daughter, took place. Writing of the occasion to Alfred Vail, he says: —

“I exhibited the Telegraph to the Institute and the sensation produced was as striking as at Washington.

It was evident that hitherto the assembled science of Europe had considered the plan of an Electric Telegraph as ingenious but visionary, and, like aëronautic navigation, practicable in little more than theory and destined to be useless.

"I cannot describe to you the scene at the Institute when your box with the registering-machine, just as it left Speedwell, was placed upon the table and surrounded by the most distinguished men of all Europe, celebrated in the various arts and sciences — Arago, Baron Humboldt, Gay-Lussac, and a host of others whose names are stars that shine in both hemispheres. Arago described it to them, and I showed its action. A buzz of admiration and approbation filled the whole hall and the exclamations '*Extraordinaire!*' '*Très bien!*' '*Très admirable!*' I heard on all sides. The sentiment was universal."

Another American at that time in Paris, the Honorable H. L. Ellsworth, also wrote home about the impression which was produced by the exhibition of this new wonder: —

"I am sure you will be glad to learn that our American friend, Professor Morse, is producing a very great sensation among the learned men of this kingdom by his ingenious and wonderful Magnetic Telegraph. He submitted it to the examination of the Academy of Sciences of the Royal Institute of France, at their sitting on Monday last, and the deepest interest was excited among the members of that learned body on the subject. Its novelty, beauty, simplicity, and power were highly commended. . . .

"Other projects for the establishment of a magnetic telegraph have been broached here, especially from Pro-

fessor Wheatstone, of London, and Professor Steinheil, of Munich. It is said, however, to be very manifest that our Yankee Professor is ahead of them all in the essential requisitions of such an invention, and that he is in the way to bear off the palm. In simplicity of design, cheapness of construction and efficiency, Professor Morse's Telegraph transcends all yet made known. In each of these qualities it is admitted, by those who have inspected it closely, there seems to be little else to desire. It is certain, moreover, that in priority of discovery he antedates all others."

Encouraged by the universal praise which was showered upon him, the hopeful inventor redoubled his efforts to secure in some way, either through the Government or through private parties, the means to make a practical test of his invention.

Mr. F. O. J. Smith had, in the mean time, returned to America, and Morse kept him informed by letter of the progress of affairs in Paris. Avoiding, as far as possible, repetitions and irrelevant details, I shall let extracts from these letters tell the story:—

"*September 29, 1838.* On Monday I received a very flattering letter from our excellent Minister, Governor Cass, introducing me to the Count Montalivet, and I accordingly called the next day. I did not see him, but had an interview with his secretary, who told me that the Administrator of the Telegraphs had not yet reported to the Minister, but that he would see him the next day, and that, if I would call on Friday, he would inform me of the result. I called on Friday. The secretary informed me that he had seen M. Foy, and that he had more than confirmed the flattering accounts in the

American Minister's letter respecting the Telegraph, but was not yet prepared with his report to the Minister — he wished to make a detailed account of the *differences in favor of mine over all others that had been presented to him*, or words to that effect; and the secretary assured me that the report would be all I could wish. This is certainly flattering and I am to call on Monday to learn further."

"*October 24.* I can only add, in a few words, that everything here is as encouraging as could be expected. The report of the Administrator of Telegraphs has been made to the Minister of the Interior, and I have been told that I should be notified of the intentions of the Government in a few days. I have also shown the railroad telegraph to the Saint-Germain directors, who are delighted with it, and from them I expect a proposition within a few days."

"*November 22.* I intend sending this letter by the packet of the 24th inst., and am in hopes of sending with it some intelligence from those from whom I have been so long expecting something. Everything moves at a snail's pace here. I find delay in all things; at least, so it appears to me, who have too strong a development of the American organ of 'go-ahead-ativeness' to feel easy under its tantalizing effects. A Frenchman ought to have as many lives as a cat to bring to pass, on his dilatory plan of procedure, the same results that a Yankee would accomplish in his single life."

"*Afternoon, November 22.* Called on the Ministre de l'Intérieur; no one at home; left card and will call again to-morrow, and hope to be in time yet for the packet."

"*November 23.* I have again called, but do not find

at home the chief secretary, M. Merlin. . . . I shall miss the packet of the 24th, but I am told she is a slow ship and that I shall probably find the letters reach home quite as soon by the next. I will leave this open to add if anything occurs between this and next packet day."

"*November 30.* I have been called off from this letter until the last moment by stirring about and endeavoring to expedite matters with the Government. I have been to see General Cass since my last date. I talked over matters with him. He complains much of their dilatoriness, but sees no way of quickening them. . . . I called again this morning at the Minister's and, as usual, the secretary was absent; at the palace they said. If I could once get them to look at it I should be sure of them, for I have never shown it to any one who did not seem in raptures. I showed it a few days ago to M. Fremel, the Director of Light-Houses, who came with Mr. Vail and Captain Perry. He was cautious at first, but afterwards became as enthusiastic as any.

"The railroad directors are as dilatory as the Government, but I know they are discussing the matter seriously at their meetings, and I was told that the most influential man among them said they 'must have it.' There is nothing in the least discouraging that has occurred, but, on the contrary, everything to confirm the practicability of the plan, both on the score of science and expense."

"*January 21, 1839.* I learn that the Telegraph is much talked of in all society, and I learn that the *Théâtre des Variétés*, which is a sort of mirror of the popular topics, has a piece in which persons are made to converse by means of this Telegraph some hundreds of miles off.

This is a straw which shows the way of the wind, and although matters move too slow for my impatient spirit, yet the Telegraph is evidently gaining on the popular notice, and in time will demand the attention of Governments.

“I have the promise of a visit from the Count Boudy, Chief of the Household of the King, and who, I understand, has great influence with the king and can induce him to adopt the Telegraph between some of his palaces.

“Hopes, you perceive, continue bright, but they are somewhat unsubstantial to an empty purse. I look for the first fruits in America. My confidence increases every day in the certainty of the eventual adoption of this means of communication throughout the civilized world. Its practicability, hitherto doubted by savants here, is completely established, and they do not hesitate to give me the credit of having established it. I rejoice quite as much for my country's sake as for my own that both priority and superiority are awarded to my invention.”

CHAPTER XXVI

JANUARY 6, 1839 — MARCH 9, 1839

Despondent letter to his brother Sidney. — Longing for a home. — Letter to Smith. — More delays. — Change of ministry. — Proposal to form private company. — Impossible under the laws of France. — Telegraphs a government monopoly. — Refusal of Czar to sign Russian contract. — Dr. Jackson. — M. Amyot. — Failure to gain audience of king. — Lord Elgin. — Earl of Lincoln. — Robert Walsh prophesies success. — Meeting with Earl of Lincoln in later years. — Daguerre. — Letter to Mrs. Cass on lotteries. — Railway and military telegraphs. — Skepticism of a Marshal of France.

THUS hopefully the inventor kept writing home, always maintaining that soon all obstacles would be overcome, and that he would then have a chance to demonstrate in a really practical way the great usefulness of his invention. But, instead of melting away, new obstacles kept arising at every turn. The dilatoriness of the French Government seems past all belief, and yet, in spite of his faith in the more expeditious methods of his own country, he was fated to encounter the same exasperating slowness at home. It was, therefore, only natural that in spite of the courageous optimism of his nature, he should at times have given way to fits of depression, as is instanced by the following extracts from a letter written to his brother Sidney on January 6, 1839: —

“I know not that I feel right to indulge in the despondency which, in spite of all reason to the contrary, creeps over me when I think of returning. I know the feelings of Tantalus perfectly. All my prospects in regard to the Telegraph are bright and encouraging, and so they have been for months, and they still continue to be so; but the sober *now* is that I am expending and not

acquiring; it has, as yet, been all *outgo* and no *income*. At the rate business is done here, the slow, dilatory manner in which the most favorable projects are carried forward, I have no reason to believe that anything will be realized before I must leave France, which will probably be in about six weeks. If so, then I return penniless, and, worse than penniless, I return to find debts and no home; to find homeless children with all hope extinguished of ever seeing them again in a family. Indeed, I may say that, in this latter respect, the last ray is departed; I think no more of it.

“I now feel anxious to see my children educated with the means they have of their own, and in a way of usefulness, and for myself I desire to live secluded, without being burdensome to my friends. I should be glad to exchange my rooms in the university for one or two in your new building. I shall probably resign both Professorship and Presidency on my return. The first has become merely nominal, and the latter is connected with duties which properly confine to the city, and, as I wish to be free to go to other places, I think it will be best to resign.

“If our Government should take the Telegraph, or companies should be formed for that purpose, so that a sum is realized from it when I get home, this will, of course, change the face of things; but I dare not expect it and ought not to build any plans on such a contingency. So far as praise goes I have every reason to be satisfied at the state of things here in regard to the Telegraph. All the savants, committees of learned societies, members of the Chamber of Deputies, and officers of Government have, without exception, been as

enthusiastic in its reception as any in the United States. Both the priority and superiority of my invention are established, and thus the credit, be it more or less, is secured to our country. The Prefect of the Seine expressed a desire to see it and called by appointment yesterday. He was perfectly satisfied, and said of his own accord that he should see the king last evening and should mention the Telegraph to him. I shall probably soon be requested, therefore, to show the Telegraph to the king.

“All these are most encouraging prospects; there is, indeed, nothing that has arisen to throw any insurmountable obstacle in the way of its adoption with complete success; and for all this I ought to feel gratitude, and I wish to acknowledge it before Him to whom gratitude is due. Is it right or is it wrong, in view of all this, to feel despondency?

“In spite of all I do feel sad. I am no longer young; I have children, but they are orphans, and orphans they are likely to be. I have a country, but *no home*. It is this *no home* that perpetually haunts me. I feel as if it were duty, duty most urgent, for me to settle in a family state at all hazards on account of these children. I know they suffer in this forming period of their lives for the want of a home, of the care of a father and a mother, and that no care and attention from friends, be they ever so kind, can supply the place of parents. But all efforts, direct and indirect, to bring this about have been frustrated.

“My dear brother, may you never feel, as I have felt, *the loss of a wife*. That wound bleeds afresh daily, as if it were inflicted but yesterday. There is a meaning in all

these acute mental trials, and they are at times so severe as almost to deprive me of reason, though few around me would suspect the state of my mind."

These last few lines are eminently characteristic of the man. While called upon to endure much, both mentally and physically, he possessed such remarkable self-control that few, if any, of those around him were aware of his suffering. Only to his intimates did he ever reveal the pain which sometimes gnawed at his heart, and then only occasionally and under great stress. It was this self-control, united to a lofty purpose and a natural repugnance to wearing his heart on his sleeve, which enabled him to accomplish what he did. Endowed also with a saving sense of humor, he made light of his trials to others and was a welcome guest in every social gathering.

The want of a place which he could really call home was an ever-present grief. It is the dominant note in almost all the letters to his brothers and his children, and it is rather quaintly expressed in a letter, of November 14, 1838, to his daughter: —

"Tell Uncle Sidney to take good care of you, and to have a little snug room in the upper corner of his new building, where a bed can be placed, a chair, and a table, and let me have it as my own, that there may be one little particular spot which I can call *home*. I will there make three wooden stools, one for you, one for Charles, and one for Finley, and invite you to your father's house."

In spite of the enthusiasm which the exhibition of his invention aroused among the learned men and others in Paris, he met with obstructions of the most vexatious

kind at every turn, in his effort to bring it into practical use. Just as the way seemed clear for its adoption by the French Government, something happened which is thus described in a letter to Mr. Smith, of January 28, 1839:

“I wrote by the Great Western a few days ago. The event then anticipated in regard to the Ministry has occurred. The Ministers have resigned, and it is expected that the new Cabinet will be formed this day with Marshal Soult at its head. Thus you perceive new causes of delay in obtaining any answer from the Government. As soon as I can learn the name of the new Minister of the Interior I will address a note to him, or see him, as I may be advised, and see if I can possibly obtain an answer, or at least a report of the administration of the Telegraphs. Nothing has occurred in other respects but what is agreeable. . . .

“All my leisure (if that may be called leisure which employs nearly all my time) is devoted to perfecting the whole matter. The invention of the correspondent, I think you will say, is a more essential improvement. It has been my winter’s labor, and, to avoid expense, I have been compelled to make it entirely with my own hands. I can now give you its exact dimensions — twelve and a half inches long, six and a half wide, and six and a half deep. It dispenses entirely with boxes of type (one set alone being necessary) and dispenses also with the rules, and with all machinery for moving the rules. There is no winding up and it is ready at all times. You touch the letter and the letter is written immediately at the other extremity. . . . In my next I hope to send you reports of my further progress. One thing seems certain, my Telegraph has driven out of the field all the

other plans on the magnetic principle. I hear nothing of them in public or private. No society notices them."

"*February 2.* I can compare the state of things here to an April day, at one moment sunshine, at the next cloudy. The Telegraph is evidently growing in favor; testimonials of approbation and compliments multiply, and yesterday I was advised by the secretary of the *Académie Industrielle* to interest moneyed men in the matter if I intended to profit by it; and he observed that now was the precise time to do it in the interval of the Chambers.

"I am at a loss how to act. I am not a business man and fear every movement which suggests itself to me. I am thinking of proposing a company on the same plan you last proposed in your letter from Liverpool, and which you intend to create in case the Government shall choose to do nothing; that is to say, a company taking the right at one thousand francs per mile, paying the proprietors fifty per cent in stocks and fifty per cent in cash, raising about fifty thousand francs for a trial some distance. I shall take advice and let you know the result.

"I wish you were here; I am sure something could be done by an energetic business man like yourself. As for poor me I feel that I am a child in business matters. I can invent and perfect the invention, and demonstrate its uses and practicability, but 'further the deponent saith not.' Perhaps I underrate myself in this case, but that is not a usual fault in human nature."

It was natural that a keen business man like F. O. J. Smith should have leaned rather toward a private corporation, with its possibilities of great pecuniary gain, than toward government ownership. Morse, on the

contrary, would have preferred, both at home and abroad, to place the great power which he knew his invention was destined to wield in the hands of a responsible government. However, so eager was he to make a practical test of the telegraph that, governments apparently not appreciating their great opportunity, he was willing to entrust the enterprise to capitalists. Here again he was balked, however, for, writing of his trials later, he says: —

“An unforeseen obstacle was interposed which has rendered my patent in France of no avail to me. By the French patent law at the time one who obtained a patent was obliged to put into operation his invention within two years from the issue of his patent, under the penalty of forfeiture if he does not comply with the law. In pursuance of this requisition of the law I negotiated with the president (Turneyesen) of the Saint-Germain Railroad Company to construct a line of my Telegraph on their road from Paris to Saint-Germain, a distance of about seven English miles. The company was favorably disposed toward the project, but, upon application (as was necessary) to the Government for permission to have the Telegraph on their road, they received for answer that telegraphs were a government monopoly, and could not, therefore, be used for private purposes. I thus found myself crushed between the conflicting forces of two opposing laws.”

This was, indeed, a crushing blow, and ended all hope of accomplishing anything in France, unless the Government should, in the short time still left to him, decide to take it up. The letters home, during the remainder of his stay in Europe, are voluminous, but as they are, in

the main, a repetition of experiences similar to those already recorded, it will not be necessary to give them in full. He tells of the enthusiastic reception accorded to his invention by the savants, the high officials of the Government and the Englishmen of note then stopping in Paris. He tells also of the exasperating delays to which he was subjected, and which finally compelled him to return home without having accomplished anything tangible. He goes at length into his negotiations with the representative of the Czar, Baron Meyendorf, from which he entertained so many hopes, hopes which were destined in the end to be blasted, because the Czar refused to put his signature to the contract, his objection being that "Malevolence can easily interrupt the communication." This was a terrible disappointment to the inventor, for he had made all his plans to return to Europe in the spring of 1839 to carry out the Russian contract, which he was led to believe was perfectly certain, and the Czar's signature simply a matter of form.

While at the time, and probably for all his life, Morse considered his failure in Europe as a cruel stroke of Fate, we cannot but conclude, in the light of future developments, that here again Fate was cruel in order to be kind. The invention, while it had been pronounced a scientific success, and had been awarded the palm over all other systems by the foremost scientists of the world, had yet to undergo the baptism of fire on the field of battle. It had never been tried over long distances in the open air, and many practical modifications had yet to be made, the necessity for which could only be ascertained during the actual construction of a commercial line. Morse's first idea, adhered to by him until found by

experience, in the building of the first line between Washington and Baltimore, to be impracticable, had been to bury the wires in a trench in the ground. I say it was found to be impracticable, but that is true only of the conditions at that early date. The inventor was here again ahead of his time, for the underground system is now used in many cities, and may in time become universal. However, we shall see, when the story of the building of that first historic line is told, that in this respect, and in many others, great difficulties were encountered and failure was averted only by the ingenuity, the resourcefulness, and the quick-wittedness of the inventor himself and his able assistants. Is it too much to suppose that, had the Russian, or even the French, contract gone through, and had Morse been compelled to recruit his assistants from the people of an alien land, whose language he could neither speak nor thoroughly understand, the result would have been a dismal failure, calling down only ridicule on the head of the luckless inventor, and perhaps causing him to abandon the whole enterprise, discouraged and disheartened?

Be this as it may, the European trip was considered a failure in a practical sense, while having resulted in a personal triumph in so far as the scientific elements of the invention were concerned. I shall, therefore, give only occasional extracts from the letters, some of them dealing with matters not in any way related to the telegraph.

He writes to Mr. Smith on February 13, 1839: —

“I have been wholly occupied for the last week in copying out the correspondence and other documents to defend myself against the infamous attack of Dr. Jackson,

notice of which my brother sent me. . . . I have sent a letter to Dr. Jackson calling on him to save his character by a total disclaimer of his presumptuous claim within one week from the receipt of the letter, and giving him the plea of a 'mistake' and 'misconception of my invention' by which he may retreat. If he fails to do this, I have requested my brother to publish immediately my defense, in which I give a history of the invention, the correspondence between Dr. Jackson and myself, and close with the letters of Hon. Mr. Rives, Mr. Fisher, of Philadelphia, and Captain Pell.

"I cannot conceive of such infatuation as has possessed this man. He can scarcely be deceived. It must be his consummate self-conceit that deceives him, if he is deceived. But this cannot be; he knows he has no title whatever to a single hint of any kind in the matter."

I have already alluded to the claim of Dr. Jackson, and have shown that it was proved to be utterly without foundation, and have only introduced this reference to it as an instance of the attacks which were made upon Morse, attacks which compelled him to consume much valuable time, in the midst of his other labors, in order to repel them, which he always succeeded in doing.

In writing of his negotiations with the Russian Government he mentions M. Amyot, "who has proposed also an Electric Telegraph, but upon seeing mine he could not restrain his gratification, and with his whole soul he is at work to forward it with all who have influence. He is the right-hand man of the Baron Meyendorff, and he is exerting all his power to have the Russian Government adopt my Telegraph. . . . He is

really a noble-minded man. The baron told me he had a *large soul*, and I find he has. I have no claim on him and yet he seems to take as much interest in my invention as if it were his own. How different a conduct from Jackson's! . . . Every day is clearing away all the difficulties that prevent its adoption; the only difficulty that remains, it is universally said, is the protection of the wires from malevolent attack, and this can be prevented by proper police and secret and deep interment. I have no doubt of its universal adoption; it may take time but it is certain."

"*Paris, March 2, 1839.* By my last letter I informed you of the more favorable prospects of the telegraphic enterprise. These prospects still continue, and I shall return with the gratifying reflection that, after all my anxieties, and labors, and privations, and your and my other associates' expenditures and risks, we are all in a fair way of reaping the fruits of our toil. The political troubles of France have been a hindrance hitherto to the attention of the Government to the Telegraph, but in the mean time I have gradually pushed forward the invention into the notice of the most influential individuals of France. I had Colonel Lasalle, aide-de-camp to the king, and his lady to see the Telegraph a few days ago. He promised that, without fail, it should be mentioned to the king. You will be surprised to learn, after all the promises hitherto made by the Prefect of the Seine, Count Remberteau, and by various other officers of the Government, and after General Cass's letter to the aide on service, four or five months since, requesting it might be brought to the notice of the king, that the king has not yet heard of it. But so things go here.

Such dereliction would destroy a man with us in a moment, but here there is a different standard (this, of course, *entre nous*). . . . Among the numerous visitors that have thronged to see the Telegraph, there have been a great many of the principal English nobility. Among them the Lord and Lady Aylmer, former Governor of Canada, Lord Elgin and son, the celebrated preserver, not depredator (as he has been most slanderously called) of the Phidian Marbles. Lord Elgin has been twice and expressed a great interest in the invention. He brought with him yesterday the Earl of Lincoln, a young man of unassuming manners; he was delighted and gave me his card with a pressing invitation to call on him when I came to London.

“I have not failed to let the English know how I was treated in regard to my application for a patent in England, and contrasted the conduct of the French in this respect to theirs. I believe they felt it, and I think it was Lord Aylmer, but am not quite sure, who advised that the subject be brought up in Parliament by some member and made the object of special legislation, which he said might be done, the Attorney-General to the contrary notwithstanding. I really believe, if matters were rightly managed in England, something yet might be done there, if not by patent, yet by a parliamentary grant of a proper compensation. It is remarkable that they have not yet made anything like mine in England. It is evident that neither Wheatstone nor Davy comprehended my mode, after all their assertions that mine had been published.

“If matters move slower here than with us, yet they gain surely. I am told every hour that the two great

wonders of Paris just now, about which everybody is conversing, are Daguerre's wonderful results in fixing permanently the image of the *camera obscura*, and Morse's Electro-Magnetic Telegraph, and they do not hesitate to add that, beautiful as are the results of Daguerre's experiments, the invention of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph is that which will surpass, in the greatness of the revolution to be effected, all other inventions. Robert Walsh, Esq., who has just left me, is beyond measure delighted. I was writing a word from one room to another; he came to me and said:—"The next word you may write is IMMORTALITY, for the sublimity of this invention is of surpassing grandeur. *I see now that all physical obstacles, which may for a while hinder, will inevitably be overcome; the problem is solved; MAN MAY INSTANTLY CONVERSE WITH HIS FELLOW-MEN IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD.*"

This prophecy of the celebrated American author, who was afterwards Consul-General to France for six years, is noteworthy considering the date at which it was made. There were indeed many "physical obstacles which for a while hindered" the practical adoption of the invention, but they were eventually overcome, and the problem was solved. Five years of heart-breaking struggle, discouragement and actual poverty had still to be endured by the brave inventor before the tide should turn in his favor, but Robert Walsh shared with Morse the clear conviction that the victory would finally be won.

Reference having been made to Lord Elgin, the following letter from him will be found interesting:—

PARIS, 12th March, 1839.

DEAR SIR, — I cannot help expressing a very strong desire that, instead of delaying till your return from America your wish to take out a patent in England for your highly scientific and simple mode of communicating intelligence by an Electric Telegraph, you would take measures to that effect at this moment, and for that purpose take your model now with you to London. Your discovery is now much known as well as appreciated, and the ingenuity now afloat is too extensive for one not to apprehend that individuals, even in good faith, may make some addition to qualify them to take out a *first patent* for the principle; whereas, if you brought it at once, now, before the competent authorities, especially under the advantage of an introduction such as Mr. Drummond can give you to Lord Brougham, a short delay in your proceeding to America may secure you this desirable object immediately.

With every sincere good wish for your success and the credit you so richly deserve, I am, dear sir,

Yours faithfully

ELGIN.

While it is futile to speculate on what might have been, it does seem as if Morse made a serious mistake in not taking Lord Elgin's advice, for there is no doubt that, with the influential backing which he had now secured, he could have overcome the churlish objections of the Attorney-General, and have secured a patent in England much to his financial benefit. But with the glamour of the Russian contract in his eyes, he decided to return home at once, and the opportunity was lost.

We must also marvel at the strange fact that the fear expressed by Lord Elgin, that another might easily appropriate to himself the glory which was rightly due to Morse, was not realized. Is it to be wondered at that Morse should have always held that he, and he alone, was the humble instrument chosen by an All-Wise Providence to carry to a successful issue this great enterprise?

Regarding one of his other visitors, the Earl of Lincoln, it is interesting to learn that there was another meeting between the two men under rather dramatic circumstances, in later years. This was on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII, to America, accompanied by a suite which included, among others, the Duke of Newcastle. Morse was invited to address the Prince at a meeting given in his honor at the University of the City of New York, and in the course of his address he said: —

“An allusion in most flattering terms to me, rendered doubly so in such presence, has been made by our respected Chancellor, which seems to call for at least the expression of my thanks. At the same time it suggests the relation of an incident in the early history of the Telegraph which may not be inappropriate to this occasion. The infant Telegraph, born and nursed within these walls, had scarcely attained a feeble existence ere it essayed to make its voice heard on the other side of the Atlantic. I carried it to Paris in 1838. It attracted the warm interest, not only of the continental philosophers, but also of the intelligent and appreciative among the eminent nobles of Britain then on a visit to the French capital. Foremost among these was the late

Marquis of Northampton, then President of the Royal Society, the late distinguished Earl of Elgin, and, in a marked degree, the noble Earl of Lincoln. The last-named nobleman in a special manner gave it his favor. He comprehended its important future, and, in the midst of the skepticism that clouded its cradle, he risked his character for sound judgment in venturing to stand godfather to the friendless child. He took it under his roof in London, invited the statesmen and the philosophers of Britain to see it, and urged forward with kindly words and generous attentions those who had the infant in charge. It is with no ordinary feelings, therefore, that, after the lapse of twenty years, I have the singular honor this morning of greeting with hearty welcome, in such presence, before such an assemblage, and in the cradle of the Telegraph, this noble Earl of Lincoln in the person of the present Duke of Newcastle."

Reference was made by Morse, in the letter to Mr. Smith of March 2, to Daguerre and his wonderful discovery. Having himself experimented along the same lines many years before, he was, naturally, much interested and sought the acquaintance of Daguerre, which was easily brought about. The two inventors became warm friends, and each disclosed to the other the minutiae of his discoveries. Daguerre invited Morse to his workshop, selecting a Sunday as a day convenient to him, and Morse replied in the following characteristic note:—

"Professor Morse asks the indulgence of M. Daguerre. The *time* M. Daguerre, in his great kindness, has fixed to show his most interesting experiments is, unfortunately, one that will deprive Mr. M. of the pleasure he

anticipated, as Mr. M. has an engagement for the entire Sunday of a nature that cannot be broken. Will Monday, or any other day, be agreeable to M. Daguerre?

“Mr. M. again asks pardon for giving M. Daguerre so much trouble.”

Having thus satisfied his Puritan conscience, another day was cheerfully appointed by Daguerre, who generously imparted the secret of this new art to the American, by whom it was carried across the ocean and successfully introduced into the United States, as will be shown further on.

Writing of this experience to his brothers on March 9, 1839, he says: —

“You have, perhaps, heard of the Daguerreotype, so called from the discoverer, M. Daguerre. It is one of the most beautiful discoveries of the age. I don’t know if you recollect some experiments of mine in New Haven, many years ago, when I had my painting-room next to Professor Silliman’s, — experiments to ascertain if it were possible to fix the image of the *camera obscura*. I was able to produce different degrees of shade on paper, dipped into a solution of nitrate of silver, by means of different degrees of light, but finding that light produced dark, and dark light, I presumed the production of a true image to be impracticable, and gave up the attempt. M. Daguerre has realized in the most exquisite manner this idea.”

Here follows the account of his visit to Daguerre and an enthusiastic description of the wonders seen in his workshop, and he closes by saying: —

“But I am near the end of my paper, and I have, unhappily, to give a melancholy close to my account of this

ingenious discovery. M. Daguerre appointed yesterday at noon to see my Telegraph. He came and passed more than an hour with me, expressing himself highly gratified at its operation. But, while he was thus employed, the great building of the Diorama, with his own house, all his beautiful works, his valuable notes and papers, the labor of years of experiment, were, unknown to him, at that moment the prey of the flames. His secret, indeed, is still safe with him, but the steps of his progress in the discovery and his valuable researches in science, are lost to the scientific world. I learn that his Diorama was insured, but to what extent I know not.

“I am sure all friends of science and improvement will unite in expressing the deepest sympathy in M. Daguerre’s loss, and the sincere hope that such a liberal sum will be awarded him by his Government as shall enable him, in some degree at least, to recover from his loss.”

It is pleasant to record that the French Government did act most generously toward Daguerre.

The reader may remember that, when Morse was a young man in London, lotteries were considered such legitimate ways of raising money, that not only did he openly purchase tickets in the hope of winning a money prize, but his pious father advised him to dispose of his surplus paintings and sketches in that way. As he grew older, however, his views on this question changed, as will be seen by the following letter addressed to Mrs. Cass, wife of the American Minister, who was trying to raise money to help a worthy couple, suddenly reduced from wealth to poverty:—

January 31, 1839.

I am sure I need make no apology to you, my dear madam, for returning the three lottery tickets enclosed in the interesting note I have just had the honor to receive from you, because I know you can fully appreciate the motive which prompts me. In the measures taken some years since for opposing the lottery system in the State of New York, and which issued in its entire suppression, I took a very prominent part under the conviction that the principle on which the lottery system was founded was wrong. But while, on this account, I cannot, my dear madam, consistently take the tickets, I must beg of you to put the price of them, which I enclose, into such a channel as shall, in your judgment, best promote the benevolent object in which you have interested yourself.

Poverty is a bitter lot, even when the habit of long endurance has reconciled the mind and body to its severities, but how much more bitter must it be when it comes in sudden contrast to a life of affluence and ease.

I thank you for giving me the opportunity of contributing my mite to the relief of such affliction, hoping sincerely that all their earthly wants may lead the sufferers to the inexhaustible fountain of true riches.

With sincere respect and Christian regard I remain,
my dear madam

Your most obedient servant

S. F. B. MORSE.

Before closing the record of this European trip, so disappointing in many ways and yet so encouraging in

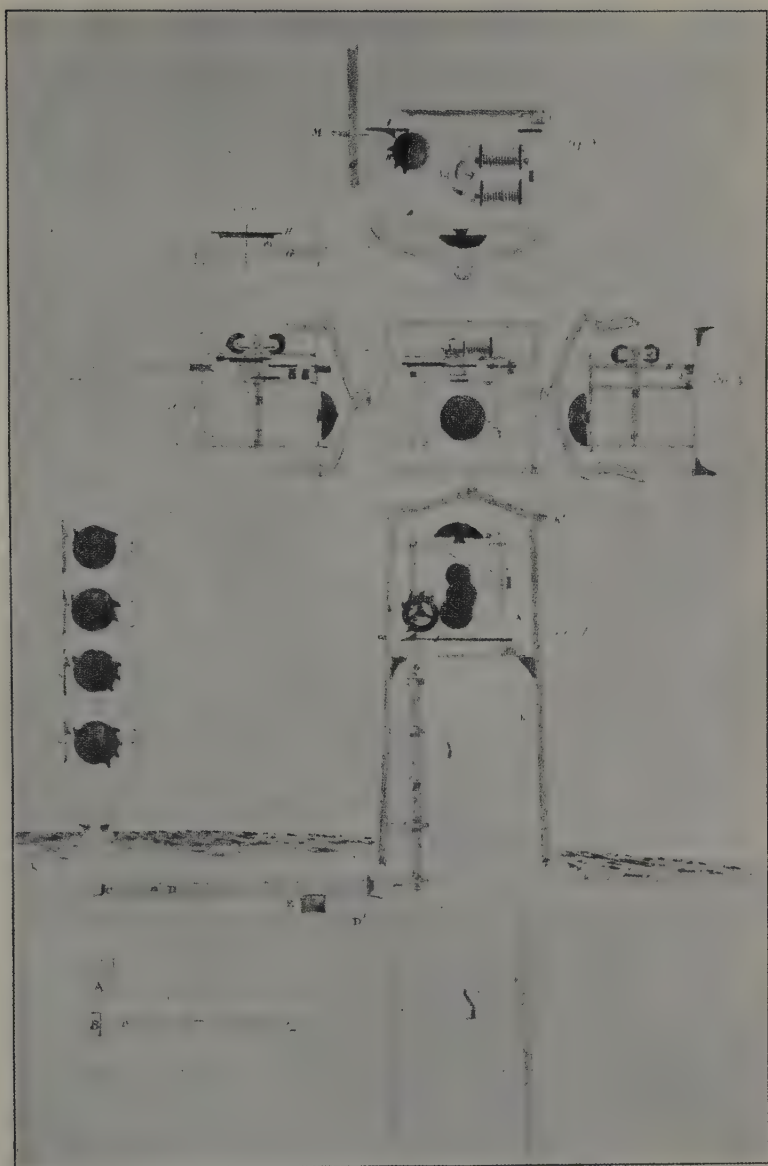
others, it may be well to note that, while he was in Paris, Morse in 1838 not only took out a patent on his recording telegraph, but also on a system to be used on railways to report automatically the presence of a train at any point on the line. A reproduction of his own drawing of the apparatus to be used is here given, and the mechanism is so simple that an explanation is hardly necessary. From it can be seen not only that he did, at this early date, realize the possibilities of his invention along various lines, but that it embodies the principle of the police and fire-alarm systems now in general use.

It is not recorded that he ever realized anything financially from this ingenious modification of his main invention. Commenting on it, and on his plans for a military telegraph, he gives this amusing sketch: —

“On September 10, 1838, a telegraph instrument constructed in the United States on the same principles, but slightly modified to make it portable, was exhibited to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, and explained by M. Arago at the session of that date. An account of this exhibition is recorded in the *Comptes Rendus*.

“A week or two after I exhibited at my lodgings, in connection with this instrument, my railroad telegraph, an application of signals by sound, for which I took out letters patent in Paris, and at the same time I communicated to the Minister of War, General Bernard, my plans for a military telegraph with which he was much pleased.

“I dined with him by invitation, and in the evening, repairing with him to his billiard-room, while the rest of the guests were amusing themselves with the game, I gave him a general description of my plan. He listened with deep attention while I advocated its use on the



RAILWAY TELEGRAPH DRAWING BY MORSE

Patented by him in France in 1838, and embodying principle of Police and Fire Alarm Telegraph

battle-field, and gave him my reasons for believing that the army first using the facilities of the electric telegraph for military purposes would be sure of victory. He replied to me, after my answering many of his questions: —

“‘Be reticent,’ said he, ‘on this subject for the present. I will send an officer of high rank to see and converse with you on the matter to-morrow.’

“The next day I was visited by an old Marshal of France, whose name has escaped my memory. Conversing by an interpreter, the Reverend E. N. Kirk, of Boston, I found it difficult to make the Marshal understand its practicability or its importance. The dominant idea in the Marshal’s mind, which he opposed to the project, was that it involved an increase of the material of the army, for I proposed the addition of two or more light wagons, each containing in a small box the telegraph instruments and a reel of fine insulated wire to be kept in readiness at the headquarters on the field. I proposed that, when required, the wagons with the corps of operators, two or three persons, at a rapid rate should reel off the wire to the right, the centre and the left of the army, as near to these parts of the army as practicable or convenient, and thus instantaneous notice of the condition of the whole army, and of the enemy’s movements, would be given at headquarters.

“To all this explanation of my plan was opposed the constant objection that it increased the material of the army. The Hon. Marshal seemed to consider that the great object to be gained by an improvement was a decrease of this material; an example of this economy which he illustrated by the case of the substitution of the

leather drinking cup for the tin cup hung to the soldier's knapsack, an improvement which enabled the soldier to put his cup in his vest pocket. For this improvement, if I remember right, he said the inventor, who was a common soldier, received at the hands of the Emperor Napoleon I the cross of the Legion of Honor.

"So set was the good Marshal in his repugnance to any increase to the material of the army that, after a few moments' thought, I rebutted his position by putting to him the following case: —

"‘M. Marshal,’ I said, ‘you are investing a fortress on the capture of which depends the success of your campaign; you have 10,000 men; on making your calculations of the chances of taking it by assault, you find that with the addition of 5000 more troops you could accomplish its capture. You have it in your power, by a simple order, to obtain from the Government these 5000 men. In this case what would you do?’

"He replied without hesitation: ‘I should order the 5000, of course.’

"‘But,’ I rejoined, ‘the material of the army would be greatly increased by such an order.’

"He comprehended the case, and, laughing heartily, abandoned the objection, but took refuge in the general skepticism of that day on the practicability of an electric telegraph. He did not believe it could ever be put in practise. This was an argument I could not then repel. Time alone could vindicate my opinion, and time has shown both its practicability and its utility."

CHAPTER XXVII

APRIL 15, 1839 — SEPTEMBER 30, 1840

Arrival in New York. — Disappointment at finding nothing done by Congress or his associates. — Letter to Professor Henry. — Henry's reply. — Correspondence with Daguerre. — Experiments with Daguerreotypes. — Professor Draper. — First group photograph of a college class. — Failure of Russian contract. — Mr. Chamberlain. — Discouragement through lack of funds. — No help from his associates. — Improvements in telegraph made by Morse. — Humorous letter.

MORSE sailed from Europe on the Great Western on the 23d of March, 1839, and reached New York, after a stormy passage, on the 15th of April. Discouraged by his lack of success in establishing a line of telegraph in Europe on a paying basis, and yet encouraged by the enthusiasm shown by the scientists of the Old World, he hoped much from what he considered the superior enterprise of his own countrymen. However, on this point he was doomed to bitter disappointment, and the next few years were destined to be the darkest through which he was to pass.

On the day after his arrival in New York he wrote to Mr. F. O. J. Smith: —

"I take the first moment of rest from the fatigues of my boisterous voyage to apprise you of my arrival yesterday in the Great Western. . . . I am quite disappointed in finding nothing done by Congress, and nothing accomplished in the way of company. I had hoped to find on my return some funds ready for prosecuting with vigor the enterprise, which I fear will suffer for the want.

"Think a moment of my situation. I left New York

for Europe to be gone three months, but have been gone eleven months. My only means of support are in my profession, which I have been compelled to abandon entirely for the present, giving my undivided time and efforts to this enterprise. I return with not a farthing in my pocket, and have to borrow even for my meals, and even worse than this, I have incurred a debt of rent by my absence which I should have avoided if I had been at home, or rather if I had been aware that I should have been obliged to stay so long abroad. I do not mention this in the way of complaint, but merely to show that I also have been compelled to make great sacrifices for the common good, and am willing to make more yet if necessary. If the enterprise is to be pursued, we must all in our various ways put the shoulder to the wheel.

“I wish much to see you and talk over all matters, for it seems to me that the present state of the enterprise in regard to Russia affects vitally the whole concern.”

Thus gently did he chide one of his partners, who should have been exerting himself to forward their joint interests in America while he himself was doing what he could in Europe. The other partners, Alfred Vail and Dr. Leonard Gale, were equally lax and seem to have lost interest in the enterprise, as we learn from the following letter to Mr. Smith, of May 24, 1839: —

“You will think it strange, perhaps, that I have not answered yours of the 28th ult. sooner, but various causes have prevented an earlier attention to it. My affairs, in consequence of my protracted absence and the stagnant state of the Telegraph here at home, have caused me great embarrassment, and my whole energies have been called upon to extricate myself from the con-

fusion in which I have been unhappily placed. You may judge a little of this when I tell you that my absence has deprived me of my usual source of income by my profession; that the state of the University is such that I shall probably leave, and shall have to move into new quarters; that my family is dispersed, requiring my care and anxieties under every disadvantage; that my engagements were such with Russia that every moment of my time was necessary to complete my arrangements to fulfill the contract in season; and, instead of finding my associates ready to sustain me with counsel and means, I find them all dispersed, leaving me without either the opportunity to consult or a cent of means, and consequently bringing everything in relation to the Telegraph to a dead stand.

“In the midst of this I am called on by the state of public opinion to defend myself against the outrageous attempt of Dr. Jackson to pirate from me my invention. The words would be harsh that are properly applicable to this man’s conduct. . . .

“You see, therefore, in what a condition I found myself when I returned. I was delayed several days beyond the computed time of my arrival by the long passage of the steamer. Instead of finding any funds by a vote of Congress, or by a company, and my associates ready to back me, I find not a cent for the purpose, and my associates scattered to the four winds.

“You can easily conceive that I gave up all as it regarded Russia, and considered the whole enterprise as seriously injured if not completely destroyed. In this state of things I was hourly dreading to hear from the Russian Minister, and devising how I should save my-

self and the enterprise without implicating my associates in a charge of neglect; and as it has most fortunately happened for us all, the 10th of May has passed without the receipt of the promised advices, and I took advantage of this, and by the Liverpool steamer of the 18th wrote to the Baron Meyendorff, and to M. Amyot, that it was impossible to fulfill the engagement this season, since I had not received the promised advices in time to prepare."

This was, of course, before he had heard of the Czar's refusal to sign the contract, and he goes on to make plans for carrying out the Russian enterprise the next year, and concludes by saying: —

"Do think of this matter and see if means cannot be raised to keep ahead with the American Telegraph. I sometimes am astonished when I reflect how I have been able to take the stand with my Telegraph in competition with my European rivals, backed as they are with the purses of the kings and wealthy of their countries, while our own Government leaves me to fight their battles for the honor of this invention fettered hand and foot. Thanks will be due to you, not to them, if I am able to maintain the ground occupied by the American Telegraph."

Shortly after his return from abroad, on April 24, Morse wrote the following letter to Professor Henry at Princeton: —

MY DEAR SIR, — On my return a few days since from Europe, I found directed to me, through your politeness, a copy of your valuable "Contributions," for which I beg you to accept my warmest thanks. The various cares

consequent upon so long an absence from home, and which have demanded my more immediate attention, have prevented me from more than a cursory perusal of its interesting contents, yet I perceive many things of great interest to me in my telegraphic enterprise.

I was glad to learn, by a letter received in Paris from Dr. Gale, that a spool of five miles of my wire was loaned to you, and I perceive that you have already made some interesting experiments with it.

In the absence of Dr. Gale, who has gone South, I feel a great desire to consult some scientific gentleman on points of importance bearing upon my Telegraph, which I am about to establish in Russia, being under an engagement with the Russian Government agent in Paris to return to Europe for that purpose in a few weeks. I should be exceedingly happy to see you and am tempted to break away from my absorbing engagements here to find you at Princeton. In case I should be able to visit Princeton for a few days a week or two hence, how should I find you engaged? I should come as a learner and could bring no "contributions" to your stock of experiments of any value, nor any means of furthering your experiments except, perhaps, the loan of an additional five miles of wire which it may be desirable for you to have.

I have many questions to ask, but should be happy, in your reply to this letter, of an answer to this general one: Have you met with any facts in your experiments thus far that would lead you to think that my mode of telegraphic communication will prove impracticable? So far as I have consulted the savants of Paris, they have suggested no insurmountable difficulties; I have, how-

ever, quite as much confidence in your judgment, from your valuable experience, as in that of any one I have met abroad. I think that you have pursued an original course of experiments, and discovered facts of more value to me than any that have been published abroad.

Morse was too modest in saying that he could bring nothing of value to Henry in his experiments, for, as we shall see from Henry's reply, the latter had no knowledge at that time of the "relay," for bringing into use a secondary battery when the line was to stretch over long distances. This important discovery Morse had made several years before.

PRINCETON, May 6, 1839.

DEAR SIR, — Your favor of the 24th ult. came to Princeton during my absence, which will account for the long delay of my answer. I am pleased to learn that you fully sanction the loan which I obtained from Dr. Gale of your wire, and I shall be happy if any of the results are found to have a practical bearing on the electrical telegraph.

It will give me much pleasure to see you in Princeton after this week. My engagements will not then interfere with our communications on the subject of electricity. During this week I shall be almost constantly engaged with a friend in some scientific labors which we are prosecuting together.

I am acquainted with no fact which would lead me to suppose that the project of the electro-magnetic telegraph is impractical; on the contrary, I believe that science is now ripe for the application, and that there are

no difficulties in the way but such as ingenuity and enterprise may obviate. But what form of the apparatus, or what application of the power will prove best, can, I believe, be only determined by careful experiment. I can say, however, that, so far as I am acquainted with the minutiae of your plan, I see no practical difficulty in the way of its application for comparatively short distances; but, if the length of the wire between the stations is great, I think that some other modification will be found necessary in order to develop a sufficient power at the farther end of the line.

I shall, however, be happy to converse freely with you on these points when we meet. In the meantime I remain, with much respect

Yours, etc.,

JOSEPH HENRY.

I consider this letter alone a sufficient answer to those who claim that Henry was the real inventor of the telegraph. He makes no such claim himself.

In spite of the cares of various kinds which overwhelmed him during the whole of his eventful life, Morse always found time to stretch out a helping hand to others, or to do a courteous act. So now we find him writing to Daguerre on May 20, 1839: —

MY DEAR SIR, — I have the honor to enclose you the note of the Secretary of our Academy informing you of your election, at our last annual meeting, into the board of Honorary Members of our National Academy of Design. When I proposed your name it was received with enthusiasm, and the vote was *unanimous*. I hope,

my dear sir, you will receive this as a testimonial, not merely of my personal esteem and deep sympathy in your late losses, but also as a proof that your genius is, in some degree, estimated on this side of the water.

Notwithstanding the efforts made in England to give to another the credit which is your due, I think I may with confidence assure you that throughout the United States your name alone will be associated with the brilliant discovery which justly bears your name. The letter I wrote from Paris, the day after your sad loss, has been published throughout this whole country in hundreds of journals, and has excited great interest. Should any attempts be made here to give to any other than yourself the honor of this discovery, my pen is ever ready for your defense.

I hope, before this reaches you, that the French Government, long and deservedly celebrated for its generosity to men of genius, will have amply supplied all your losses by a liberal sum. If, when the proper remuneration shall be secured to you in France, you should think it may be for your advantage to make an arrangement with the government to hold back the secret for six months or a year, and would consent to an exhibition of your *results* in this country for a short time, the exhibition might be managed, I think, to your pecuniary advantage. If you should think favorably of the plan, I offer you my services *gratuitously*.

To this letter Daguerre replied on July 26: —

MY DEAR SIR,— I have received with great pleasure your kind letter by which you announce to me my election as an honorary member of the National Academy of

Design. I beg you will be so good as to express my thanks to the Academy, and to say that I am very proud of the honor which has been conferred upon me. I shall seize all opportunities of proving my gratitude for it. I am particularly indebted to you in this circumstance, and I feel very thankful for this and all other marks of interest you bestowed upon me.

The transaction with the French Government being nearly at an end, my discovery shall soon be made public. This cause, added to the immense distance between us, hinders me from taking the advantage of your good offer to get up at New York an exhibition of my results.

Believe me, my dear sir, your very devoted servant,
DAGUERRE.

A prophecy, shrewd in some particulars but rather faulty in others, of the influence of this new art upon painting, is contained in the following extracts from a letter of Morse's to his friend and master Washington Allston: —

"I had hoped to have seen you long ere this, but my many avocations have kept me constantly employed from morning till night. When I say morning I mean *half past four* in the morning! I am afraid you will think me a Goth, but really the hours from that time till twelve at noon are the richest I ever enjoy.

"You have heard of the Daguerreotype. I have the instruments on the point of completion, and if it be possible I will yet bring them with me to Boston, and show you the beautiful results of this brilliant discovery. Art is to be wonderfully enriched by this discovery.

How narrow and foolish the idea which some express that it will be the ruin of art, or rather artists, for every one will be his own painter. One effect, I think, will undoubtedly be to banish the sketchy, slovenly daubs that pass for spirited and learned; those works which possess mere general effect without detail, because, forsooth, detail destroys general effect. Nature, in the results of Daguerre's process, has taken the pencil into her own hands, and she shows that the minutest detail disturbs not the general repose. Artists will learn how to paint, and amateurs, or rather connoisseurs, how to criticise, how to look at Nature, and, therefore, how to estimate the value of true art. Our studies will now be enriched with sketches from nature which we can store up during the summer, as the bee gathers her sweets for winter, and we shall thus have rich materials for composition and an exhaustless store for the imagination to feed upon."

An interesting account of his experiences with this wonderful new discovery is contained in a letter written many years later, on the 10th of February, 1855:—

"As soon as the necessary apparatus was made I commenced experimenting with it. The greatest obstacle I had to encounter was in the quality of the plates. I obtained the common, plated copper in coils at the hardware shops, which, of course, was very thinly coated with silver, and that impure. Still I was able to verify the truth of Daguerre's revelations. The first experiment crowned with any success was a view of the Unitarian Church from the window on the staircase from the third story of the New York City University. This, of course, was before the building of the New York

Hotel. It was in September, 1839. The time, if I recollect, in which the plate was exposed to the action of light in the camera was about fifteen minutes. The instruments, chemicals, etc., were strictly in accordance with the directions in Daguerre's first book.

"An English gentleman, whose name at present escapes me, obtained a copy of Daguerre's book about the same time with myself. He commenced experimenting also. But an American of the name of Walcott was very successful with a modification of Daguerre's apparatus, substituting a metallic reflector for the lens. Previous, however, to Walcott's experiments, or rather results, my friend and colleague, Professor John W. Draper, of the New York City University, was very successful in his investigations, and with him I was engaged for a time in attempting portraits.

"In my intercourse with Daguerre I specially conversed with him in regard to the practicability of taking portraits of living persons. He expressed himself somewhat skeptical as to its practicability, only in consequence of the time necessary for the person to remain immovable. The time for taking an outdoor view was from fifteen to twenty minutes, and this he considered too long a time for any one to remain sufficiently still for a successful result. No sooner, however, had I mastered the process of Daguerre than I commenced to experiment with a view to accomplish this desirable result. I have now the results of these experiments taken in September, or beginning of October, 1839. They are full-length portraits of my daughter, single, and also in group with some of her young friends. They were taken out of doors, on the roof of a building, in the full sunlight

and with the eyes closed. The time was from ten to twenty minutes.

“About the same time Professor Draper was successful in taking portraits, though whether he or myself took the first portrait successfully, I cannot say.”

It was afterwards established that to Professor Draper must be accorded this honor, but I understand that it was a question of hours only between the two enthusiasts.

“Soon after we commenced together to take portraits, causing a glass building to be constructed for that purpose on the roof of the University. As our experiments had caused us considerable expense, we made a charge to those who sat for us to defray this expense. Professor Draper’s other duties calling him away from the experiments, except as to their bearing on some philosophical investigations which he pursued with great ingenuity and success, I was left to pursue the artistic results of the process, as more in accordance with my profession. My expenses had been great, and for some time, five or six months, I pursued the taking of portraits by the Daguerreotype as a means of reimbursing these expenses. After this object had been attained, I abandoned the practice to give my exclusive attention to the Telegraph, which required all my time.”

Before leaving the subject of the Daguerreotype, in which, as I have shown, Morse was a pioneer in this country, it will be interesting to note that he took the first group photograph of a college class. This was of the surviving members of his own class of 1810, who returned to New Haven for their thirtieth reunion in 1840.

FAILURE OF RUSSIAN CONTRACT 147

It was not until August of the year 1839 that definite news of the failure of the Russian agreement was received, and Morse, in a letter to Smith, of August 12, comments on this and on another serious blow to his hopes: —

“I received yours of the 2d inst., and the paper accompanying it containing the notice of Mr. Chamberlain. I had previously been apprised that my forebodings were true in regard to his fate. . . . Our enterprise abroad is destined to give us anxiety, if not to end in disappointment.

“I have just received a letter from M. Amyot, who was to have been my companion to Russia, and learn from him the unwelcome news that the Emperor has decided against the Telegraph. . . . The Emperor’s objections are, it seems, that ‘malevolence can easily interrupt the communication.’ M. Amyot scouts the idea, and writes that he refuted the objection to the satisfaction of the Baron, who, indeed, did not need the refutation for himself, for the whole matter was fully discussed between us when in Paris. The Baron, I should judge from the tone of M. Amyot’s letter, was much disappointed, yet, as a faithful and obedient subject of one whose nay is nay, he will be cautious in so expressing himself as to be self-committed.

“Thus, my dear sir, prospects abroad look dark. I turn with some faint hope to my own country again. Will Congress do anything, or is my time and your generous zeal and pecuniary sacrifice to end only in disappointment? If so, I can bear it for myself, but I feel it most keenly for those who have been engaged with me; for you, for the Messrs. Vail and Dr. Gale. But I will yet hope. I don’t know that our enterprise looks darker

than Fulton's once appeared. There is no intrinsic difficulty; the depressing causes are extrinsic. I hope to see you soon and talk over all our affairs."

Mr. Smith, in sending a copy of the above letter to Mr. Prime, thus explains the reference to Mr. Chamberlain: —

"The allusion made in the letter just given to the fate of Mr. Chamberlain, was another depressing disappointment which occurred to the Professor contemporaneously with those of the Russian contract. Before I left Paris we had closed a contract with Mr. Chamberlain to carry the telegraph to Austria, Prussia, the principal cities of Greece and of Egypt, and put it upon exhibition with a view to its utilization there. He was an American gentleman (from Vermont, I think) of large wealth, of eminent business capacities, of pleasing personal address and sustaining a character for strict integrity. He parted with Professor Morse in Paris to enter upon his expedition, with high expectations of both pleasure and profit, shortly after my own departure from Paris in October, 1838. He had subsequently apprised Professor Morse of very interesting exhibitions of the telegraph which he had made, and under date of Athens, January 5, 1839, wrote as follows: 'We exhibited your telegraph to the learned of Florence, much to their gratification. Yesterday evening the King and Queen of Greece were highly delighted with its performance. We have shown it also to the principal inhabitants of Athens, by all of whom it was much admired. Fame is all you will get for it in these poor countries. We think of starting in a few days for Alexandria, and hope to get something worth having from Mehemet Ali. It is, how-

ever, doubtful. Nations appear as poor as individuals, and as unwilling to risk their money upon such matters. I hope the French will avail themselves of the benefits you offer them. It is truly strange that it is not grasped at with more avidity. If I can do anything in Egypt, I will try Turkey and St. Petersburg.”

Morse himself writes: “In another letter from Mr. Chamberlain to Mr. Lovering, dated Syra, January 9, he says: ‘The pretty little Queen of Greece was delighted with Morse’s telegraph. The string which carried the cannon-ball used for a weight broke, and came near falling on Her Majesty’s toes, but happily missed, and we, perhaps, escaped a prison. My best respects to Mr. Morse, and say I shall ask Mehemet Ali for a purse, a beauty from his seraglio, and something else.’” And Morse concludes: “I will add that, if he will bring me the purse just now, I can dispense with the beauty and the something else.”

Tragedy too often treads on the heels of comedy, and it is sad to have to relate that Mr. Chamberlain and six other gentlemen were drowned while on an excursion of pleasure on the Danube in July of 1839.

That all these disappointments, added to the necessity for making money in some way for his bare subsistence, should have weighed on the inventor’s spirits, is hardly to be wondered at; the wonder is rather that he did not sink under his manifold trials. Far from this, however, he only touches on his needs in the following letter to Alfred Vail, written on November 14, 1839:—

“As to the Telegraph, I have been compelled from necessity to apply myself to those duties which yield immediate pecuniary relief. I feel the pressure as well

as others, and, having several pupils at the University, I must attend to them. Nevertheless, I shall hold myself ready in case of need to go to Washington during the next session with it. The one I was constructing is completed except the rotary batteries and the pen-and-ink apparatus, which I shall soon find time to add if required.

“Mr. Smith expects me in Portland, but I have not the means to visit him. The telegraph of Wheatstone is going ahead in England, even with all its complications; so, I presume, is the one of Steinheil in Bavaria. Whether ours is to be adopted depends on the Government or on a company, and the times are not favorable for the formation of a company. Perhaps it is the part of wisdom to let the matter rest and watch for an opportunity when times look better, and which I hope will be soon.”

He gives freer vent to his disappointment in a letter to Mr. Smith, of November 20, 1839: —

“I feel the want of that sum which Congress ought to have appropriated two years ago to enable me to compete with my European rivals. Wheatstone and Steinheil have money for their projects; the former by a company, and the latter by the King of Bavaria. Is there any national feeling with us on the subject? I will not say there is not until after the next session of Congress. But, if there is any cause for national exultation in being not merely *first* in the invention as to time, but *best* too, as decided by a foreign tribunal, ought the inventor to be suffered to work with his hands tied? Is it honorable to the nation to boast of its inventors, to contend for the credit of their inventions as national property, and not

lift a finger to assist them to perfect that of which they boast?

"But I will not complain for myself. I can bear it, because I made up my mind from the very first for this issue, the common fate of all inventors. But I do not feel so agreeable in seeing those who have interested themselves in it, especially yourself, suffer also. Perhaps I look too much on the unfavorable side. I often thus look, not to discourage others or myself, but to check those too sanguine expectations which, with me, would rise to an inordinate height unless thus reined in and disciplined.

"Shall you not be in New York soon? I wish much to see you and to concoct plans for future operations. I am at present much straitened in means, or I should yet endeavor to see you in Portland; but I must yield to necessity and hope another season to be in different and more prosperous circumstances."

Thus the inventor, who had hoped so much from the energy and business acumen of his own countrymen, found that the conditions at home differed not much from those which he had found so exasperating abroad. Praise in plenty for the beauty and simplicity of his invention, but no money, either public or private, to enable him to put it to a practical test. His associates had left him to battle alone for his interests and theirs. F. O. J. Smith was in Portland, Maine, attending to his own affairs; Professor Gale was in the South filling a professorship; and Alfred Vail was in Philadelphia. No one of them, as far as I can ascertain, was doing anything to help in this critical period of the enterprise which was to benefit them all.

When credit is to be awarded to those who have accomplished something great, many factors must be taken into consideration. Not only must the aspirant for undying fame in the field of invention, for instance, have discovered something new, which, when properly applied, will benefit mankind, but he must prove its practical value to a world constitutionally skeptical, and he must persevere through trials and discouragements of every kind, with a sublime faith in the ultimate success of his efforts, until the fight be won. Otherwise, if he retires beaten from the field of battle, another will snatch up his sword and hew his way to victory.

It must never be forgotten that Morse won his place in the Hall of Fame, not only because of his invention of the simplest and best method of conveying intelligence by electricity, but because he, alone and unaided, carried forward the enterprise when, but for him, it would have been allowed to fail. With no thought of disparaging the others, who can hardly be blamed for their loss of faith, and who were of great assistance to him later on when the battle was nearly won, I feel that it is only just to lay emphasis on this factor in the claim of Morse to greatness.

It will not be necessary to record in detail the events of the year 1840. The inventor, always confident that success would eventually crown his efforts, lived a life of privation and constant labor in the two fields of art and science. He was still President of the National Academy of Design, and in September he was elected an honorary member of the Mercantile Library Association. He strove to keep the wolf from the door by giving lessons in painting and by practising the new art of

daguerreotypy, and, in the mean time, he employed every spare moment in improving and still further simplifying his invention.

He heard occasionally from his associates. The following sentences are from a letter of Alfred Vail's, dated Philadelphia, January 13, 1840: —

FRIEND S. F. B. MORSE,

DEAR SIR, It is many a day since I last had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with you, and, if I am not mistaken, it is as long since any communications have been exchanged. However I trust it will not long be so. When I last had the pleasure of seeing you it was when on my way to Philadelphia, at which time you had the kindness to show me specimens of the greatest discovery ever made, with the exception of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph. By the by, I have been thinking that it is time money in some way was made out of the Telegraph, and I am almost ready to order an instrument made, and to make the proposition to you to exhibit it here. What do you think of the plan? If Mr. Prosch will make me a first-rate, most perfect machine, and as speedily as possible, and will wait six or nine months for his pay, you may order one for me.

Morse's reply to this letter has not been preserved, but he probably agreed to Vail's proposition, — anything honorable to keep the telegraph in the public eye, — for, as we shall see, in a later letter he refers to the machines which Prosch was to make. Before quoting from that letter, however, I shall give the following sentences from one to Baron Meyendorff, of March 18, 1840:

“I have, since I returned to the United States, made several important improvements, which I regret my limited time will not permit me to describe or send you. . . . I have so changed the *form* of the apparatus, and condensed it into so small a compass, that you would scarcely know it for the same instrument which you saw in Paris.”

This and many other allusions, in the correspondence of those years, to Morse's work in simplifying and perfecting his invention, some of which I have already noted, answer conclusively the claims of those who have said that all improvements were the work of other brains and hands.

On September 7, 1840, he writes again to Vail: —

“Your letter of 28th ult. was received several days ago, but I have not had a moment's time to give you a word in return. I am tied hand and foot during the day endeavoring to realize something from the Daguerreotype portraits. . . . As to the Telegraph, I know not what to say. The delay in finishing the apparatus on the part of Prosch is exceedingly tantalizing and vexatious. He was to have finished them more than six months ago, and I have borne with his procrastination until I utterly despair of their being completed. . . . I suppose something might be done in Washington next session if I, or some of you, could go on, but I have expended so much time in vain, there and in Europe, that I feel almost discouraged from pressing it any further; only, however, from want of funds. I have none myself, and I dislike to ask it of the rest of you. You are all so scattered that there is no consultation, and I am under the necessity of attending to duties which will give me the means of living.

“The reason of its not being in operation is not *the fault of the invention*, nor is it *my neglect*. My faith is not only unshaken in its *eventual adoption throughout the world*, but it is confirmed by every new discovery in the science of electricity.”

While the future looked dark and the present was darker still, Morse maintained a cheerful exterior, and was still able to write to his friends in a light and airy vein. The following letter, dated September 30, 1840, was to a Mr. Lovering in Paris: —

“Some time since (I believe nearly a year ago) I wrote you to procure for me two lenses and some plates for the Daguerreotype process, but have never heard from you nor had any intimation that my letter was ever received. After waiting some months, I procured both lenses and plates here. Now, if I knew how to scold at you, would n’t I scold.

“Well, I recollect a story of a captain who was overloaded by a great many ladies of his acquaintance with orders to procure them various articles in India, just as he was about to sail thither, all which he promised to fulfill. But, on his return, when they flocked round him for their various articles, to their surprise he had only answered the order of one of them. Upon their expressing their disappointment he addressed them thus: ‘Ladies,’ said he, ‘I have to inform you of a most unlucky accident that occurred to your orders. I was not unmindful of them, I assure you; so one fine day I took your orders all out of my pocketbook and arranged them on the top of the companionway, but, just as they were all arranged, a sudden gust of wind took them all overboard.’ ‘Aye, a very good excuse,’ they ex-

claimed. 'How happens it that Mrs. ——'s did not go overboard, too?' 'Oh!' said the captain, 'Mrs. —— had fortunately enclosed in her order some dozen doubloons which kept the wind from blowing hers away with the rest.'

"Now, friend Lovering, I have no idea of having my new order blown overboard, so I herewith send by the hands of my young friend and pupil, Mr. R. Hubbard, whom I also commend to your kind notice, ten golden half-eagles to keep my order down."

CHAPTER XXVIII

JUNE 20, 1840 — AUGUST 12, 1842

First patent issued. — Proposal of Cooke and Wheatstone to join forces rejected. — Letter to Rev. E. S. Salisbury. — Money advanced by brother artists repaid. — Poverty. — Reminiscences of General Strother, "Porte Crayon." — Other reminiscences. — Inaction in Congress. — Flattering letter of F. O. J. Smith. — Letter to Smith urging action. — Gonon and Wheatstone. — Temptation to abandon enterprise. — Partners all financially crippled. — Morse alone doing any work. — Encouraging letter from Professor Henry. — Renewed enthusiasm. — Letter to Hon. W. W. Boardman urging appropriation of \$3500 by Congress. — Not even considered. — Despair of inventor.

It is only necessary to remember that the year 1840, and the years immediately preceding and following it, were seasons of great financial depression, and that in 1840 the political unrest, which always precedes a presidential election, was greatly intensified, to realize why but little encouragement was given to an enterprise so fantastic as that of an electric telegraph. Capitalists were disinclined to embark on new and untried ventures, and the members of Congress were too much absorbed in the political game to give heed to the pleadings of a mad inventor. The election of Harrison, followed by his untimely death only a month after his inauguration and the elevation of Tyler to the Presidency, prolonged the period of political uncertainty, so that Morse and his telegraph received but scant attention on Capitol Hill.

However, the year 1840 marked some progress, for on the 20th of June the first patent was issued to Morse. It may be remembered that, while his caveat and petition were filed in 1837, he had requested that action on them be deferred until after his return from Europe. He had

also during the year been gradually perfecting his invention as time and means permitted.

It was during the year 1840, too, that Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke proposed to join forces with the Morse patentees in America, but this proposition was rejected, although Morse seems to have been almost tempted, for in a letter to Smith he says: —

“I send you copies of two letters just received from England. What shall I say in answer? Can we make any arrangements with them? Need we do it? Does not our patent secure us against foreign interference, or are we to be defeated, not only in England but in our own country, by the subsequent inventions of Wheatstone?”

“I feel my hands tied; I know not what to say. Do advise immediately so that I can send by the British Queen, which sails on the first prox.”

Fortunately Smith advised against a combination, and the matter was dropped.

It will not be necessary to dwell at length on the events of the year 1841. The situation and aims of the inventor are best summed up in a beautiful and characteristic letter, written on February 14 of that year, to his cousin, the Reverend Edward S. Salisbury: —

“Your letter containing a draft for three hundred dollars I have received, for which accept my sincere thanks. I have hesitated about receiving it because I had begun to despair of ever being able to touch the pencil again. The blow I received from Congress, when the decision was made concerning the pictures for the Rotunda, has seriously and vitally affected my enthusiasm in my art. When that event was announced to me I was tempted to yield up all in despair, but I roused

myself to resist the temptation, and, determining still to fix my mind upon the work, cast about for the means of accomplishing it in such ways as my Heavenly Father should make plain. My telegraphic enterprise was one of those means. Induced to prosecute it by the Secretary of the Treasury, and encouraged by success in every part of its progress, urged forward to complete it by the advice of the most judicious friends, I have carried the invention on my part to perfection. That is to say, so far as the invention itself is concerned. *I have done my part.* It is approved in the highest quarters — in England, France, and at home — by scientific societies and by governments, and waits only the action of the latter, or of capitalists, to carry it into operation.

“Thus after several years’ expenditure of time and money in the expectation (of my friends, *never of my own* except as I yielded my own judgment to theirs) of so much at least as to leave me free to pursue my art again, I am left, humanly speaking, farther from my object than ever. I am reminded, too, that my prime is past; the snows are on my temples, the half-century of years will this year be marked against me; my eyes begin to fail, and what can I now expect to do with declining powers and habits in my art broken up by repeated disappointments?

“That prize which, through the best part of my life, animated me to sacrifice all that most men consider precious — prospects of wealth, domestic enjoyments, and, not least, the enjoyment of country — was snatched from me at the moment when it appeared to be mine beyond a doubt.

“I do not state these things to you, my dear cousin,

in the spirit of complaint of the dealings of God's Providence, for I am perfectly satisfied that, mysterious as it may seem to me, it has all been ordered in its minutest particulars in infinite wisdom, so satisfied that I can truly say I rejoice in the midst of all these trials, and in view of my Heavenly Father's hand guiding all, I have a joy of spirit which I can only express by the word 'singing.' It is not in man to direct his steps. I know I am so short-sighted that I dare not trust myself in the very next step; how then could I presume to plan for my whole life, and expect that my own wisdom had guided me into that way best for me and the universe of God's creatures?

"I have not painted a picture since that decision in Congress, and I presume that the mechanical skill I once possessed in the art has suffered by the unavoidable neglect. I may possibly recover this skill, and if anything will tend to this end, if anything can tune again an instrument so long unstrung, it is the kindness and liberality of my Cousin Edward. I would wish, therefore, the matter put on this ground that my mind may be at ease. I am at present engaged in taking portraits by the Daguerreotype. I have been at considerable expense in perfecting apparatus and the necessary fixtures, and am just reaping a little profit from it. My ultimate aim is the application of the Daguerreotype to accumulate for my studio models for my canvas. Its first application will be to the study of your picture. Yet if any accident, any unforeseen circumstances should prevent, I have made arrangements with my brother Sidney to hold the sum you have advanced subject to your order. On these conditions I accept it, and

will yet indulge the hope of giving you a picture acceptable to you."

The picture was never painted, for the discouraged artist found neither time nor inclination ever to pick up his brush again; but we may be sure that the money, so generously advanced by his cousin, was repaid.

It was in the year 1841 also that, in spite of the difficulty he found in earning enough to keep him from actual starvation, he began to pay back the sums which had been advanced to him by his friends for the painting of a historical picture, which should, in a measure, atone to him for the undeserved slight of Congress. In a circular addressed to each of the subscribers he gives the history of the matter and explains why he had hoped that the telegraph would supply him with the means to paint the picture, and then he adds: —

"I have, as yet, not realized one cent, and thus I find myself farther from my object than ever. Upon deliberately considering the matter the last winter and spring, I came to the determination, in the first place, to free myself from the pecuniary obligation under which I had so long lain to my friends of the Association, and I commenced a system of economy and retrenchment by which I hoped gradually to amass the necessary sum for that purpose, which sum, it will be seen, amounts in the aggregate to \$510. Three hundred dollars of this sum I had already laid aside, when an article in the New York 'Mirror,' of the 16th October, determined me at once to commence the refunding of the sums received."

What the substance of the article in the "Mirror" was, I do not know, but it was probably one of those scurrilous and defamatory attacks, from many of which

he suffered in common with other persons of prominence, and which was called forth, perhaps, by his activity in the politics of the day.

That I have not exaggerated in saying that he was almost on the verge of starvation during these dark years is evidenced by the following word picture from the pen of General Strother, of Virginia, known in the world of literature under the pen name of "Porte Crayon": —

"I engaged to become Morse's pupil, and subsequently went to New York and found him in a room in University Place. He had three other pupils, and I soon found that our professor had very little patronage. I paid my fifty dollars that settled for one quarter's instruction. Morse was a faithful teacher, and took as much interest in our progress — more indeed than — we did ourselves. But he was very poor. I remember that when my second quarter's pay was due my remittance from home did not come as expected, and one day the professor came in and said, courteously: —

"Well, Strother my boy, how are we off for money?"

"Why, Professor," I answered, 'I am sorry to say I have been disappointed; but I expect a remittance next week.'

"Next week!" he repeated sadly. 'I shall be dead by that time.'

"Dead, Sir?"

"Yes, dead by starvation.'

"I was distressed and astonished. I said hurriedly: —

"Would ten dollars be of any service?"

"Ten dollars would save my life; that is all it would do.'

"I paid the money, all that I had, and we dined together. It was a modest meal but good, and, after he had finished, he said: —

"This is my first meal for twenty-four hours. Strother, don't be an artist. It means beggary. Your life depends upon people who know nothing of your art and care nothing for you. A house-dog lives better, and the very sensitiveness that stimulates an artist to work keeps him alive to suffering."

Another artist describes the conditions in 1841 in the following words: —

"In the spring of 1841 I was searching for a studio in which to set up my easel. My 'house-hunting' ended at the New York University, where I found what I wanted in one of the turrets of that stately edifice. When I had fixed my choice, the janitor, who accompanied me in my examination of the rooms, threw open a door on the opposite side of the hall and invited me to enter. I found myself in what was evidently an artist's studio, but every object in it bore indubitable signs of unthrift and neglect. The statuettes, busts, and models of various kinds were covered with dust and cobwebs; dusty canvases were faced to the wall, and stumps of brushes and scraps of paper littered the floor. The only signs of industry consisted of a few masterly crayon drawings, and little luscious studies of color pinned to the wall.

"You will have an artist for a neighbor," said the janitor, 'though he is not here much of late; he seems to be getting rather shiftless; he is wasting his time over some silly invention, a machine by which he expects to send messages from one place to another. He is a very

good painter, and might do well if he would only stick to his business; but, Lord!' he added with a sneer of contempt, 'the idea of telling by a little streak of lightning what a body is saying at the other end of it.'

"Judge of my astonishment when he informed me that the 'shiftless individual' whose foolish waste of time so much excited his commiseration, was none other than the President of the National Academy of Design — the most exalted position, in my youthful artistic fancy, it was possible for mortal to attain — S. F. B. Morse, since better known as the inventor of the Electric Telegraph. But a little while after this his fame was flashing through the world, and the unbelievers who voted him insane were forced to confess that there was, at least, 'method in his madness.'"

The spring and summer of 1841 wore away and nothing was accomplished. On August 16 Morse writes to Smith: —

"Our Telegraph matters are in a situation to do none of us any good, unless some understanding can be entered into among the proprietors. I have recently received a letter from Mr. Isaac N. Coffin, from Washington, with a commendatory letter from Hon. R. McClellan, of the House. Mr. Coffin proposes to take upon himself the labor of urging through the two houses the bill relating to my Telegraph, which you know has long been before Congress. He will press it and let his compensation depend on his success."

This Mr. Coffin wrote many long letters telling, in vivid language, of the great difficulties which beset the passage of a bill through both houses of Congress, and of how skilled he was in all the diplomatic moves nec-

essary to success, and finally, after a long delay, occasioned by the difficulty of getting powers of attorney from all the proprietors, he was authorized to go ahead. The sanguine inventor hoped much from this unsolicited offer of assistance, but he was again doomed to disappointment, for Mr. Coffin's glowing promises amounted to nothing at all, and the session of 1841-42 ended with no action taken on the bill.

In view of the fact, alluded to in a former chapter, that Francis O. J. Smith later became a bitter enemy of Morse's, and was responsible for many of the virulent attacks upon him, going so far as to say that most, if not all, of the essentials of the telegraph had been invented by others, it may be well to quote the following sentences from a letter of August 21, 1841, in reply to Morse's of August 16: —

"I shall be in Washington more next winter, and will lend all aid in my power, of course, to any agent we may have there. My expenditures in the affair, as you know, have been large and liberal, and have somewhat embarrassed me. Hence I cannot incur more outlay. I am, however, extremely solicitous for the double purpose of having you witness with your own eyes and in your own lifetime the consummation in actual, practical, national utility [of] this beautiful and wonderful offspring of your mechanical and philosophical genius, and know that you have not overestimated the service you have been ambitious of rendering to your country and the world."

On December 3, 1841, Morse again urges Smith to action: —

"Indeed, my dear sir, something ought to be done to carry forward this enterprise that we may all receive

what I think we all deserve. The whole labor and expense of moving at all devolve on me, and I have nothing in the world. Completely crippled in means I have scarcely (indeed, I have not at all) the means even to pay the postage of letters on the subject. I feel it most tantalizing to find that there is a movement in Washington on the subject; to know that telegraphs will be before Congress this session, and from the means possessed by Gonon and Wheatstone!! (yes, Wheatstone who successfully headed us off in England), one or the other of their two plans will probably be adopted. Wheatstone, I suppose you know, has a patent here, and has expended \$1000 to get everything prepared for a campaign to carry his project into operation, and more than that, his patent is dated *before mine!*

“My dear sir, to speak as I feel, I am sick at heart to perceive how easily others, *foreigners*, can manage our Congress, and can contrive to cheat our country out of the honor of a discovery of which the country boasts, and our countrymen out of the profits which are our due; to perceive how easily they can find men and means to help them in their plans, and how difficult, nay, *impossible*, for us to find either. Is it really so, or am I deceived? What can be done? Do write immediately and propose something. Will you not be in Washington this winter? Will you not call on me as you pass through New York, if you do go?

“Gonon has his telegraph on the Capitol, and a committee of the Senate reported in favor of trying his for a short distance, and will pass a bill this session if we are not doing something. Some means, somehow, must be raised. I have been compelled to stop my machine just

at the moment of completion. I cannot move a step without running in debt, and that I cannot do.

"As to the company that was thought of to carry the Telegraph into operation here, it is another of those *ignes fatui* that have just led me on to waste a little more time, money, and patience, and then vanished. The gentleman who proposed the matter was, doubtless, friendly disposed, but he lacks judgment and perseverance in a matter of this sort.

"If Congress would but pass the bill of \$30,000 before them, there would be no difficulty. There is no difficulty in the scientific or mechanical part of the matter; *that is a problem solved*. The only difficulty that remains is obtaining funds, which Congress can furnish, to carry it into execution. I have a great deal to say, but must stop for want of time to write more."

But he does not stop. He is so full of his subject that he continues at some length: —

"Everything done by me in regard to the Telegraph is at arm's length. I can do nothing without consultation, and when I wish to consult on the most trivial thing I have three letters to write, and a week or ten days to wait before I can receive an answer.

"I feel at times almost ready to cast the whole matter to the winds, and turn my attention forever from the subject. Indeed, I feel almost inclined, at times, to destroy the evidences of priority of invention in my possession and let Wheatstone and England take the credit of it. For it is tantalizing in the highest degree to find the papers and the lecturers boasting of the invention as one of the greatest of the age, and as an honor to America, and yet to have the nation by its representatives

leave the inventor without the means either to put his invention fairly before his countrymen, or to defend himself against foreign attack.

“If I had the means in any way of support in Washington this winter, I would go on in the middle of January and push the matter, but I cannot run the risk. I would write a detailed history of the invention, which would be an interesting document to have printed in the Congressional documents, and establish beyond contradiction both priority and superiority of my invention. Has not the Postmaster-General, or Secretary of War or Treasury, the power to pay a few hundred dollars from a contingent fund for such purposes?

“Whatever becomes of the invention through the neglect of those who could but would not lend a helping hand, *you*, my dear sir, will have the reflection that you did all in your power to aid me, and I am deterred from giving up the matter as desperate most of all for the consideration that those who kindly lent their aid when the invention was in its infancy would suffer, and that, therefore, I should not be dealing right by them. If this is a little *blue*, forgive it.”

It appears from this letter that Morse bore no ill-will towards his partners for not coming to his assistance at this critical stage of the enterprise, so that it behooves us not to be too harsh in our judgment. Perhaps I have not sufficiently emphasized the fact that, owing to the great financial depression which prevailed at that time, Mr. Smith and the Vails were seriously crippled in their means, and were not able to advance any more money, and Professor Gale had never been called upon to contribute money. This does not alter my main contention,

however, for it still remains true that, if it had not been for Morse's dogged persistence during these dark years, the enterprise would, in all probability, have failed. With the others it was merely an incident, with him it had become his whole life.

The same refrain runs through all the letters of 1841 and 1842; discouragement at the slow progress which is being made, and yet a sincere conviction that eventually the cause will triumph. On December 13, 1841, he says in a letter to Vail: —

"We are all somewhat crippled, and I most of all, being obliged to superintend the getting up of a set of machinery complete, and to make the greater part myself, and without a cent of money. . . . All the burden now rests on my shoulders after years of time devoted to the enterprise, and I am willing, as far as I am able, to bear my share if the other proprietors will lend a helping hand, and give me facilities to act and a reasonable recompense for my services in case of success."

Vail, replying to this letter on December 15, says: "I have recently given considerable thought to the subject of the Telegraph, and was intending to get permission of you, if there is anything to the contrary in our articles of agreement, to build for myself and my private use a Telegraph upon your plan."

In answering this letter, on December 18, Morse again urges Vail to give him a power of attorney, and adds: —

"You can see in a moment that, if I have to write to all the scattered proprietors of the Telegraph every time any movement is made, what a burden falls upon me both of expense of time and money which I cannot afford. In acting for my own interest in this matter I, of course,

act for the interest of all. If we can get that thirty thousand dollars bill through Congress, the experiment (if it can any longer be called such) can then be tried on such a scale as to insure its success.

“You ask permission to make a Telegraph for your own use. I have no objection, but, before you commence one, you had better see me and the improvements which I have made, and I can suggest a few more, rather of an ornamental character, and some economical arrangements which may be of use to you.

“I thank you for your kind invitation, and, when I come to Philadelphia, shall *A. Vail* myself of your politeness. I suppose by this time you have a brood of chickens around you. Well, go on and prosper. As for me, I am not well; am much depressed at times, and have many cares, anxieties, and disappointments, in which I am aware I am not alone. But all will work for the best if we only look through the cloud and see a kind Parent directing all. This reflection alone cheers me and gives me renewed strength.”

Conditions remained practically unchanged during the early part of the year 1842. If it had not been for occasional bits of encouragement from different quarters the inventor would probably have yielded to the temptation to abandon all and depend on his brush again for a living. Perhaps the ray of greatest encouragement which lightened the gloom of this depressing period was the following letter from Professor Henry, dated February 24, 1842: —

MY DEAR SIR — I am pleased to learn that you have again petitioned Congress in reference to your telegraph,

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR HENRY 171

and I most sincerely hope you will succeed in convincing our representatives of the importance of the invention. In this you may, perhaps, find some difficulty, since, in the minds of many, the electro-magnetic telegraph is associated with the various chimerical projects constantly presented to the public, and particularly with the schemes so popular a year or two ago for the application of electricity as a moving power in the arts. I have asserted, from the first, that all attempts of this kind are premature and made without a proper knowledge of scientific principles. The case is, however, entirely different in regard to the electro-magnetic telegraph. Science is now fully ripe for this application, and I have not the least doubt, if proper means be afforded, of the perfect success of the invention.

The idea of transmitting intelligence to a distance by means of electrical action, has been suggested by various persons, from the time of Franklin to the present; but, until the last few years, or since the principal discoveries in electro-magnetism, all attempts to reduce it to practice were, necessarily, unsuccessful. The mere suggestion however, of a scheme of this kind is a matter for which little credit can be claimed, since it is one which would naturally arise in the mind of almost any person familiar with the phenomena of electricity; but the bringing it forward at the proper moment, when the developments of science are able to furnish the means of certain success, and the devising a plan for carrying it into practical operation, are the grounds of a just claim to scientific reputation, as well as to public patronage.

About the same time with yourself Professor Wheatstone, of London, and Dr. Steinheil, of Germany, pro-

posed plans of the electro-magnetic telegraph, but these differ as much from yours as the nature of the common principle would well permit; and, unless some essential improvements have lately been made in these European plans, *I should prefer the one invented by yourself.*

With my best wishes for your success I remain, with much esteem

Yours truly

JOSEPH HENRY.

I consider this one of the most important bits of contemporary evidence that has come down to us. Professor Henry, perfectly conversant with all the minutiae of science and invention, practically gives to Morse all the credit which the inventor himself at any time claimed. He dismisses the claims of those who merely suggested a telegraph, or even made unsuccessful attempts to reduce one to practice, unsuccessful because the time was not yet ripe; and he awards Morse scientific as well as popular reputation. Furthermore Professor Henry, with the clear vision of a trained mind, points out that advances in discovery and invention are necessarily slow and dependent upon the labors of many in the same field. His cordial endorsement of the invention, in this letter and later, so pleased and encouraged Morse that he refers to it several times in his correspondence. To Mr. Smith, on July 16, 1842, he writes:—

“Professor Henry visited me a day or two ago; he knew the principles of the Telegraph, but had never before seen it. He told a gentleman, who mentioned it again to me, that without exception it was the most beautiful and ingenious instrument he had ever seen.

He says mine is the only truly practicable plan. He has been experimenting and making discoveries on celestial electricity, and he says that Wheatstone's and Steinheil's telegraphs must be so influenced in a highly electrical state of the atmosphere, as at times to be useless, they using the deflection of the needle, while mine, from the use of the magnet, is not subject to this disturbing influence. I believe, if the truth were known, some such cause is operating to prevent our hearing more of these telegraphs."

In this same letter he tells of the application of a certain Mr. John P. Manrow for permission to form a company, but, as nothing came of it, it will not be necessary to particularize. Mr. Manrow, however, was a successful contractor on the New York and Erie Railroad, and it was a most encouraging sign to have practical business men begin to take notice of the invention.

So cheered was the ever-hopeful inventor by the praise of Professor Henry, that he redoubled his efforts to get the matter properly before Congress; and in this he worked alone, for, in the letter to Smith just quoted from, he says: "I have not heard a word from Mr. Coffin at Washington since I saw you. I presume he has abandoned the idea of doing anything on the terms we proposed, and so has given it up. Well, so be it; I am content."

Taking advantage of the fact that he was personally acquainted with many members of Congress, he wrote to several of them on the subject. In some of the letters he treats exhaustively of the history and scientific principles of his telegraph, but I have selected the following, addressed to the Honorable W. W. Boardman, as

containing the most essential facts in the most concise form: —

August 10, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — I enclose you a copy of the “Tribune” in which you will see a notice of my Telegraph. I have showed its operation to a few friends occasionally within a few weeks, among others to Professor Henry, of Princeton (a copy of whose letter to me on this subject I sent you some time since). He had never seen it in operation, but had only learned from description the principle on which it is founded. He is not of an enthusiastic temperament, but exceedingly cautious in giving an opinion on scientific inventions, yet in this case he expressed himself in the warmest terms, and told my friend Dr. Chilton (who informed me of it) that he had just been witnessing “the operation of the most beautiful and ingenious instrument he had ever seen.” Indeed, since I last wrote you, I have been wholly occupied in perfecting its details and making myself familiar with the whole system. There is not a shadow of a doubt as to its performing all that I have promised in regard to it, and, indeed, all that has been conceived of it. Few can understand the obstacles arising from want of pecuniary means that I have had to encounter the past winter. To avoid debt (which I will never incur) I have been compelled to make with my own hands a great part of my machinery, but at an expense of time of very serious consideration to me. I have executed in six months what a good machinist, if I had the means to employ him, would have performed in as many weeks, and performed much better.

I had hoped to be able to show my perfected instru-

ment in Washington long before this, and was (until this morning) contemplating its transportation thither next week. The news, just arrived, of the proposed adjournment of Congress has stopped my preparations, and interposes, I fear, another year of anxious suspense.

Now, my dear sir, as your time is precious, I will state in few words what I desire. The Government will eventually, without doubt, become possessed of this invention, for it will be necessary from many considerations; not merely as a direct advantage to the Government and public at large if regulated by the Government, but as a preventive of the evil effects which must result if it be a monopoly of a company. To this latter mode of remunerating myself I shall be compelled to resort if the Government should not eventually act upon it.

You were so good as to call the attention of the House to the subject by a resolution of inquiry early in the session. I wrote you some time after requesting a stay of action on the part of the committee, in the hope that, long before this, I could show them the Telegraph in Washington; but, just as I am ready, I find that Congress will adjourn before I can reach Washington and put the instrument in order for their inspection.

Will it be possible, before Congress rises, to appropriate a small sum, say \$3500, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, to put my Telegraph in operation for the inspection of Congress the next session? If Congress will grant this sum, I will engage to have a complete Telegraph on my Electro-Magnetic plan between the President's house, or one of the Departments, and the Capitol and the Navy Yard, so that instantaneous communication can be held between these three

points at pleasure, at any time of day or night, at any season, in clear or rainy weather, and ready for their examination during the next session of Congress, so that the whole subject may be fairly understood.

I believe that, did the great majority of Congress but consider seriously the results of this invention of the Electric Telegraph on all the interests of society; did they suffer themselves to dwell but for a moment on the vast consequences of the instantaneous communication of intelligence from one part to the other of the land in a commercial point of view, and as facilitating the defenses of the country, which my invention renders certain; they would not hesitate to pass all the acts necessary to secure its control to the Government. I ask not this until they have thoroughly examined its merits, but will they not assist me in placing the matter fairly before them? Surely so small a sum to the Government for so great an object cannot reasonably be denied.

I hardly know in what form this request of mine should be made. Should it be by petition to Congress, or will this letter handed in to the committee be sufficient? If a petition is required, for form's sake, to be referred to the committee to report, shall I ask the favor of you to make such petition in proper form?

You know, my dear sir, just what I wish, and I know, from the kind and friendly feeling you have shown toward my invention, I may count on your aid. If, on your return, you stop a day or two in New York, I shall be glad to show you the operation of the Telegraph as it is.

This modest request of the inventor was doomed, like so many of his hopes, to be shattered, as we learn

from the courteous reply of Mr. Boardman, dated August 12: —

DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 10th is received. I had already seen the notice of your Telegraph in the "Tribune," and was prepared for such a report. This is not the time to commence any new project before Congress. We are, I trust, within ten days of adjournment. There is no prospect of a tariff at this session, and, as that matter appears settled, the sooner Congress adjourns the better. The subject of your Telegraph was some months ago, as you know, referred to the Committee on Commerce, and by that committee it was referred to Mr. Ferris, one of the members of that committee, from the city of New York, and who, by-the-way, is now at home in the city and will be glad to see you on the subject. I cannot give you his address, but you can easily find him.

The Treasury and the Government are both bankrupt, and that foolish Tyler has vetoed the tariff bill; the House is in bad humor and nothing of the kind you propose could be done. The only chance would be for the Committee on Commerce to report such a plan, but there would be little or no chance of getting such an appropriation through this session. I have much faith in your plan, and hope you will continue to push it toward Congress.

This was almost the last straw, and it is not strange that the long-suffering inventor should have been on the point of giving up in despair, nor that he should have given vent to his despondency in the following letter to Smith: —

“While, so far as the invention itself is concerned, everything is favorable, I find myself without sympathy or help from any who are associated with me, whose interest, one would think, would impel them at least to inquire if they could render some assistance. For two years past I have devoted all my time and scanty means, living on a mere pittance, denying myself all pleasures and even necessary food, that I might have a sum to put my Telegraph into such a position before Congress as to insure success to the common enterprise.

“I am crushed for want of means, and means of so trivial a character, too, that they who know how to ask (which I do not) could obtain in a few hours. One more year has gone for want of these means. I have now ascertained that, however unpromising were the times last session, if I could but have gone to Washington, I could have got some aid to enable me to insure success at the next session.”

The other projects for telegraphs must have been abandoned, for he goes on to say:—

“As it is, although everything is favorable, although I have no competition and no opposition — on the contrary, although every member of Congress, as far as I can learn, is favorable — yet I fear all will fail because I am too poor to risk the trifling expense which my journey and residence in Washington will occasion me. *I will not run in debt* if I lose the whole matter. So, unless I have the means from some source, I shall be compelled, however reluctantly, to leave it, and, if I get once engaged in my proper profession again, the Telegraph and its proprietors will urge me from it in vain.

“No one can tell the days and months of anxiety and

labor I have had in perfecting my telegraphic apparatus. For want of means I have been compelled to make with my own hands (and to labor for weeks) a piece of mechanism which could be made much better, and in a tenth part of the time, by a good mechanician, thus wasting *time* — time which I cannot recall and which seems double-winged to me.

“‘Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.’ It is true and I have known the full meaning of it. Nothing but the consciousness that I have an invention which is to mark an era in human civilization, and which is to contribute to the happiness of millions, would have sustained me through so many and such lengthened trials of patience in perfecting it.”

CHAPTER XXIX

JULY 16, 1842 — MARCH 26, 1843

Continued discouragements. — Working on improvements. — First submarine cable from Battery to Governor's Island. — The Vails refuse to give financial assistance. — Goes to Washington. — Experiments conducted at the Capitol. — First to discover duplex and wireless telegraphy. — Dr. Fisher. — Friends in Congress. — Finds his statuette of Dying Hercules in basement of Capitol. — Alternately hopes and despairs of bill passing Congress. — Bill favorably reported from committee. — Clouds breaking. — Ridicule in Congress. — Bill passes House by narrow majority. — Long delay in Senate. — Last day of session. — Despair. — Bill passes. — Victory at last.

SLOWLY the mills of the gods had been grinding, so slowly that one marvels at their leaden pace, and wonders why the dream of the man so eager to benefit his fellow-men could not have been realized sooner. We are forced to echo the words of the inventor himself in a previously quoted letter: "I am perfectly satisfied that, mysterious as it may seem to me, it has all been ordered in its minutest particulars in infinite wisdom." He enlarges on this point in the letter to Smith of July 16, 1842. Referring to the difficulties he has encountered through lack of means, he says: —

"I have oftentimes risen in the morning not knowing where the means were to come from for the common expenses of the day. Reflect one moment on my situation in regard to the invention. Compelled from the first, from my want of the means to carry out the invention to a practical result, to ask assistance from those who had means, I associated with me the Messrs. Vail and Dr. Gale, by making over to them, on certain conditions, a portion of the patent right. These means enabled me

to carry it successfully forward to a certain point. At this point you were also admitted into a share of the patent on certain conditions, which carried the enterprise forward successfully still further. Since then disappointments have occurred and disasters to the property of every one concerned in the enterprise, but of a character not touching the intrinsic merits of the invention in the least, yet bearing on its progress so fatally as for several years to paralyze all attempts to proceed.

"The depressed situation of all my associates in the invention has thrown the whole burden of again attempting a movement entirely on me. With the trifling sum of five hundred dollars I could have had my instruments perfected and before Congress six months ago, but I was unable to run the risk, and I therefore chose to go forward more slowly, but at a great waste of time.

"In all these remarks understand me as not throwing the least blame on any individual. I believe that the situation in which you all are thrown is altogether providential — that human foresight could not avert it, and I firmly believe, too, that the delays, tantalizing and trying as they have been, will, in the end, turn out to be beneficial."

I have hazarded the opinion that it was a kindly fate which frustrated the consummation of the Russian contract, and here again I venture to say that the Fates were kind, that Morse was right in saying that the "delays" would "turn out to be beneficial." And why? Because it needed all these years of careful thought and experiment on the part of the inventor to bring his instruments to the perfection necessary to complete success, and because the period of financial depression,

through which the country was then passing, was unfavorable to an enterprise of this character. The history of all inventions proves that, no matter how clear a vision of the future some enthusiasts may have had, the dream was never actually realized until all the conditions were favorable and the psychological moment had arrived. Professor Henry showed, in his letter of February 24, that he realized that some day electricity would be used as a motive power, but that much remained yet to be discovered and invented before this could be actually and practically accomplished. So, too, the conquest of the air remained a dream for centuries until, to use Professor Henry's words, "science" was "ripe for its application." Therefore I think we can conclude that, however confident Morse may have been that his invention could have stood the test of actual commercial use during those years of discouragement, it needed the perfection which he himself gave it during those same years to enable it to prove its superiority over other methods.

Among the other improvements made by Morse at this time, the following is mentioned in the letter to Smith of July 16, 1842, just quoted from: "I have invented a battery which will delight you; it is the most powerful of its size ever invented, and this part of my telegraphic apparatus the results of experiments have enabled me to simplify and truly to perfect."

Another most important development of the invention was made in the year 1842. The problem of crossing wide bodies of water had, naturally, presented itself to the mind of the inventor at an early date, and during the most of this year he had devoted himself seriously to its

solution. He laboriously insulated about two miles of copper wire with pitch, tar, and rubber, and, on the evening of October 18, 1842, he carried it, wound on a reel, to the Battery in New York and hired a row-boat with a man to row him while he paid out his "cable." Tradition says that it was a beautiful moonlight night and that the strollers on the Battery were mystified, and wondered what kind of fish were being trolled for. The next day the following editorial notice appeared in the New York "Herald": —

MORSE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH

This important invention is to be exhibited in operation at Castle Garden between the hours of twelve and one o'clock to-day. One telegraph will be erected on Governor's Island, and one at the Castle, and messages will be interchanged and orders transmitted during the day.

Many have been incredulous as to the powers of this wonderful triumph of science and art. All such may now have an opportunity of fairly testing it. *It is destined to work a complete revolution in the mode of transmitting intelligence throughout the civilized world.*

Before the appointed hour on the morning of the 19th, Morse hastened to the Battery, and found a curious crowd already assembled to witness this new marvel. With confidence he seated himself at the instrument and had succeeded in exchanging a few signals between himself and Professor Gale at the other end on Governor's Island, when suddenly the receiving instrument was dumb. Looking out across the waters of the bay, he

soon saw the cause of the interruption. Six or seven vessels were anchored along the line of his cable, and one of them, in raising her anchor, had fouled the cable and pulled it up. Not knowing what it was, the sailors hauled in about two hundred feet of it; then, finding no end, they cut the cable and sailed away, ignorant of the blow they had inflicted on the mortified inventor. The crowd, thinking they had been hoaxed, turned away with jeers, and Morse was left alone to bear his disappointment as philosophically as he could.

Later, in December, the experiment was repeated across the canal at Washington, and this time with perfect success.

Still cramped for means, chafing under the delay which this necessitated, he turned to his good friends the Vails, hoping that they might be able to help him. While he shrank from borrowing money he considered that, as they were financially interested in the success of the invention, he could with propriety ask for an advance to enable him to go to Washington.

To his request he received the following answer from the Honorable George Vail: —

SPEEDWELL IRON WORKS,
December 31, 1842.

S. F. B. MORSE, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR, — Your favor is at hand. I had expected that my father would visit you, but he could not go out in the snow-storm of Wednesday, and, if he had, I do not think anything could induce him to raise the needful for the prosecution of our object. He says: "Tell Mr. Morse that there is no one I would sooner assist than him if I could, but, in the present posture of my affairs,

I am not warranted in undertaking anything more than to make my payments as they become due, of which there are not a few."

He thinks that Mr. S—— might soon learn how to manage it, and, as he is there, it would save a great expense. I do not myself know that he could learn; but, as my means are nothing at the present time, I can only wish you success, if you go on.

Of course Mr. Vail meant "if you go on to Washington," but to the sensitive mind of the inventor the words must have seemed to imply a doubt of the advisability of going on with the enterprise. However, he was not daunted, but in some way he procured the means to defray his expenses, perhaps from his good brother Sidney, for the next letter to Mr. Vail is from Washington, on December 18, 1842:—

"I have not written you since my arrival as I had nothing special to say, nor have I now anything very decided to communicate in relation to my enterprise, except that it is in a very favorable train. The Telegraph, as you will see by Thursday or Friday's 'Intelligencer,' is established between two of the committee rooms in the Capitol, and excites universal admiration. I am told from all quarters that there is but one sentiment in Congress respecting it, and that the appropriation will unquestionably pass.

"The discovery I made with Dr. Fisher, just before leaving New York, of the fact that two or more currents will pass, without interference, at the same time, on the same wire, excites the wonder of all the scientific in and out of Congress here, and when I show them the

certainly of it, in the practical application of it to simplify my Telegraph, their admiration is loudly expressed, and it has created a feeling highly advantageous to me.

“I believe I drew for you a method by which I thought I could pass rivers, *without any wires*, through the water. I tried the experiment across the canal here on Friday afternoon *with perfect success*. This also has added a fresh interest in my favor, and I begin to hope that I am on the eve of realizing something in the shape of compensation for my time and means expended in bringing my invention to its present state. I dare not be sanguine, however, for I have had too much experience of delusive hopes to indulge in any premature exultation. Now there is no opposition, but it may spring up unexpectedly and defeat all. . . .

“I find Dr. Fisher a great help. He is acquainted with a great many of the members, and he is round among them and creating an interest for the Telegraph. Mr. Smith has not yet made his appearance, and, if he does not come soon, everything will be accomplished without him. My associate proprietors, indeed, are at present broken reeds, yet I am aware they are disabled in various ways from helping me, and I ought to remember that their help in the commencement of the enterprise was essential in putting the Telegraph into the position it now is [in]; therefore, although they give me now no aid, it is not from unwillingness but from inability, and I shall not grudge them their proportion of its profits, nor do I believe they will be unwilling to reimburse me my expenses, should the Telegraph eventually be purchased by the Government.

“Mr. Ferris, our representative, is very much in-

terested in understanding the scientific principles on which my Telegraph is based, and has exerted himself very strongly in my behalf ; so has Mr. Boardman, and, in a special manner, Dr. Aycrigg, of New Jersey, the latter of whom is determined the bill shall pass by acclamation. Mr. Huntington, of the Senate, Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Wright are also very strongly friendly to the Telegraph."

This letter, to the best of my knowledge, has never before been published, and yet it contains statements of the utmost interest. The discovery of duplex telegraphy, or the possibility of sending two or more messages over the same wire at the same time has been credited by various authorities to different persons; by some to Moses G. Farmer in 1852, by others to Gintl, of Vienna, in 1853, or to Frischen or Siemens and Halske in 1854. Yet we see from this letter that Morse and his assistant Dr. Fisher not only made the discovery ten years earlier, in 1842, but demonstrated its practicability to the scientists and others in Washington at that date. Why this fact should have been lost sight of I cannot tell, but I am glad to be able to bring forward the proof of the paternity of this brilliant discovery even at this late day.

Still another scientific principle was established by Morse at this early period, as we learn from this letter, and that is the possibility of wireless telegraphy; but, as he has been generally credited with the first suggestion of what has now become one of the greatest boons to humanity, it will not be necessary to enlarge on it.

A brighter day seemed at last to be dawning, and a most curious happening, just at this time, came to the inventor as an auspicious omen. In stringing his wires

between the two committee rooms he had to descend into a vault beneath them which had been long unused. A workman, who was helping him, went ahead and carried a lamp, and, as he glanced around the chamber, Morse noticed something white on a shelf at one side. Curious to see what this could be, he went up to it, when what was his amazement to find that it was a plaster cast of that little statuette of the Dying Hercules which had won for him the Adelphi Gold Medal so many years before in London. There was the token of his first artistic success appearing to him out of the gloom as the harbinger of another success which he hoped would also soon emerge from behind the lowering clouds.

The apparently mysterious presence of the little demigod in such an out-of-the-way place was easily explained. Six casts of the clay model had been made before the original was broken up. One of these Morse had kept for himself, four had been given to various institutions, and one to his friend Charles Bulfinch, who succeeded Latrobe as the architect of the Capitol. A sinister fate seemed to pursue these little effigies, for his own, and the four he had presented to different institutions, were all destroyed in one way and another. After tracing each one of these five to its untimely end, he came to the conclusion that this evidence of his youthful genius had perished from the earth; but here, at last, the only remaining copy was providentially revealed to the eyes of its creator, having undoubtedly been placed in the vault for safe-keeping and overlooked. It was cheerfully returned to him. By him it was given to his friend, the Reverend E. Goodrich Smith, and by the

latter presented to Yale University, where it now rests in the Fine Arts Building.

So ended the year 1842, a decade since the first conception of the telegraph on board the Sully, and it found the inventor making his last stand for recognition from that Government to which he had been so loyal, and upon which he wished to bestow a priceless gift. With the dawn of the new year, a year destined to mark an epoch in the history of civilization, his flagging spirits were revived, and he entered with zest on what proved to be his final and successful struggle.

It passes belief that with so many ocular demonstrations of the practicability of the Morse telegraph, and with the reports of the success of other telegraphs abroad, the popular mind, as reflected in its representatives in Congress, should have remained so incredulous. Morse had been led to hope that his bill was going to pass by acclamation, but in this he was rudely disappointed. Still he had many warm friends who believed in him and his invention. First and foremost should be mentioned his classmate, Henry L. Ellsworth, the Commissioner of Patents, at whose hospitable home the inventor stayed during some of these anxious days, and who, with his family, cheered him with encouraging words and help. Among the members of Congress who were energetic in support of the bill especially worthy of mention are — Kennedy, of Maryland; Mason, of Ohio; Wallace, of Indiana; Ferris and Boardman, of New York; Holmes, of South Carolina; and Aycrigg, of New Jersey.

The alternating moods of hope and despair, through

which the inventor passed during the next few weeks, are best pictured forth by himself in brief extracts from letters to his brother Sidney: —

“*January 6, 1843.* I sent you a copy of the Report on the Telegraph a day or two since. I was in hopes of having it called up to-day, but the House refused to go into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, so it is deferred. The first time they go into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union it will probably be called up and be decided upon.

“Everything looks favorable, but I do not suffer myself to be sanguine, for I do not know what may be doing secretly against it. I shall believe it passed when the signature of the President is affixed to it, and not before.”

“*January 16.* I snatch the moments of waiting for company in the Committee Room of Commerce to write a few lines. Patience is a virtue much needed and much tried here. So far as opinion goes everything is favorable to my bill. I hear of no opposition, but should not be surprised if it met with some. The great difficulty is to get it up before the House; there are so many who must ‘*define their position,*’ as the term is, so many who must say something to ‘Bunkum,’ that a great deal of the people’s time is wasted in mere idle, unprofitable speechifying. I hope something may be done this week that shall be decisive, so that I may know what to do. . . . This waiting at so much risk makes me question myself: am I in the path of duty? When I think that the little money I brought with me is nearly gone, that, if nothing should be done by Congress, I shall be in a destitute state; that perhaps I shall have again to be a burden

to friends until I know to what to turn my hands, I feel low-spirited. I am only relieved by naked trust in God, and it is right that this should be so."

"*January 20.* My patience is still tried in waiting for the action of Congress on my bill. With so much at stake you may easily conceive how tantalizing is this state of suspense. I wish to feel right on this subject; not to be impatient, nor distrustful, nor fretful, and yet to be prepared for the worst. I find my funds exhausting, my clothing wearing out, my time, especially, rapidly waning, and my affairs at home requiring some little looking after; and then, if I should after all be disappointed, the alternative looks dark, and to human eyes disastrous in the extreme.

"I hardly dare contemplate this side of the matter, and yet I ought so far to consider it as to provide, if possible, against being struck down by such a blow. At times, after waiting all day and day after day, in the hope that my bill may be called up, and in vain, I feel heart-sick, and finding nothing accomplished, that no progress is made, that *precious time* flies, I am depressed and begin to question whether I am in the way of duty. But when I feel that I have done all in my power, and that this delay may be designed by the wise disposer of all events for a trial of patience, I find relief and a disposition quietly to wait such issue as he shall direct, knowing that, if I sincerely have put my trust in him, he will not lead me astray, and my way will, in any event, be made plain."

"*January 25.* I am still *waiting, waiting*. I know not what the issue will be and wish to be prepared, and have you all prepared, for the worst in regard to the bill.

Although I learn of no opposition yet I have seen enough of the modes of business in the House to know that everything there is more than in ordinary matters uncertain. It will be the end of the session, probably, before I return. I will not have to reproach myself, or be reproached by others, for any neglect, but under all circumstances I am exceedingly tried. I am too foreboding probably, and ought not so to look ahead as to be distrustful. I fear that I have no right feelings in this state of suspense. It is easier to say 'Thy will be done' than at all times to feel it, yet I can pray that God's will may be done whatever becomes of me and mine."

"*January 30.* I am still kept in suspense which is becoming more and more tantalizing and painful. But I endeavor to exercise patience."

"*February 21.* I think the clouds begin to break away and a little sunlight begins to cheer me. The House in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union have just passed my bill through committee to report to the House. There was an attempt made to cast ridicule upon it by a very few headed by Mr. Cave Johnson, who proposed an amendment that half the sum should be appropriated to mesmeric experiments. Only 26 supported him and it was laid aside to be reported to the House without amendment and without division.

"I was immediately surrounded by my friends in the House, congratulating me and telling me that the crisis is passed, and that the bill will pass the House by a large majority. Mr. Kennedy, chairman of the Committee on Commerce, has put the bill on the Speaker's calendar for Thursday morning, when the final vote in the House will be taken. It then has to go to the Senate, where I

have reason to believe it will meet with a favorable reception. Then to the President, and, if signed by him, I shall return with renovated spirits, for I assure you I have for some time been at the lowest ebb, and can now scarcely realize that a turn has occurred in my favor. I don't know when I have been so much tried as in the tedious delays of the last two months, but I see a reason for it in the Providence of God. He has been pleased to try my patience, and not until my impatience had yielded unreservedly to submission has He relieved me by granting light upon my path. Praised be His name, for to Him alone belongs all the glory.

"I write with a dreadful headache caused by over-excitement in the House, but hope to be better after a night's rest. I have written in haste just to inform you of the first symptoms of success."

On the same date as that of the preceding letter, February 21, the following appeared in the "Congressional Globe," and its very curtness and flippancy is indicative of the indifference of the public in general to this great invention, and the proceedings which are summarized cast discredit on the intelligence of our national lawmakers: —

ELECTRO AND ANIMAL MAGNETISM

On motion of Mr. Kennedy of Maryland, the committee took up the bill to authorize a series of experiments to be made in order to test the merits of Morse's electro - magnetic telegraph. The bill appropriates \$30,000, to be expended under the direction of the Postmaster-General.

On motion of Mr. Kennedy, the words "Postmaster-

General" were stricken out and "Secretary of the Treasury" inserted.

Mr. Cave Johnson wished to have a word to say upon the bill. As the present Congress had done much to encourage science, he did not wish to see the science of mesmerism neglected and overlooked. He therefore proposed that one half of the appropriation be given to Mr. Fisk, to enable him to carry on experiments, as well as Professor Morse.

Mr. Houston thought that Millerism should also be included in the benefits of the appropriation.

Mr. Stanly said he should have no objection to the appropriation for mesmeric experiments, provided the gentleman from Tennessee [Mr. Cave Johnson] was the subject. [A laugh.]

Mr. Cave Johnson said he should have no objection provided the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Stanly] was the operator. [Great laughter.]

Several gentlemen called for the reading of the amendment, and it was read by the Clerk, as follows: —

"*Provided*, That one half of the said sum shall be appropriated for trying mesmeric experiments under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury."

Mr. S. Mason rose to a question of order. He maintained that the amendment was not *bona fide*, and that such amendments were calculated to injure the character of the House. He appealed to the chair to rule the amendment out of order.

The Chairman said it was not for him to judge of the motives of members in offering amendments, and he could not, therefore, undertake to pronounce the amendment not *bona fide*. Objections might be raised to it on

the ground that it was not sufficiently analogous in character to the bill under consideration, but, in the opinion of the Chair, it would require a scientific analysis to determine how far the magnetism of mesmerism was analogous to that to be employed in telegraphs. [Laughter.] He therefore ruled the amendment in order.

On taking the vote, the amendment was rejected — ayes 22, noes not counted.

The bill was then laid aside to be reported.

On February 23, the once more hopeful inventor sent off the following hurriedly written letter to his brother: —

“You will perceive by the proceedings of the House to-day that *my bill has passed the House by a vote of 89 to 80*. A close vote after the expectations raised by some of my friends in the early part of the session, but enough is as good as a feast, and it is safe so far as the House is concerned. I will advise you of the progress of it through the Senate. All my anxieties are now centred there. I write in great haste.”

A revised record of the voting showed that the margin of victory was even slighter, for in a letter to Smith, Morse says: —

“The long agony (truly agony to me) is over, for you will perceive by the papers of to-morrow that, so far as the House is concerned, the matter is decided. *My bill has passed by a vote of eighty-nine to eighty-three*. A close vote, you will say, but explained upon several grounds not affecting the disposition of many individual members, who voted against it, to the invention. In this

matter six votes are as good as a thousand, so far as the appropriation is concerned.

"The yeas and nays will tell you who were friendly and who adverse to the bill. I shall now bend all my attention to the Senate. There is a good disposition there and I am now strongly encouraged to think that my invention will be placed before the country in such a position as to be properly appreciated, and to yield to all its proprietors a proper compensation.

"I have no desire to vaunt my exertions, but I can truly say that I have never passed so trying a period as the last two months. Professor Fisher (who has been of the greatest service to me) and I have been busy from morning till night every day since we have been here. I have brought him on with me at my expense, and he will be one of the first assistants in the first experimental line, if the bill passes. . . . My feelings at the prospect of success are of a joyous character, as you may well believe, and one of the principal elements of my joy is that I shall be enabled to contribute to the happiness of all who formerly assisted me, some of whom are, at present, specially depressed."

Writing to Alfred Vail on the same day, he says after telling of the passage of the bill: —

"You can have but a faint idea of the sacrifices and trials I have had in getting the Telegraph thus far before the country and the world. I cannot detail them here; I can only say that, for two years, I have labored all my time and at my own expense, without assistance from the other proprietors (except in obtaining the iron of the magnets for the last instruments obtained of you) to forward our enterprise. My means to defray my ex-

penses, to meet which every cent I owned in the world was collected, are nearly all gone, and if, by any means, the bill should fail in the Senate, I shall return to New York with the *fraction of a dollar* in my pocket."

And now the final struggle which meant success or failure was on. Only eight days of the session remained and the calendar was, as usual, crowded. The inventor, his nerves stretched to the breaking point, hoped and yet feared. He had every reason to believe that the Senate would show more broad-minded enlightenment than the House, and yet he had been told that his bill would pass the House by acclamation, while the event proved that it had barely squeezed through by a beggarly majority of six. He heard disquieting rumors of a determination on the part of some of the House members to procure the defeat of the bill in the Senate. Would they succeed, would the victory, almost won, be snatched from him at the last moment, or would his faith in an overruling Providence, and in his own mission as an instrument of that Providence, be justified at last?

Every day of that fateful week saw him in his place in the gallery of the Senate chamber, and all day long he sat there, listening, as we can well imagine, with growing impatience to the senatorial oratory on the merits or demerits of bills which to him were of such minor importance, however heavily freighted with the destinies of the nation they may have been. And every night he returned to his room with the sad reflection that one more of the precious days had passed and his bill had not been reached. And then came the last day, March 3, that day when the session of the Senate is prolonged till midnight, when the President, leaving the White House,

sits in the room provided for him at the Capitol, ready to sign the bills which are passed in these last few hurried hours, if they meet with his approval, or to consign them to oblivion if they do not.

The now despairing inventor clung to his post in the gallery almost to the end, but, being assured by his senatorial friends that there was no possibility of the bill being reached, and unable to bear the final blow of hearing the gavel fall which should signalize his defeat, shrinking from the well-meant condolences of his friends, he returned almost broken-hearted to his room.

The future must have looked black indeed. He had staked his all and lost, and he was resolved to abandon all further efforts to press his invention on an unfeeling and a thankless world. He must pick up his brush again; he must again woo the fickle goddess of art, who had deserted him before, and who would, in all probability, be chary of her favors now. In that dark hour it would not have been strange if his trust in God had wavered, if he had doubted the goodness of that Providence to whose mysterious workings he had always submissively bowed. But his faith seems to have risen triumphant even under this crushing stroke, for he thus describes the events of that fateful night, and of the next morning, in a letter to Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania, written many years later: —

“The last days of the last session of that Congress were about to close. A bill appropriating thirty thousand dollars for my purpose had passed the House, and was before the Senate for concurrence. On the last day of the session [3d of March, 1843] I had spent the whole day and part of the evening in the Senate chamber,

anxiously watching the progress of the passing of the various bills, of which there were, in the morning of that day, over one hundred and forty to be acted upon before the one in which I was interested would be reached; and a resolution had a few days before been passed to proceed with the bills on the calendar in their regular order, forbidding any bill to be taken up out of its regular place.

“As evening approached there seemed to be but little chance that the Telegraph Bill would be reached before the adjournment, and consequently I had the prospect of the delay of another year, with the loss of time, and all my means already expended. In my anxiety I consulted with two of my senatorial friends — Senator Huntington, of Connecticut, and Senator Wright, of New York — asking their opinion of the probability of reaching the bill before the close of the session. Their answers were discouraging, and their advice was to prepare myself for disappointment. In this state of mind I retired to my chamber and made all my arrangements for leaving Washington the next day. Painful as was this prospect of renewed disappointment, you, my dear sir, will understand me when I say that, knowing from experience whence my help must come in any difficulty, I soon disposed of my cares, and slept as quietly as a child.

“In the morning, as I had just gone into the breakfast-room, the servant called me out, announcing that a young lady was in the parlor wishing to speak with me. I was at once greeted with the smiling face of my young friend, the daughter of my old and valued friend and classmate, the Honorable H. L. Ellsworth, the Commissioner of Patents. On my expressing surprise at so early a call, she said: —

“‘I have come to congratulate you.’

“‘Indeed, for what?’

“‘On the passage of your bill.’

“‘Oh! no, my young friend, you are mistaken; I was in the Senate chamber till after the lamps were lighted, and my senatorial friends assured me there was no chance for me.’

“‘But,’ she replied, ‘it is you that are mistaken. Father was there at the adjournment at midnight, and saw the President put his name to your bill, and I asked father if I might come and tell you, and he gave me leave. Am I the first to tell you?’

“‘The news was so unexpected that for some moments I could not speak. At length I replied: —

“‘Yes, Annie, you are the first to inform me, and now I am going to make you a promise; the first dispatch on the completed line from Washington to Baltimore shall be yours.’

“‘Well,’ said she, ‘I shall hold you to your promise.’”

This was the second great moment in the history of the Morse Telegraph. The first was when the inspiration came to him on board the Sully, more than a decade before, and now, after years of heart-breaking struggles with poverty and discouragements of all kinds, the faith in God and in himself, which had upheld him through all, was justified, and he saw the dawning of a brighter day.

On what slight threads do hang our destinies! The change of a few votes in the House, the delay of a few minutes in the Senate, would have doomed Morse to failure, for it is doubtful whether he would have had the

heart, the means, or the encouragement to prosecute the enterprise further.

He lost no time in informing his associates of the happy turn in their affairs, and, in the excitement of the moment, he not only dated his letter to Smith March 3, instead of March 4, but he seems not to have understood that the bill had already been signed by the President, and had become a law: —

“Well, my dear Sir, the matter is decided. *The Senate has just passed my bill without division and without opposition*, and it will probably be signed by the President in a few hours. This, I think, is news enough for you at present, and, as I have other letters that I must write before the mail closes, I must say good-bye until I see you or hear from you. Write to me in New York, where I hope to be by the latter part of next week.”

And to Vail he wrote on the same day: —

“You will be glad to learn, doubtless, that my bill has passed the Senate without a division and without opposition, so that now the telegraphic enterprise begins to look bright. I shall want to see you in New York after my return, which will probably be the latter part of next week. I have other letters to write, so excuse the shortness of this, which, IF SHORT, IS SWEET, at least. My kind regards to your father, mother, brothers, sisters, and wife. The whole delegation of your State, without exception, deserve the highest gratitude of us all.”

The Representatives from the State of New Jersey in the House voted unanimously for the bill, those of every other State were divided between the yeas and the nays and those not voting.

‘ Congratulations now poured in on him from all sides,

and the one he, perhaps, prized the most was from his friend and master, Washington Allston, then living in Boston: —

“*March 24, 1843.* All your friends here join me in rejoicing at the passing of the act of Congress appropriating thirty thousand dollars toward carrying out your Electro-Magnetic Telegraph. I congratulate you with all my heart. Shakespeare says: ‘There is a tide in the affairs of men that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.’ You are now fairly launched on what I hope will prove to you another Pactolus. *I pede fausto!*”

“This has been but a melancholy year to me. I have been ill with one complaint or another nearly the whole time; the last disorder the erysipelas, but this has now nearly disappeared. I hope this letter will meet you as well in health as I take it you are now in spirits.”

Morse lost no time in replying: —

“I thank you, my dear sir, for your congratulations in regard to my telegraphic enterprise. I hope I shall not disappoint the expectations of my friends. I shall exert all my energies to show a complete and satisfactory result. When I last wrote you from Washington, I wrote under the apprehension that my bill would not be acted upon, and consequently I wrote in very low spirits.

“‘What has become of painting?’ I think I hear you ask. Ah, my dear sir, when I have diligently and perseveringly wooed the coquettish jade for twenty years, and she then jilts me, what can I do? But I do her injustice, she is not to blame, but her guardian for the time being. I shall not give her up yet in despair, but pursue her even with lightning, and so overtake her at last.

“ I am now absorbed in my arrangements for fulfilling my designs with the Telegraph in accordance with the act of Congress. I know not that I shall be able to complete my experiment before Congress meets again, but I shall endeavor to show it to them at their next session.”

CHAPTER XXX

MARCH 15, 1843 — JUNE 15, 1844

Work on first telegraph line begun. — Gale, Fisher, and Vail appointed assistants. — F. O. J. Smith to secure contract for trenching. — Morse not satisfied with contract. — Death of Washington Allston. — Reports to Secretary of the Treasury. — Proposals Atlantic cable. — Failure of underground wires. — Carelessness of Fisher. — F. O. J. Smith shows cloven hoof. — Ezra Cornell solves a difficult problem. — Cornell's plan for insulation endorsed by Professor Henry. — Many discouragements. — Work finally progresses favorably. — Frelinghuysen's nomination as Vice-President reported by telegraph. — Line to Baltimore completed. — First message. — Triumph. — Reports of Democratic Convention. — First long-distance conversation. — Utility of telegraph established. — Offer to sell to Government.

OUT of the darkness of despair into which he had been plunged, Morse had at last emerged into the sunlight of success. For a little while he basked in its rays with no cloud to obscure the horizon, but his respite was short, for new difficulties soon arose, and new trials and sorrows soon darkened his path.

Immediately after the telegraph bill had become a law he set to work with energy to carry out its provisions. He decided, after consultation with the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. J. C. Spencer, to erect the experimental line between Washington and Baltimore, along the line of railway, and all the preliminaries and details were carefully planned. With the sanction of the Secretary he appointed Professors Gale and Fisher as his assistants, and soon after added Mr. Alfred Vail to their number. He returned to New York, and from there wrote to Vail on March 15: —

“You will not fail, with your brother and, if possible, your father, to be in New York on Tuesday the 21st, to meet the proprietors of the Telegraph. I was on the

point of coming out this afternoon with young Mr. Serrell, the patentee of the lead-pipe machine, which I think promises to be the best for our purposes of all that have been invented, as to it can be applied '*a mode of filling lead-pipe with wire,*' for which Professor Fisher and myself have entered a caveat at the Patent Office."

Vail gladly agreed to serve as assistant in the construction of the line, and, on March 21 signed the following agreement: —

PROFESSOR MORSE, — As an assistant in the telegraphic experiment contemplated by the Act of Congress lately passed, I can superintend and procure the making of the *Instruments complete* according to your direction, namely: the registers, the correspondents with their magnets, the batteries, the reels, and the paper, and will attend to the procuring of the acids, the ink, and the preparation of the various stations. I will assist in filling the tubes with wire, and the resinous coating, and I will devote my whole time and attention to the business so as to secure a favorable result, and should you wish to devolve upon me any other business connected with the Telegraph, I will cheerfully undertake it.

Three dollars per diem, with travelling expenses, I shall deem a satisfactory salary.

Very respectfully, your ob't ser't,
ALFRED VAIL.

Professor Fisher was detailed to superintend the manufacture of the wire, its insulation and its insertion in the lead tubes, and Professor Gale's scientific knowledge

was to be placed at the disposal of the patentees wherever and whenever it should be necessary. F. O. J. Smith undertook to secure a favorable contract for the trenching, which was necessary to carry out the first idea of placing the wires underground, and Morse himself was, of course, to be general superintendent of the whole enterprise.

In advertising for lead pipe the following quaint answer was received from Morris, Tasker & Morris, of Philadelphia: —

“Thy advertisements for about one hundred and twenty miles of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. lead tube, for Electro Magnetic Telegraphic purposes, has induced us to forward thee some samples of Iron Tube for thy inspection. The quantity required and the terms of payment are the inducement to offer it to thee at the exceeding low price here stated, which thou wilt please keep *to thyself undivulged to other person*, etc., etc.”

As iron tubing would not have answered Morse's purpose, this decorous solicitation was declined with thanks.

During the first few months everything worked smoothly, and the prospect of an early completion of the line was bright. Morse kept all his accounts in the most businesslike manner, and his monthly accounts to the Secretary of the Treasury were models of accuracy and a conscientious regard for the public interest.

One small cloud appeared above the horizon, so small that the unsuspecting inventor hardly noticed it, and yet it was destined to develop into a storm of portentous dimensions. On May 17, he wrote to F. O. J. Smith from New York: —

"Yours of the 27th April I have this morning received enclosing the contracts for trenching. I have examined the contract and I must say I am not exactly pleased with the terms. If I understood you right, before you left for Boston, you were confident a contract could be made far within the estimates given in to the Government, and I had hoped that something could be saved from that estimate as from the others, so as to present the experiment before the country in as cheap a form as possible.

"I have taken a pride in showing to Government how cheaply the Telegraph could be laid, since the main objection, and the one most likely to defeat our ulterior plans, is its great expense. I have in my other contracts been able to be far within my estimates to Government, and I had hoped to be able to present to the Secretary the contract for trenching likewise reduced. There are plenty of applicants here who will do it for much less, and one even said he thought for one half. I shall do nothing in regard to the matter until I see you."

A great personal sorrow came to him also, a short time after this, to dim the brilliance of success. On July 9, 1843, his dearly loved friend and master, Washington Allston, died in Boston after months of suffering. Morse immediately dropped everything and hastened to Boston to pay the last tributes of respect to him whom he regarded as his best friend. He obtained as a memento one of the brushes, still wet with paint, which Allston was using on his last unfinished work, "The Feast of Belshazzar," when he was suddenly stricken. This brush he afterwards presented to the National Academy of Design, where it is, I believe, still preserved.

Sorrowfully he returned to his work in Washington, but with the comforting thought that his friend had lived to see his triumph, the justification for his deserting that art which had been the bond to first bring them together.

On July 24, in his report to the Secretary of the Treasury, he says: —

“I have also the gratification to report that the contract for the wire has been faithfully fulfilled on the part of Aaron Benedict, the contractor; that the first covering with cotton and two varnishings of the whole one hundred and sixty miles is also completed; that experiments made upon forty-three miles have resulted in the most satisfactory manner, and that the whole work is proceeding with every prospect of a successful issue.”

It was at first thought necessary to insulate the whole length of the wire, and it was not until some time afterwards that it was discovered that naked wires could be successfully employed.

On August 10, in his report to the Secretary, he indulges in a prophecy which must have seemed in the highest degree visionary in those early days: —

“Some careful experiments on the decomposing power at various distances were made from which the law of propulsion has been deduced, verifying the results of Ohm and those which I made in the summer of 1842, and alluded to in my letter to the Honorable C. G. Ferris, published in the House Report, No. 17, of the last Congress.

“The practical inference from this law is that a telegraphic communication on my plan may with certainty be established across the Atlantic!

"Startling as this may seem now, the time will come when this project will be realized."

On September 11, he reports an item of saving to the Government which illustrates his characteristic honesty in all business dealings: —

"I would also direct the attention of the Honorable Secretary to the payment in full of Mr. Chase, (voucher 215), for covering the wire according to the contract with him. The sum of \$1010 was to be paid him. In the course of the preparation of the wire several improvements occurred to me of an economical character, in which Mr. Chase cheerfully concurred, although at a considerable loss to him of labor contracted for; so that my wire has been prepared at a cost of \$551.25, which is receipted in full, instead of \$1010, producing an economy of \$458.75."

The work of trenching was commenced on Saturday, October 21, at 8 A.M., and then his troubles began. Describing them at a later date he says: —

"Much time and expense were lost in consequence of my following the plan adopted in England of laying the conductors beneath the ground. At the time the Telegraph bill was passed there had been about thirteen miles of telegraph conductors, for Professor Wheatstone's telegraph system in England, put into tubes and interred in the earth, and there was no hint publicly given that that mode was not perfectly successful. I did not feel, therefore, at liberty to expend the public moneys in useless experiments on a plan which seemed to be already settled as effective in England. Hence I fixed upon this mode as one supposed to be the best. It was prosecuted till the winter of 1843-44. It was aban-

done, among other reasons, in consequence of ascertaining that, in the process of inserting the wire into the leaden tubes (which was at the moment of forming the tube from the lead at melting heat), the insulating covering of the wires had become charred, at various and numerous points of the line, to such an extent that greater delay and expense would be necessary to repair the damage than to put the wire on posts.

“In my letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, of September 27, 1837, one of the modes of laying the conductors for the Telegraph was the present almost universal one of extending them on posts set about two hundred feet apart. This mode was adopted with success.”

The sentence in the letter of September 27, 1837, just referred to, reads as follows: “If the circuit is laid through the air, the first cost would, doubtless, be much lessened. Stout spars, of some thirty feet in height, well planted in the ground and placed about three hundred and fifty feet apart, would in this case be required, along the tops of which the circuit might be stretched.”

A rough drawing of this plan also appears in the 1832 sketch-book.

It would seem, from a voluminous correspondence, that Professor Fisher was responsible for the failure of the underground system, inasmuch as he did not properly test the wires after they had been inserted in the lead pipe. Carelessness of this sort Morse could never brook, and he was reluctantly compelled to dispense with the services of one who had been of great use to him previously. He refers to this in a letter to his brother Sidney of December 16, 1843: —

“The season is against all my operations, and I expect to resume in the spring. I have difficulties and trouble in my work, but none of a nature as yet to discourage; they arise from neglect and unfaithfulness (*inter nos*) on the part of Fisher, whom I shall probably dismiss, although on many accounts I shall do it reluctantly. I shall give him an opportunity to excuse himself, if he ever gets here. I have been expecting both him and Gale for three weeks, and written, but without bringing either of them. They may have a good excuse. We shall see.”

The few months of sunshine were now past, and the clouds began again to gather: —

December 18, 1843.

DEAR SIDNEY, — I have made every effort to try and visit New York. Twice I have been ready with my baggage in hand, but am prevented by a pressure of difficulties which you cannot conceive. I was never so tried and never needed more your prayers and those of Christians for me. Troubles cluster in such various shapes that I am almost overwhelmed.

And then the storm of which the little cloud was the forerunner burst in fury: —

December 30, 1843.

DEAR SIDNEY, — I have no heart to give you the details of the troubles which almost crush me, and which have unexpectedly arisen to throw a cloud over all my prospects. It must suffice at present to say that the unfaithfulness of Dr. Fisher in his inspection of the wires, and connected with Serrell's bad pipe, is the main origin of my difficulties.

The trenching is stopped in consequence of this among other reasons, and has brought the contractor upon me for damages (that is, upon the Government). Mr. Smith is the contractor, and where I expected to find a *friend* I find a FIEND. The word is not too strong, as I may one day show you. I have been compelled to dismiss Fisher, and have received a very insolent letter from him in reply. The lead-pipe contract will be litigated, and Smith has written a letter full of the bitterest malignity against me to the Secretary of the Treasury. He seems perfectly reckless and acts like a madman, and all for what? Because the condition of my pipe and the imperfect insulation of my wires were such that it became necessary to stop trenching on this account alone, but, taken in connection with the advanced state of the season, when it was impossible to carry on my operations out of doors, I was compelled to stop any further trenching. This causes him to lose his profit on the contract. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. And because I refused to accede to terms which, as a public officer, I could not do without dishonor and violation of trust, he pursues me thus malignantly.

Blessed be God, I have escaped snares set for me by this arch-fiend, one of which a simple inquiry from you was the means of detecting. You remember I told you that Mr. Smith had made an advantageous contract with Tatham & Brothers for pipe, and had divided the profits with me by which I should gain five hundred dollars. You asked if it was all right and, if it should be made public, it would be considered so. I replied, 'Oh! yes; Mr. Smith says it is all perfectly fair' (for I had the utmost confidence in his fair dealing and uprightness).

But your remark led me to think of the matter, and I determined at once that, since there was a doubt, I would not touch it for myself, but credit it to the Government, and I accordingly credited it as so much saved to the Government from the contract.

And now, will you believe it! the man who would have persuaded me that all was right in that matter, turns upon me and accuses me to the Secretary as dealing in bad faith to the Government, citing this very transaction in proof. But, providentially, my friend Ellsworth, and also a clerk in the Treasury Department, are witnesses that that sum was credited to the Government before any difficulties arose on the part of Smith.

But I leave this unpleasant matter. The enterprise yet looks lowering, but I know who can bring light out of darkness, and in Him I trust as a sure refuge till these calamities be overpast. . . . Oh! how these troubles drive all thought of children and brothers and all relatives out of my mind except in the wakeful hours of the night, and then I think of you all with sadness, that I cannot add to your enjoyment but only to your anxiety. . . . Love to all. Specially remember me in your prayers that I may have wisdom from above to act wisely and justly and calmly in this sore trial.

While thus some of those on whom he had relied failed him at a critical moment, new helpers were at hand to assist him in carrying on the work. On December 27, he writes to the Secretary of the Treasury: "I have the honor to report that I have dismissed Professor James C. Fisher, one of my assistants, whose salary was \$1500 per annum. . . . My present labors require the

services of an efficient mechanical assistant whom I believe I have found in Mr. Ezra Cornell, and whom I present for the approval of the Honorable Secretary, with a compensation at the rate of, \$1000 per annum from December 27, 1843."

Cornell proved himself, indeed, an efficient assistant, and much of the success of the enterprise, from that time forward, was due to his energy, quick-wittedness, and faithfulness.

Mr. Prime, in his biography of Morse, thus describes a dramatic episode of those trying days:—

"When the pipe had been laid as far as the Relay House, Professor Morse came to Mr. Cornell and expressed a desire to have the work arrested until he could try further experiments, but he was very anxious that nothing should be said or done to give to the public the impression that the enterprise had failed. Mr. Cornell said he could easily manage it, and, stepping up to the machine, which was drawn by a team of eight mules, he cried out: 'Hurrah, boys! we must lay another length of pipe before we quit.' The teamsters cracked their whips over the mules and they started on a lively pace. Mr. Cornell grasped the handles of the plough, and, watching an opportunity, canted it so as to catch the point of a rock, and broke it to pieces while Professor Morse stood looking on.

"Consultations long and painful followed. The anxiety of Professor Morse at this period was greater than at any previous hour known in the history of the invention. Some that were around him had serious apprehensions that he would not stand up under the pressure."

Cornell having thus cleverly cut the Gordian knot,

it was decided to string wires on poles, and Cornell himself thus describes the solution of the insulation problem: —

“In the latter part of March Professor Morse gave me the order to put the wires on poles, and the question at once arose as to the mode of *fastening the wires to the poles*, and the insulation of them at the point of fastening. I submitted a plan to the Professor which I was confident would be successful as an insulating medium, and which was easily available then and inexpensive. Mr. Vail also submitted a plan for the same purpose, which involved the necessity of going to New York or New Jersey to get it executed. Professor Morse gave preference to Mr. Vail's plan, and started for New York to get the fixtures, directing me to get the wire ready for use and arrange for setting the poles.

“At the end of a week Professor Morse returned from New York and came to the shop where I was at work, and said he wanted to provide the insulators for putting the wires on the poles upon the plan I had suggested; to which I responded: ‘How is that, Professor; I thought you had decided to use Mr. Vail's plan?’ Professor Morse replied: ‘Yes, I did so decide, and on my way to New York, where I went to order the fixtures, I stopped at Princeton and called on my old friend, Professor Henry, who inquired how I was getting along with my Telegraph.

“I explained to him the failure of the insulation in the pipes, and stated that I had decided to place the wires on poles in the air. He then inquired how I proposed to insulate the wires when they were attached to the poles. I showed him the model I had of Mr. Vail's plan, and he

said, "It will not do; you will meet the same difficulty you had in the pipes." I then explained to him your plan which he said would answer."

However, before the enterprise had reached this point in March, 1844, many dark and discouraging days and weeks had to be passed, which we can partially follow by the following extracts from letters to his brother Sidney and others. To his brother he writes on January 9, 1844:—

"I thank you for your kind and sympathizing letter, which, I assure you, helped to mitigate the acuteness of my mental sufferings from the then disastrous aspect of my whole enterprise. God works by instrumentalities, and he has wonderfully thus far interposed in keeping evils that I feared in abeyance. All, I trust, will yet be well, but I have great difficulties to encounter and overcome, with the details of which I need not now trouble you. I think I see light ahead, and the great result of these difficulties, I am persuaded, will be a great economy in laying the telegraphic conductors. . . . I am well in health but have sleepless nights from the great anxieties and cares which weigh me down."

"*January 13.* I am working to retrieve myself under every disadvantage and amidst accumulated and most diversified trials, but I have strength from the source of strength, and courage to go forward. Fisher I have dismissed for unfaithfulness; Dr. Gale has resigned from ill-health; Smith has become a malignant enemy, and Vail only remains true at his post. All my pipe is useless as the wires are all injured by the *hot process* of manufacture. I am preparing (as I said before, under every disadvantage) a short distance between the Patent

Office and Capitol, which I am desirous of having completed as soon as possible, and by means of it relieving the enterprise from the heavy weight which now threatens it."

To his good friend, Commissioner Ellsworth, he writes from Baltimore on February 7: —

"In complying with your kind request that I would write you, I cannot refrain from expressing my warm thanks for the words of sympathy and the promise of a welcome on my return, which you gave me as I was leaving the door. I find that, brace myself as I will against trouble, the spirit so sympathises with the body that its moods are in sad bondage to the physical health; the latter vanquishing the former. For the spirit is often willing and submits, while the flesh is weak and rebels.

"I am fully aware that of late I have evinced an unusual sensitiveness, and exposed myself to the charge of great weakness, which would give me the more distress were I not persuaded that I have been among real friends who will make every allowance. My temperament, naturally sensitive, has lately been made more so by the combination of attacks from deceitful associates without and bodily illness within, so that even the kind attentions of the dear friends at your house, and who have so warmly rallied around me, have scarcely been able to restore me to my usual buoyancy of spirit, and I feel, amidst other oppressive thoughts, that I have not been grateful enough for your friendship. But I hope yet to make amends for the past. . . . I have no time to add more than that I desire sincere love to dear Annie, to whom please present for me the accompanying piece

from my favorite Bellini, and the book on Etiquette, after it shall have passed the ordeal of a mother's examination, as I have not had time to read it myself."

On March 4, he writes to his brother: —

"I have nothing new. Smith continues to annoy me, but I think I have got him in check by a demand for compensation for my services for seven months, for doing that for him in Paris which he was bound to do. The agreement stipulates that I give my services for '*three months and no longer,*' but, at his earnest solicitation, I remained seven months longer and was his agent in 'negotiating the sale of rights,' which by the articles he was obliged to do; consequently I have a right to compensation, and Mr. E. and others think my claim a valid one. If it is sustained the tables are completely turned on him, and he is debtor to me to the amount of six or seven hundred dollars. I have commenced my operations with posts which promise well at present."

"*March 23.* My Telegraph labors go on well at present. The whole matter is now critical, or, as our good father used to say, 'a crisis is at hand.' I hope for the best while I endeavor to prepare my mind for the worst. Smith, if he goes forward with his claim, is a ruined man in reputation, but he may sink the Telegraph also in his passion; but, when he returns from the East, where he fortunately is now, we hope through his friends to persuade him to withdraw it, which he may do from fear of the consequences. As to his claims privately on me, I think I have him in check, but he is a man of consummate art and unprincipled; he will, therefore, doubtless give me trouble."

"*April 10.* A brighter day is dawning upon me. I

send you the *Intelligencer* of to-day, in which you will see that the *Telegraph* is successfully under way. Through six miles the experiment has been most gratifying. In a few days I hope to advise you of more respecting it. I have preferred reserve until I could state something positive. I have my posts set to Beltsville, twelve miles, and you will see by the *Intelligencer* that I am prepared to go directly on to Baltimore and hope to reach there by the middle of May."

"*May 7.* Let me know when Susan and the two Charles arrive [his son and his grandson] for, if they come within the next fortnight, I think I can contrive to run on and pay a visit of two or three days, unless my marplot Smith should prevent again, as he is likely to do if he comes on here. As yet there is no settlement of that matter, and he seems determined (*inter nos*) to be as ugly as he can and defeat all application for an appropriation if I am to have the management of it. He chafes like a wild boar, but, when he finds that he can effect nothing by such a temper, self-interest may soften him into terms.

"You will see by the papers that the *Telegraph* is in successful operation for twenty-two miles, to the Junction of the Annapolis road with the Baltimore and Washington road. The nomination of Mr. Frelinghuysen as Vice-President was written, sent on, and the receipt acknowledged back in two minutes and one second, a distance of forty-four miles. The news was spread all over Washington one hour and four minutes before the cars containing the news by express arrived. In about a fortnight I hope to be in Baltimore, and a communication will be established between the two

cities. Good-bye. I am almost asleep from exhaustion, so excuse abrupt closing."

This was the first great triumph of the telegraph. Morse and Vail and Cornell had worked day and night to get the line in readiness as far as the Junction so that the proceedings of the Whig Convention could be reported from that point. Many difficulties were encountered — crossing of wires, breaks, injury from thunder storms, and the natural errors incidental to writing and reading what was virtually a new language. But all obstacles were overcome in time, and the day before the convention met, Morse wrote to Vail: —

"Get everything ready in the morning for the day, and do not be out of hearing of your bell. When you learn the name of the candidate nominated, see if you cannot give it to me and receive an acknowledgment of its receipt before the cars leave you. If you can it will do more to excite the wonder of those in the cars than the mere announcement that the news is gone to Washington."

The next day's report was most encouraging: —

"Things went well to-day. Your last writing was good. You did not correct your error of running your letters together until some time. Better be deliberate; we have time to spare, since we do not spend upon our stock. Get ready to-morrow (Thursday) as to-day. There is great excitement about the Telegraph and my room is thronged, therefore it is important to have it in action during the hours named. I may have some of the Cabinet to-morrow. . . . Get from the passengers in the cars from Baltimore, or elsewhere, all the news you can and transmit. A good way of exciting wonder will be to

tell the passengers to give you some short sentence to send me; let them note time and call at the Capitol to verify the time I received it. Before transmitting notify me with (48). Your message to-day that 'the passengers in the cars gave three cheers for Henry Clay,' excited the highest wonder in the passenger who gave it to you to send when he found it verified at the Capitol."

In a letter to his friend, Dr. Aycrigg of New Jersey, written on May 8, and telling of these successful demonstrations, this interesting sentence occurs: "I find that the ground, in conformity with the results of experiments of Dr. Franklin, can be made a part of the circuit, and I have used one wire and the ground with better effect for one circuit than two wires."

On the 11th of May he again cautions Vail about his writing: "Everything worked well yesterday, but there is one defect in your writing. Make a *longer* space between each letter and a still longer space between each word. I shall have a great crowd to-day and wish all things to go off well. Many M.C.s will be present, perhaps Mr. Clay. Give me news by the cars. When the cars come along, try and get a newspaper from Philadelphia or New York and give items of intelligence. The arrival of the cars at the Junction begins to excite here the greatest interest, and both morning and evening I have had my room thronged."

And now at last the supreme moment had arrived. The line from Washington to Baltimore was completed, and on the 24th day of May, 1844, the company invited by the inventor assembled in the chamber of the United States Supreme Court to witness his triumph. True to his promise to Miss Annie Ellsworth, he had asked her

to indite the first public message which should be flashed over the completed line, and she, in consultation with her good mother, chose the now historic words from the 23d verse of the 23d chapter of Numbers — "What hath God wrought!" The whole verse reads: "Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel: according to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought!" To Morse, with his strong religious bent and his belief that he was but a chosen vessel, every word in this verse seemed singularly appropriate. Calmly he seated himself at the instrument and ticked off the inspired words in the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet. Alfred Vail, at the other end of the line in Baltimore, received the message without an error, and immediately flashed it back again, and the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph was no longer the wild dream of a visionary, but an accomplished fact.

Mr. Prime's comments, after describing this historic occasion, are so excellent that I shall give them in full:—

"Again the triumph of the inventor was sublime. His confidence had been so unshaken that the surprise of his friends in the result was not shared by him. He knew what the instrument would do, and the fact accomplished was but the confirmation to others of what to him was a certainty on the packet-ship Sully in 1832. But the result was not the less gratifying and sufficient. Had his labors ceased at that moment, he would have cheerfully exclaimed in the words of Simeon: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

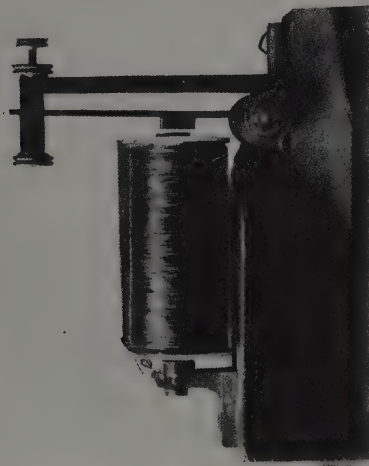
"The congratulations of his friends followed. He



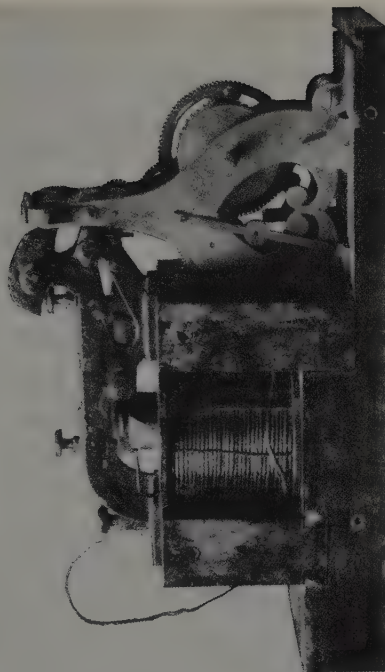
FIRST FORM OF KEY



IMPROVED FORM OF KEY



EARLY RELAY



FIRST WASHINGTON-BALTIMORE INSTRUMENT

The two keys and the relay are in the National Museum, Washington

The Washington-Baltimore instrument is owned by Cornell University

received them with modesty, in perfect harmony with the simplicity of his character. Neither then nor at any subsequent period of his life did his language or manner indicate exultation. He believed himself an instrument employed by Heaven to achieve a great result, and, having accomplished it, he claimed simply to be the original and only instrument by which that result had been reached. With the same steadiness of purpose, tenacity and perseverance, with which he had pursued the idea by which he was inspired in 1832, he adhered to his claim to the paternity of that idea, and to the merit of bringing it to a successful issue. Denied, he asserted it; assailed, he defended it. Through long years of controversy, discussion and litigation, he maintained his right. Equable alike in success and discouragement, calm in the midst of victories, and undismayed by the number, the violence, and the power of those who sought to deprive him of the honor and the reward of his work, he manfully maintained his ground, until, by the verdict of the highest courts of his country, and of academies of science, and the practical adoption and indorsement of his system by his own and foreign nations, those wires, which were now speaking only forty miles from Washington to Baltimore, were stretched over continents and under oceans making a network to encompass and unite, in instantaneous intercourse, for business and enjoyment, all parts of the civilized world."

It was with well-earned but modest satisfaction that he wrote to his brother Sidney on May 31: —

"You will see by the papers how great success has attended the first efforts of the Telegraph. That sentence of Annie Ellsworth's was divinely indited, for it

is in my thoughts day and night. 'What hath God wrought!' It is his work, and He alone could have carried me thus far through all my trials and enabled me to triumph over the obstacles, physical and moral, which opposed me.

"Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name, O Lord, be all the praise.'

"I begin to fear now the effects of public favor, lest it should kindle that pride of heart and self-sufficiency which dwells in my own as well as in others' breasts, and which, alas! is so ready to be inflamed by the slightest spark of praise. I do indeed feel gratified, and it is right I should rejoice, but I rejoice with fear, and I desire that a sense of dependence upon and increased obligation to the Giver of every good and perfect gift may keep me humble and circumspect.

"The conventions at Baltimore happened most opportunely for the display of the powers of the Telegraph, especially as it was the means of correspondence, in one instance, between the Democratic Convention and the first candidate elect for the Vice-Presidency. The enthusiasm of the crowd before the window of the Telegraph Room in the Capitol was excited to the highest pitch at the announcement of the nomination of the Presidential candidate, and the whole of it afterwards seemed turned upon the Telegraph. They gave the Telegraph three cheers, and I was called to make my appearance at the window when three cheers were given to me by some hundreds present, composed mainly of members of Congress.

"Such is the feeling in Congress that many tell me they are ready to grant anything. Even the most in-

veterate opposers have changed to admirers, and one of them, Hon. Cave Johnson, who ridiculed my system last session by associating it with the tricks of animal magnetism, came to me and said: 'Sir, I give in. It is an astonishing invention.'

"When I see all this and such enthusiasm everywhere manifested, and contrast the present with the past season of darkness and almost despair, have I not occasion to exclaim 'What hath God wrought'? Surely none but He who has all hearts in His hands, and turns them as the rivers of waters are turned could so have brought light out of darkness. 'Sorrow may continue for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' Pray for me then, my dear brother, that I may have a heart to praise the great Deliverer, and in future, when discouraged or despairing, be enabled to remember His past mercy, and in full faith rest all my cares on Him who careth for us.

"Mr. S. still embarrasses the progress of the invention by his stubbornness, but there are indications of giving way; mainly, I fear, because he sees his pecuniary interest in doing so, and not from any sense of the gross injury he has done me. I pray God for a right spirit in dealing with him."

The incident referred to in this letter with regard to the nomination for the Vice-Presidency by the Democratic Convention is worthy of more extended notice. The convention met in Baltimore on the 26th of May, and it was then that the two-thirds rule was first adopted. Van Buren had a majority of the votes, but could not secure the necessary two thirds, and finally James K. Polk was unanimously nominated. This

news was instantly flashed to Washington by the telegraph and was received with mingled feelings of enthusiasm, disappointment, and wonder, and not believed by many until confirmed by the arrival of the mail.

The convention then nominated Van Buren's friend, Senator Silas Wright, of New York, for the Vice-Presidency. This news, too, was immediately sent by wire to Washington. Morse at once informed Mr. Wright, who was in the Capitol at the time, of his nomination, but he refused to accept it, and Morse wired his refusal to Vail in Baltimore, and it was read to the convention only a few moments after the nomination had been made. This was too much for the credulity of the assembly, and they adjourned till the following day and sent a committee to Washington to verify the dispatch. Upon the return of the committee, with the report that the telegraph had indeed performed this wonder, this new instrumentality received such an advertisement as could not fail to please the most exacting.

Then a scene was enacted new in the annals of civilization. In Baltimore the committee of conference surrounded Vail at his instrument, and in Washington Senator Wright sat beside Morse, all others being excluded. The committee urged Wright to accept the nomination, giving him good reasons for doing so. He replied, giving as good reasons for refusing. This first long-distance conversation was carried on until the committee was finally convinced that Wright was determined to refuse, and they so reported to the convention. Mr. Dallas was then nominated, and in November of that year Polk and Dallas were elected.

On June 3, Morse made his report to the Honorable McClintock Young, who was then Secretary of the Treasury *ad interim*. It was with great satisfaction that he was able to say: "Of the appropriation made there will remain in the Treasury, after the settlement of outstanding accounts, about \$3500, which may be needed for contingent liabilities and for sustaining the line already constructed, until provision by law shall be made for such an organization of a telegraphic department or bureau as shall enable the Telegraph at least to support itself, if not to become a profitable source of revenue to the Government."

In the course of this report mention is also made of the following interesting incidents: —

"In regard to the *utility* of the Telegraph, time alone can determine and develop the whole capacity for good of so perfect a system. In the few days of its infancy it has already casually shown its usefulness in the relief, in various ways, of the anxieties of thousands; and, when such a sure means of relief is available to the public at large, the amount of its usefulness becomes incalculable. An instance or two will best illustrate this quality of the Telegraph.

"A family in Washington was thrown into great distress by a rumor that one of its members had met with a violent death in Baltimore the evening before. Several hours must have elapsed ere their state of suspense could be relieved by the ordinary means of conveyance. A note was dispatched to the telegraph rooms at the Capitol requesting to have inquiry made at Baltimore. The messenger had occasion to wait but *ten minutes* when the proper inquiry was made at Baltimore,

and the answer returned that the rumor was without foundation. Thus was a worthy family relieved immediately from a state of distressing suspense.

“An inquiry from a person in Baltimore, holding the check of a gentleman in Washington upon the Bank of Washington, was sent by telegraph to ascertain if the gentleman in question had funds in that bank. A messenger was instantly dispatched from the Capitol who returned in a few minutes with an affirmative answer, which was returned to Baltimore instantly, thus establishing a confidence in a money arrangement which might have affected unfavorably (for many hours, at least) the business transactions of a man of good credit.

“Other cases might be given, but these are deemed sufficient to illustrate the point of utility, and to suggest to those who will reflect upon them thousands of cases in the public business, in commercial operations, and in private and social transactions, which establish beyond a doubt the immense advantages of such a speedy mode of conveying intelligence.”

While such instances of the use of the telegraph are but the commonplaces of to-day, we can imagine with what wonder they were regarded in 1844.

Morse then addressed a memorial to Congress, on the same day, referring to the report just quoted from, and then saying: —

“The proprietors respectfully suggest that it is an engine of power, for good or for evil, which all opinions seem to concur in desiring to have subject to the control of the Government, rather than have it in the hands of private individuals and associations; and to this end the proprietors respectfully submit their willingness to

transfer the exclusive use and control of it, from Washington City to the city of New York, to the United States, together with such improvements as shall be made by the proprietors, or either of them, if Congress shall proceed to cause its construction, and upon either of the following terms."

Here follow the details of the two plans: either outright purchase by the Government of the existing line and construction by the Government of the line from Baltimore to New York, or construction of the latter by the proprietors under contract to the Government; but no specific sum was mentioned in either case.

This offer was not accepted, as will appear further on, but \$8000 was appropriated for the support of the line already built, and that was all that Congress would do. It was while this matter was pending that Morse wrote to his brother Sidney, on June 13: —

"I am in the crisis of matters, so far as this session of Congress is concerned, in relation to the Telegraph, which absorbs all my time. Perfect enthusiasm seems to pervade all classes in regard to it, but there is still the thorn in the flesh which is permitted by a wise Father to keep me humble, doubtless. May his strength be sufficient for me and I shall fear nothing, and will bear it till He sees fit to remove it. Pray for me, as I do for you, that, if prosperity is allotted to us, we may have hearts to use it to the glory of God."

CHAPTER XXXI

JUNE 23, 1844—OCTOBER 9, 1845

Fame and fortune now assured. — Government declines purchase of telegraph. — Accident to leg gives needed rest. — Reflections on ways of Providence. — Consideration of financial propositions. — F. O. J. Smith's fulsome praise. — Morse's reply. — Extension of telegraph proceeds slowly. — Letter to Russian Minister. — Letter to London "Mechanics' Magazine" claiming priority and first experiments in wireless telegraphy. — Hopes that Government may yet purchase. — Longing for a home. — Dinner at Russian Minister's. — Congress again fails him. — Amos Kendall chosen as business agent. — First telegraph company. — Fourth voyage to Europe. — London, Broek, Hamburg. — Letter of Charles T. Fleischmann. — Paris. — Nothing definite accomplished.

MORSE'S fame was now secure, and fortune was soon to follow. Tried as he had been in the school of adversity, he was now destined to undergo new trials, trials incident to success, to prosperity, and to world-wide eminence. That he foresaw the new dangers which would beset him on every hand is clearly evidenced in the letters to his brother, but, heartened by the success which had at last crowned his efforts, he buckled on his armor ready to do battle to such foes, both within and without, as should in the future assail him. Fatalist as we must regard him, he believed in his star; or rather he went forward with sublime faith in that God who had thus far guarded him from evil, and in his own good time had given him the victory, and such a victory! For twelve years he had fought on through trials and privations, hampered by bodily ailments and the deep discouragements of those who should have aided him. Pitted against the trained minds and the wealth of other nations, he had gone forth a very David to battle, and, like David, the simplicity of his missile had

given him the victory. Other telegraphs had been devised by other men; some had actually been put into operation, but it would seem as if all the nations had held their breath until his appeared, and, sweeping all the others from the field, demonstrated and maintained its supremacy.

From this time forward his life became more complex. Honors were showered upon him; fame carried his name to the uttermost parts of the earth; his counsel was sought by eminent scientists and by other inventors, both practical and visionary.

On the other hand, detractors innumerable arose; his rights to the invention were challenged, in all sincerity and in insincerity; infringements of his patent rights necessitated long and acrimonious lawsuits, and, like other men of mark, he was traduced and vilified. In addition to all this he took an active interest in the seething politics of the day and in religious questions which, to his mind and that of many others, affected the very foundations of the nation.

To follow him through all these labyrinthine ways would require volumes, and I shall content myself with selecting only such letters as may give a fair idea of how he bore himself in the face of these new and manifold trials, of how he sometimes erred in judgment and in action, but how through all he was sincere and firm in his faith, and how, at last, he was to find that home and that domestic bliss which he had all his life so earnestly desired, but which had until the evening of his days been denied to him.

Having won his great victory, retirement from the field of battle would have best suited him. He was now

fifty-three years of age, and he felt that he had earned repose. To this end he sought to carry out his long-cherished idea that the telegraph should become the property of the Government, and he was willing to accept a very modest remuneration. As I have said before, he and the other proprietors joined in offering the telegraph to the Government for the paltry sum of \$100,000. But the Administration of that day seems to have been stricken with unaccountable blindness, for the Postmaster-General, that same wise and sapient Cave Johnson who had sought to kill the telegraph bill by ridicule in the House, and in despite of his acknowledgment to Morse, reported: "That the operation of the Telegraph between Washington and Baltimore had not satisfied him that, under any rate of postage that could be adopted, its revenues could be made equal to its expenditures." Congress was equally lax, and so the Government lost its great opportunity, for when, in after years, the question of government ownership again came up, it was found that either to purchase outright or to parallel existing lines would cost many more millions than it would have taken thousands in 1844.

The failure of the Government to appreciate the value of what was offered to them was always a source of deep regret to Morse. For, while he himself gained much more by the operation of private companies, the evils which he had foretold were more than realized.

But to return to the days of '44, it would seem that in the spring of that year he met with a painful accident. Its exact nature is not specified, but it must have been severe, and yet we learn from the following letter to his

brother Sidney, dated June 23, that he saw in it only another blessing: —

“I am still in bed, and from appearances I am likely to be held here for many days, perhaps weeks. The wound on the leg was worse than I at first supposed. It seems slow in healing and has been much inflamed, although now yielding to remedies. My hope was to have spent some weeks in New York, but it will now depend on the time of the healing of my leg.

“The ways of God are mysterious, and I find prayer answered in a way not at all anticipated. This accident, as we are apt to call it, I can plainly see is calculated to effect many salutary objects. I needed rest of body and mind after my intense anxieties and exertions, and I might have neglected it, and so, perhaps, brought on premature disease of both; but I am involuntarily laid up so that I must keep quiet, and, although the fall that caused my wound was painful at first, yet I have no severe pain with it now. But the principal effect is, doubtless, intended to be of a spiritual character, and I am afforded an opportunity of quiet reflection on the wonderful dealings of God with me.

“I cannot but constantly exclaim, ‘What hath God wrought!’ When I look back upon the darkness of last winter and reflect how, at one time everything seemed hopeless; when I remember that all my associates in the enterprise of the Telegraph had either deserted me or were discouraged, and one had even turned my enemy, reviler and accuser (and even Mr. Vail, who has held fast to me from the beginning, felt like giving up just in the deepest darkness of all); when I remember that, giving up all hope myself from any other source

than his right arm which brings salvation, his salvation did come in answer to prayer, faith is strengthened, and did I not know by too sad experience the deceitfulness of the heart, I should say that it was impossible for me again to distrust or feel anxiety, undue anxiety, for the future. But He who knows the heart knows its disease, and, as the Good Physician, if we give ourselves unreservedly into his hands to be cured, He will give that medicine which his perfect knowledge of our case prescribes.

“I am well aware that just now my praises ring from one end of the country to the other. I cannot take up a paper in which I do not find something to flatter the natural pride of the heart. I have prayed, indeed, against it; I have asked for a right spirit under a trial of a new character, for prosperity is a trial, and our Saviour has denounced a woe on us ‘when all men speak well of us.’ May it not then be in answer to this prayer that He shuts me up, to strengthen me against the temptations which the praises of the world present, and so, by meditation on his dealings with me and reviewing the way in which He has led me, showing me my perfect helplessness without Him, He is preparing to bless me with stronger faith and more unreserved faith in Him?

“To Him, indeed, belongs all the glory. I have had evidence enough that without Christ I could do nothing. All my strength is there and I fervently desire to ascribe to Him all the praise. If I am to have influence, increased influence, I desire to have it for Christ, to use it for his cause; if wealth, for Christ; if more knowledge, for Christ. I speak sincerely when I say I fear prosperity lest I should be proud and forget whence it comes.”

Having at length recovered from the accident which had given him, in spite of himself, the rest which he so much needed, Morse again devoted himself to his affairs with his accustomed vigor. The Government still delaying to take action, he was compelled, much to his regret, to consider the offers of private parties to extend the lines of the telegraph to important points in the Union. He had received propositions from various persons who were eager to push the enterprise, but in all negotiations he was hampered by the dilatoriness of Smith, who seemed bent on putting as many obstacles in the way of an amicable settlement as possible, and some of whose propositions had to be rejected for obvious reasons. Before Congress had finally put the quietus on his hopes in that direction, he considered the advisability of parting with his interest to some individual, and, on July 1, 1844, he wrote to Mr. David Burbank from Baltimore: —

“In reply to your query for what sum I would sell my share of the patent right in the Telegraph, which amounts to one half, I frankly say that, if *one hundred and ten thousand dollars* shall be secured to me in cash, current funds in the United States, or stocks at cash value, such as I may be disposed to accept if presented, so that in six months from this date I shall realize that sum, I will assign over all my rights and privileges in the Telegraph in the United States.

“I offer it at this price, not that I estimate the value of the invention so low, for it is perfectly demonstrable that the sum above mentioned is not half its value, but that I may have my own mind free to be occupied in perfecting the system, and in a general superintendence

of it, unembarrassed by the business arrangements necessary to secure its utmost usefulness and value."

A Mr. Fry of Philadelphia had also made an offer, and, referring to this, he wrote to Smith from New York, on July 17: "A letter from Mr. Fry, of Philadelphia, in answer to the proposals which you sent, I have just received. I wish much to see you, as I cannot move in this matter until I know your views. I am here for about a fortnight and wish some arrangements made by which our business can be transacted without the necessity of so much waiting and so much writing."

All these negotiations seem to have come to nothing, and I have only mentioned them as showing Morse's willingness to part with his interest for much less than he knew it was worth, in order that he might not prove an obstacle in the expansion of the system by being too mercenary, and so that he might obtain some measure of freedom from care.

Mr. F. O. J. Smith, while still proving himself a thorn in the flesh to Morse in many ways, had compiled a Telegraph Dictionary which he called: "The Secret Corresponding Vocabulary, adapted for Use to Morse's Electro-Magnetic Telegraph, and also in conducting Written Correspondence transmitted by the Mails, or otherwise." The dedication reads as follows:

*To Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, Inventor of the
Electro-Magnetic Telegraph*

SIR, — The homage of the world during the last half-century has been, and will ever continue to be, accorded to the name and genius of the illustrious American philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, for having first taught

mankind that the wild and terrific ways and forces of the electric fluid, as it flies and flashes through the rent atmosphere, or descends to the surface of the earth, are guided by positive and fixed laws, as much as the movements of more sluggish matter in the physical creation, and that its terrible death-strokes may be rendered harmless by proper scientific precautions.

To another name of another generation, yet of the same proud national nativity, the glory has been reserved of having first taught mankind to reach even beyond the results of Franklin, and to subdue in a modified state, into the familiar and practical uses of a household servant who runs at his master's bidding, this same once frightful and tremendous element. Indeed the great work of science which Franklin commenced for the protection of man, you have most triumphantly subdued to his convenience. And it needs not the gift of prophecy to foresee, nor the spirit of personal flattery to declare, that the names of Franklin and Morse are destined to glide down the declivity of time together, the equals in the renown of inventive achievements, until the hand of History shall become palsied, and whatever pertains to humanity shall be lost in the general dissolution of matter.

Of one thus rich in the present applause of his countrymen, and in the prospect of their future gratitude, it affords the author of the following compilation, which is designed to contribute in a degree to the practical usefulness of your invention, a high gratification to speak in the presence of an enlightened public feeling.

That you may live to witness the full consummation of the vast revolution in the social and business rela-

tions of your countrymen, which your genius has proved to be feasible, under the liberal encouragement of our national councils, and that you may, with this great gratification, also realize from it the substantial reward, which inventive merit too seldom acquires, in the shape of pecuniary independence, is the sincere wish of

Your most respectful and obedient servant

THE AUTHOR.

This florid and fulsome eulogy was written by that singular being who could thus flatter, and almost apotheosize, the inventor in public, while in secret he was doing everything to thwart him, and who never, as long as he lived, ceased to antagonize him, and later accused him of having claimed the credit of an invention all the essentials of which were invented by others. No wonder that Morse was embarrassed and at a loss how to reply to the letter of Smith's enclosing this eulogy and, at the same time, bringing up one of the subjects in dispute: —

NEW YORK, November 13, 1844.

DEAR SIR, — I have received yours of the 4th and 5th inst., and reply in relation to the several subjects you mention in their order.

I like very well the suggestion in regard to the presentation of a set of the Telegraph Dictionary you are publishing to each member of Congress, and, when I return to Washington, will see the Secretary of the Treasury and see if he will assent to it.

As to the dedication to me, since you have asked my opinion, I must say I should prefer to have it much

curtailed and less laudatory. I must refer it entirely to you, however, as it is not for me to say what others should write and think of me.

In regard to the Bartlett claim against the Government and your plan for settling it, I cannot admit that, as proprietors of the Telegraph, we have anything to do with it. I regret that there has been any mention of it, and I had hoped that you yourself had come to the determination to leave the matter altogether, or at least until the Telegraph bill had been definitely settled in Congress. However much I may deprecate agitation of the subject in the Senate, to mar and probably to defeat all our prospects, it is a matter over which I have no control in the aspect that has been given to it, and therefore — “the suppression of details which had better not be pushed to a decision” — does not rest with me.

In regard, however, to such a division of the property of the Telegraph as shall enable each of us to labor for the general benefit without embarrassment from each other, I think it worthy of consideration, and the principle on which such a division is proposed to be made might be extended to embrace the entire property. The subject, however, requires mature deliberation, and I am not now prepared to present the plan, but will think it over and consult with Vail and Gale and arrange it, perhaps definitely, when I see you again in Washington.

I have letters from Vail at Washington and Rogers at Baltimore stating the fact that complete success has attended all the transmission of results by Telegraph, there not having been a failure in a single instance, and

to the entire satisfaction of both political parties in the perfect impartiality of the directors of the Telegraph.

While the success of the Telegraph had now been fully demonstrated, and while congratulations and honors were showered on the inventor from all quarters, negotiations for its extension proceeded but slowly. Morse still kept hoping that the Government would eventually purchase all the rights, and it was not until well into 1845 that he was compelled to abandon this dream. In the mean time he was kept busy replying to enquiries from the representatives of Russia, France, and other European countries, and in repelling attacks which had already been launched against him in scientific circles. As an example of the former I shall quote from a letter to His Excellency Alexander de Bodisco, the Russian Minister, written in December, 1844: —

“In complying with your request to write you respecting my invention of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph, I find there are but few points of interest not embraced in the printed documents already in your possession. The principle on which my whole invention rests is the power of the electro-magnet commanded at pleasure at any distance. The application of this power to the telegraph is original with me. If the electro-magnet is now used in Europe for telegraphic purposes, it has been subsequently introduced. All the systems of electric telegraphs in Europe from 1820 to 1840 are based on the *deflection of the magnetic needle*, while my system, invented in 1832, is based, as I have just observed, on the electro-magnet. . . .

“Should the Emperor be desirous of the superin-

tendence of an experienced person to put the Telegraph in operation in Russia, I will either engage myself to visit Russia for that purpose; or, if my own or another government shall, previous to receiving an answer from Russia, engage my personal attendance, I will send an experienced person in my stead."

As a specimen of the vigorous style in which he repelled attacks on his merits as an inventor, I shall give the following: —

MESSRS. EDITORS, — The London "Mechanics' Magazine," for October, 1844, copies an article from the Baltimore "American" in which my discovery in relation to causing electricity to cross rivers without wires is announced, and then in a note to his readers the editor of the magazine makes the following assertion: "The English reader need scarcely be informed that Mr. Morse has in this, as in other matters relating to magneto telegraphs, only *rediscovered* what was previously well known in this country."

More illiberality and deliberate injustice has been seldom condensed within so small a compass. From the experience, however, that I, in common with many American scientific gentlemen, have already had of the piratical conjoined with the abusive propensity of a certain class of English *savans* and writers, I can scarcely expect either liberality or justice from the quarter whence this falsehood has issued. But there is, fortunately, an appeal to my own countrymen, to the impartial and liberal-minded of Continental Europe, and the truly noble of England herself.

I claim to be the original inventor of the Electro-

Magnetic Telegraph; to be the first who planned and operated a really practicable Electric Telegraph. This is the broad claim I make in behalf of my country and myself before the world. If I cannot substantiate this claim, if any other, to whatever country he belongs, can make out a previous or better claim, I will cheerfully yield him the palm.

Although I had planned and completed my Telegraph unconscious, until after my Telegraph was in operation, that even the words "Electric Telegraph" had ever been combined until I had combined them, I have now made myself familiar with, I believe, all the plans, abortive and otherwise, which have been given to the world since the time of Franklin, who was the first to suggest the possibility of using electricity as a means of transmitting intelligence. With this knowledge, both of the various plans devised and the time when they were severally devised, I claim to be the first inventor of a really practicable telegraph on the electric principle. When this shall be seriously called in question by any responsible name, I have the proof in readiness.

As to English electric telegraphs, the telegraph of Wheatstone and Cooke, called the Magnetic Needle Telegraph, inefficient as it is, was invented five years after mine, and the printing telegraph, so-called (the title to the invention of which is litigated by Wheatstone and Bain) was invented seven years after mine.

So much for my *rediscovering* what was previously known in England.

As to the discovery that electricity may be made to cross the water without wire conductors, above, through, or beneath the water, the very reference by the editor

to another number of the magazine, and to the experiments of Cooke, or rather Steinheil, and of Bain, shows that the editor is wholly ignorant of the nature of my experiment. I have in detail the experiments of Bain and Wheatstone. They were merely in effect repetitions of the experiments of Steinheil. Their object was to show that the earth or water can be made one half of the circuit in conducting electricity, a fact proved by Franklin with ordinary electricity in the last century, and by Professor Steinheil, of Munich, with magnetic electricity in 1837. Mr. Bain, and after him Mr. Wheatstone, in England repeated, or (to use the English editor's phrase) rediscovered the same fact in 1841.

But what have these experiments, in which *one wire* is carried across the river, to do with mine *which dispenses with wires altogether* across the river? I challenge the proof that such an experiment has ever been tried in Europe, unless it be since the publication of my results.

The year 1844 was drawing to a close and Congress still was dilatory. Morse hated to abandon his cherished dream of government ownership, and, while carrying on negotiations with private parties in order to protect himself, he still hoped that Congress would at last see the light. He writes to his brother from Washington on December 30: —

“Telegraph matters look exceedingly encouraging, not only for the United States but for Europe. I have just got a letter from a special agent of the French Government, sent to Boston by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which he says that he has seen mine and ‘is convinced of its superiority,’ and wishes all information

concerning it, adding: 'I consider it my duty to make a special report on your admirable invention.'"

And on January 18, 1845, he writes: —

"I am well, but anxiously waiting the action of Congress on the bill for extension of Telegraph. Texas drives everything else into a corner. I have not many fears if they will only get it up. I had to-day the Russian, Spanish, and Belgian Ministers to see the operation of the Telegraph; they were astonished and delighted. The Russian Minister particularly takes the deepest interest in it, and will write to his Government by next steamer. The French Minister also came day before yesterday, and will write in its favor to his Government. . . . Senator Woodbury gave a discourse before the Institute a few nights ago, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, in which he lauded the Telegraph in the highest terms, and thought I had gone a step beyond Franklin! The popularity of the Telegraph increases rather than declines."

The mention of Texas in this letter refers to the fact that Polk was elected to the Presidency on a platform which favored the annexation of that republic to the United States, and this question was, naturally, paramount in the halls of Congress. Texas was admitted to the Union in December, 1845.

Writing to his daughter, Mrs. Lind, in Porto Rico on February 8, he says: —

"The Telegraph operates to the perfect satisfaction of the public, as you perhaps see by the laudatory notices of the papers in all parts of the country. I am now in a state of unpleasant suspense waiting the passage of the bill for the extension of the Telegraph to New York.

I am in hopes they will take it up and pass it next week; if they should not, I shall at once enter into arrangements with private companies to take it and extend it.

"I do long for the time, if it shall be permitted, to have you with your husband and little Charles around me. I feel my loneliness more and more keenly every day. Fame and money are in themselves a poor substitute for domestic happiness; as means to that end I value them. Yesterday was the sad anniversary (the twentieth) of your dear mother's death, and I spent the most of it in thinking of her. . . ."

"*Thursday, February 12.* I dined at the Russian Ambassador's Tuesday. It was the most gorgeous dinner-party I ever attended in any country. Thirty-six sat down to table; there were eleven Senators, nearly half the Senate. . . . The table, some twenty or twenty-five feet long, was decorated with immense gilt vases of flowers on a splendid plateau of richly chased gilt ornaments, and candelabra with about a hundred and fifty lights. We were ushered into the house through eight liveried servants, who afterward waited on us at table.

"I go to-morrow evening to Mr. Wickliffe's, Postmaster General, and, probably, on Wednesday evening next to the President's. The new President, Polk, arrived this evening amid the roar of cannon. He will be inaugurated on the 4th of March, and I presume I shall be there.

"I am most anxiously waiting the action of Congress on the Telegraph. It is exceedingly tantalizing to suffer so much loss of precious time that cannot be recalled."

This time there was no eleventh-hour passage of the

bill, for Congress adjourned without reaching it, and while this, in the light of future events, was undoubtedly a tactical error on the part of the Government, it inured to the financial benefit of the inventor himself. The question now arose of the best means of extending the business of the telegraph through private companies, and Morse keenly felt the need of a better business head than he possessed to guide the enterprise through the shoals and quicksands of commerce. He was fortunate in choosing as his business and legal adviser the Honorable Amos Kendall.

Mr. James D. Reid, one of the early telegraphers and a staunch and faithful friend of Morse's, thus speaks of Mr. Kendall in his valuable book "The Telegraph in America": —

"Mr. Kendall is too well known in American history to require description. He was General Jackson's Postmaster General, incorruptible, able, an educated lawyer, clear-headed, methodical, and ingenious. But he was somewhat rigid in his manners and methods, and lacked the dash and *bonhomie* which would have carried him successfully into the business centres of the seaboard cities, and brought capital largely and cheerfully to his feet. Of personal magnetism, indeed, except in private intercourse, where he was eminently delightful, he had, at this period of his life, none. This made his work difficult, especially with railroad men. Yet the Telegraph could not have been entrusted to more genuinely honest and able hands. On the part of those he represented this confidence was so complete that their interests were committed to him without reserve."

Professor Gale and Alfred Vail joined with Morse in

entrusting their interests to Mr. Kendall's care, but F. O. J. Smith preferred to act for himself. This caused much trouble in the future, for it was a foregone conclusion that the honest, upright Kendall and the shifty Smith were bound to come into conflict with each other. The latter, as one of the original patentees, had to be consulted in every sale of patent rights, and Kendall soon found it almost impossible to deal with him.

At first Kendall had great difficulty in inducing capitalists to subscribe to what was still looked upon as a very risky venture. Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, was the first man wise in his generation, and others then followed his lead, so that a cash capital of \$15,000 was raised. Mr. Reid says: "It was provided, in this original subscription, that the payment of \$50 should entitle the subscriber to two shares of \$50 each. A payment of \$15,000, therefore, required an issue of \$30,000 stock. To the patentees were issued an additional \$30,000 stock, or half of the capital, as the consideration of the patent. The capital was thus \$60,000 for the first link. W. W. Corcoran and B. B. French were made trustees to hold the patent rights and property until organization was effected. Meanwhile an act of incorporation was granted by the legislature of the State of Maryland, the first telegraphic charter issued in the United States."

The company was called "The Magnetic Telegraph Company," and was the first telegraph company in the United States.

Under the able, if conservative, management of Mr. Kendall the business of the telegraph progressed slowly but surely. Many difficulties were encountered, many

obstacles had to be overcome, and the efforts of unprincipled men to pirate the invention, or to infringe on the patent, were the cause of numerous lawsuits. But it is not my purpose to write a history of the telegraph. Mr. Reid has accomplished this task much better than I possibly could, and, in following the personal history of Morse, the now famous inventor, I shall but touch incidentally on all these matters.

On the 18th of July, 1845, the following letter of introduction was sent to Morse from the Department of State: —

To the respective Diplomatic and Consular Agents of the United States in Europe.

SIR, — The bearer hereof, Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, of New York, Superintendent of Electro Magnetic Telegraphs for the United States, is about to visit Europe for the purpose of exhibiting to the various governments his own system, and its superiority over others now in use. From a personal knowledge of Professor Morse I can speak confidently of his amiability of disposition and high respectability. The merits of his discoveries and inventions in this particular branch of science are, I believe, universally conceded in this country.

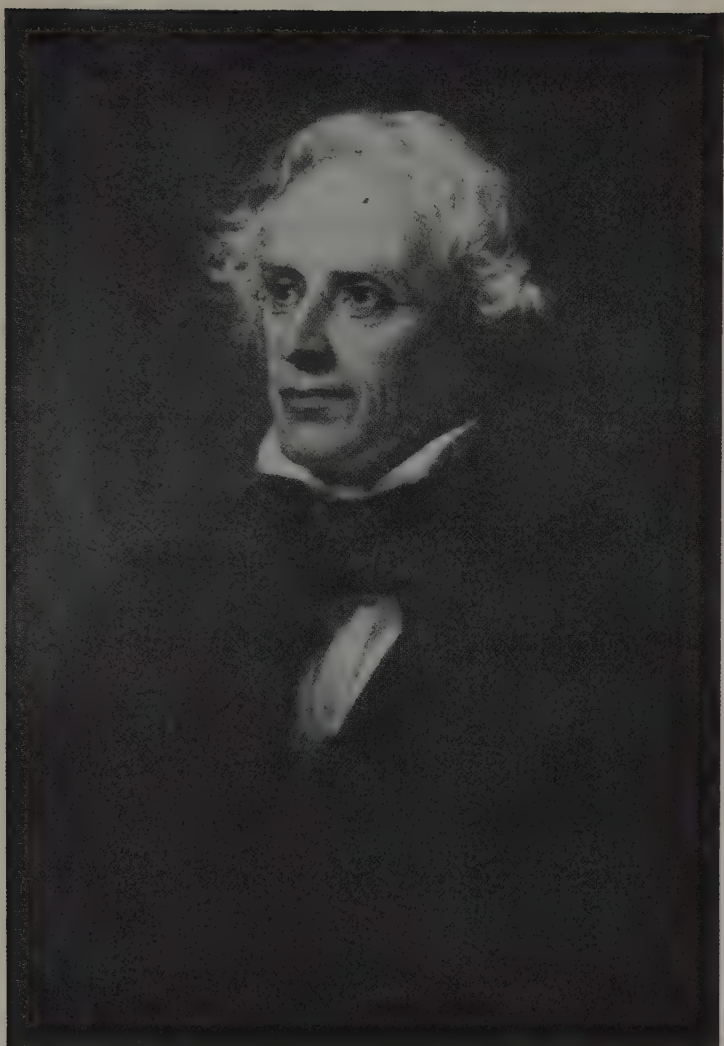
I take pleasure in introducing him to your acquaintance and in bespeaking for him, during his stay in your neighborhood, such attentions and good offices in aid of his object as you may find it convenient to extend to him.

I am, sir, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES BUCHANAN,

Secretary of State.



S. F. B. MORSE

From a portrait by Daniel Huntington

With the assurance that he had left his business affairs in capable hands, Morse sailed from New York on August 6, 1845, and arrived in Liverpool on the 25th. For the fourth time he was crossing from America to Europe, but under what totally different circumstances. On previous occasions, practically unknown, he had voyaged forth to win his spurs in the field of art, or to achieve higher honors in this same field, or as a humble petitioner at the courts of Europe. Forced by circumstances to practise the most rigid economy, he had yet looked confidently to the future for his reward in material as well as spiritual gifts. Now, having abandoned his art, he had won such fame in a totally different realm that his name was becoming well-known in all the centres of civilization, and he was assured of a respectful hearing wherever he might present himself. Freed already from pecuniary embarrassment, he need no longer take heed for the morrow, but could with a light heart give himself up to the enjoyment of new scenes, and the business of proving to other nations the superiority of his system, secure in the knowledge that, whatever might betide him in Europe, he was assured of a competence at home.

His brother Sidney, with his family, had preceded him to Europe, and writing to Vail from London on September 1, Morse says:—

“I have just taken lodgings with my brother and his family preparatory to looking about for a week, when I shall continue my journey to Stockholm and St. Petersburg, by the way of Hamburg, direct from London.

“On my way from Liverpool I saw at Rugby the

telegraph wires of Wheatstone, which extend, I understood, as far as Northampton. I went into the office as the train stopped a moment, and had a glimpse of the instrument as we have seen it in the 'Illustrated Times.' The place was the ticket-office and the man very uncommunicative, but he told me it was not in operation and that they did not use it much. This is easily accounted for from the fact that the two termini are inconsiderable places, and Wheatstone's system clumsy and complicated. The advantage of recording is incalculable, and in this I have the undisputed superiority. As soon as I can visit the telegraph-office here I will give you the result of my observation. I shall probably do nothing until my return from the north."

Nothing definite was accomplished during his short stay in London, and on the 17th of September he left for the Continent with Mr. Henry Ellsworth and his wife. Mr. Ellsworth, the son of his old friend, had been appointed attaché to the American Legation at Stockholm. Morse's letters to his daughter give a detailed account of his journey, but I shall give only a few extracts from them: —

"*Hamburg, September 27, 1845.* Everything being ready on the morning of the 17th instant, we left Brompton Square in very rainy and stormy weather, and drove down to the Custom-house wharf and went on board our destined steamer, the William Joliffe, a dirty, black-looking, tub-like thing, about as large but not half so neat as a North River wood-sloop. The wind was full from the Southwest, blowing a gale with rain, and I confess I did not much fancy leaving land in so unpromising a craft and in such weather; yet our vessel

proved an excellent seaboat, and, although all were sick on board but Mr. Ellsworth and myself, we had a safe but rough passage across the boisterous North Sea."

Stopping but a short time in Rotterdam, the party proceeded through the Hague and Haarlem to Amsterdam, and from the latter place they visited the village of Broek: —

"The inn at Broek was another example of the same neatness. Here we took a little refreshment before going into the village. We walked of course, for no carriage, not even a wheelbarrow, appeared to be allowed any more than in a gentleman's parlor. Everything about the exterior of the houses and gardens was as carefully cared for as the furniture and embellishments of the interior. The streets (or rather alleys, like those of a garden) were narrow and paved with small variously colored bricks forming every variety of ornamental figures. The houses, from the highest to the lowest class, exhibited not merely comfort but luxury, yet it was a selfish sort of luxury. The perpetually closed door and shut-up rooms of ceremony, the largest and most conspicuous of all in the house, gave an air of inhospitableness which, I should hope, was not indicative of the real character of the inhabitants. Yet it seemed to be a deserted village, a place of the dead rather than of the living, an ornamental graveyard. The liveliness of social beings was absent and was even inconsistent with the superlative neatness of all around us. It was a best parlor out-of-doors, where the gayety of frolicking children would derange the set order of the furniture, or an accidental touch of a sacrilegious foot might scratch the polish of a fresh-varnished fence, or

flatten down the nap of the green carpet of grass, every blade of which is trained to grow exactly so.

“The grounds and gardens of a Mr. Vander Beck were, indeed, a curiosity from the strange mixture of the useful with the ridiculously ornamental. Here were the beautiful banks of a lake and Nature’s embellishment of reeds and water plants, which, for a wonder, were left to grow in their native luxuriance, and in the midst a huge pasteboard or wooden swan, and a wooden mermaid of tasteless proportions blowing from a conch-shell. In another part was a cottage with puppets the size of life moving by clock-work; a peasant smoking and turning a reel to wind off the thread which his ‘goed vrow’ is spinning upon a wheel, while a most sheep-like dog is made to open his mouth and to bark — a dog which is, doubtless, the progenitor of all the barking, toy-shop dogs of the world. Directly in the vicinity is a beautiful grapery, with the richest clusters of grapes literally covering the top, sides and walls of the greenhouse, which stands in the midst of a garden, gay with dahlias and amaranths and every variety of flowers, with delicious fruits thickly studding the well-trained trees. Everything, however, was cut up into miniature landscapes; little bridges and little temples adorned little canals and little mounds, miniature representations of streams and hills.

“We visited the residence of the burgomaster. He was away and his servants permitted us to see the house. It was cleaning-day. Everything in the house was in keeping with the character of the village. But the kitchen! how shall I describe it? The polished marble floor, the dressers with glass doors like a bookcase, to

keep the least particle of dust from the bright-polished utensils of brass and copper. The varnished mahogany handle of the brass spigot, lest the moisture of the hand in turning it should soil its polish, and, will you believe it, the very pothooks as well as the cranes (for there were two), in the fireplace were as bright as your scissors!

“Broek is certainly a curiosity. It is unique, but the impression left upon me is not, on the whole, agreeable. I should not be contented to live there. It is too ridiculously and uncomfortably nice. Fancy a lady always dressed throughout the day in her best evening-party dress, and say if she could move about with that ease which she would like. Such, however, must be the feeling of the inhabitants of Broek; they must be in perpetual fear, not only of soiling or deranging their clothes merely, but their very streets every step they take. But good-bye to Broek. I would not have missed seeing it but do not care to see it again.”

Holland, which he had never visited before, interested him greatly, but he could not help saying: “One feels in Holland like being in a ship, constantly liable to spring a leak.”

Hamburg he found more to his taste: —

“*September 26.* Hamburg, you may remember, was nearly destroyed by fire in 1842. It is now almost rebuilt and in a most splendid style of architecture. I am much prepossessed in its favor. We have taken up our quarters at the Victoria Hotel, one of the splendid new hotels of the city. I find the season so far advanced in these northern regions that I am thinking of giving up my journey farther north. My matters in London will demand all my spare time.”

September 30. The windows of my hotel look out upon the Alster Basin, a beautiful sheet of water, three sides of which are surrounded with splendid houses. Boats and swans are gliding over the glassy surface, giving, with the well-dressed promenaders along the shores, an air of gayety and liveliness to the scene."

It will not be necessary to follow the traveller step by step during this visit to Europe. He did not go to Sweden and Russia, as he had at first planned, for he learned that the Emperor of Russia was in the South, and that nothing could be accomplished in his absence. He, therefore, returned to London from Hamburg. He was respectfully received everywhere and his invention was recognized as being one of great merit and simplicity, but it takes time for anything new to make its way. This is, perhaps, best summed up in the words of Charles T. Fleischmann, who at that time was agent of the United States Patent Office, and was travelling through Europe collecting information on agriculture, education, and the arts. He was a good friend of Morse's and an enthusiastic advocate of his invention. He carried with him a complete telegraphic outfit and lost no opportunity to bring it to the notice of the different governments visited by him, and his official position gave him the entrée everywhere. Writing from Vienna on October 7, he says: —

"There is no doubt Morse's telegraph is the best of that description I have yet seen, but the difficulty of introducing it is in this circumstance, that every scientific man invents a similar thing and, without having the practical experience and practical arrangement which make Morse's so preferable, they will experiment a

few miles' distance only, and no doubt it works; but, when they come to put it up at a great distance, then they will find that their experience is not sufficient, and must come back ultimately to Morse's plan. The Austrian Government is much occupied selecting out of many plans (of telegraphs) one for her railroads. I have offered Morse's and proposed experiments. I am determined to stay for some time, to give them a chance of making up their minds."

Two other young Americans, Charles Robinson and Charles L. Chapin, were also travelling around Europe at this time for the purpose of introducing Morse's invention, but, while all these efforts resulted in the ultimate adoption by all the nations of Europe, and then of the world, of this system, the superiority of which all were compelled, sometimes reluctantly, to admit, no arrangement was made by which Morse and his co-proprietors benefited financially. The gain in fame was great, in money *nil*. It was, therefore, with mixed feelings that Morse wrote to his brother from Paris on November 1: —

"I am still gratified in verifying the fact that my Telegraph is ahead of all the other systems proposed. Wheatstone's is not adopted here. The line from Paris to Rouen is not on his plan, but is an experimental line of the Governmental Commission. I went to see it yesterday with my old friend the Administrator-in-Chief of the Telegraphs of France, Mr. Foy, who is one of the committee to decide on the best mode for France. The system on this line is his modification. . . . I have had a long interview with M. Arago. He is the same affable and polite man as in 1839. He is a warm friend

of mine and contends for priority in my favor, and is also partial to my telegraphic system as the best. He is President of the Commission and is going to write the History of Electric Telegraphs. I shall give him the facts concerning mine. The day after to-morrow I exhibit my telegraphic system again to the Academy of Sciences, and am in the midst of preparations for a day important to me. I have strong hopes that mine will be the system adopted, but there may be obstacles I do not see. Wheatstone, at any rate, is not in favor here. . . .

“I like the French. Every nation has its defects and I could wish many changes here, but the French are a fine people. I receive a welcome here to which I was a perfect stranger in England. How deep this welcome may be I cannot say, but if one must be cheated I like to have it done in a civil and polite way.”

He sums up the result of his European trip in a letter to his daughter, written from London on October 9, as he was on his way to Liverpool from where he sailed on November 19, 1845: —

“I know not what to say of my telegraphic matters here yet. There is nothing decided upon and I have many obstacles to contend against, particularly the opposition of the proprietors of existing telegraphs; but that mine is the best system I have now no doubt. All that I have seen, while they are ingenious, are more complicated, more expensive, less efficient and easier deranged. It may take some time to establish the superiority of mine over the others, for there is the usual array of prejudice and interest against a system which throws others out of use.”

CHAPTER XXXII

DECEMBER 20, 1845 — APRIL 19, 1848

Return to America. — Telegraph affairs in bad shape. — Degree of LL.D. from Yale. — Letter from Cambridge Livingston. — Henry O'Reilly. — Grief at unfaithfulness of friends. — Estrangement from Professor Henry. — Morse's "Defense." — His regret at feeling compelled to publish it. — Hopes to resume his brush. — Capitol panel. — Again disappointed. — Another accident. — First money earned from telegraph devoted to religious purposes. — Letters to his brother Sidney. — Telegraph matters. — Mexican War. — Faith in the future. — Desire to be lenient to opponents. — Dr. Jackson. — Edward Warren. — Alfred Vail remains loyal. — Troubles in Virginia. — Henry J. Rogers. — Letter to J. D. Reid about O'Reilly. — F. O. J. Smith again. — Purchases a home at last. — "Locust Grove," on the Hudson, near Poughkeepsie. — Enthusiastic description. — More troubles without, but peace in his new home.

HAVING established to his satisfaction the fact that his system was better than any of the European plans, which was the main object of his trip abroad, Morse returned to his native land, but not to the rest and quiet which he had so long desired. Telegraph lines were being pushed forward in all directions, but the more the utility of this wonderful new agent was realized, the greater became the efforts to break down the lawful rights of the patentees, and competing lines were hurriedly built on the plea of fighting a baleful monopoly by the use of the inventions of others, said to be superior. Internal dissensions also arose in the ranks of the workers on the Morse lines, and some on whom he had relied proved faithless, or caused trouble in other ways. But, while these clouds arose to darken his sky, there was yet much sunshine to gladden his heart. His health was good, his children and the families of his brothers were well and prosperous. In the year 1846

his patent rights were extended for another period of years, and he was gradually accumulating a competence as the various lines in which he held stock began to declare dividends. In addition to all this his fame had so increased that he was often alluded to in the papers as "the idol of the nation," and honorary degrees were conferred on him by various institutions both at home and abroad. Of these the one that, perhaps, pleased him the most was the degree of LL.D. bestowed by his *alma mater*, Yale. He alludes to it with pride in many of his letters to his brother Sidney, and once playfully suggests that it must mean "Lightning Line Doctor."

One of the first letters which he received on his return to America was from Cambridge Livingston, dated December 20, 1845, and reads as follows: —

"The Trustees of the New York and Boston Magnetic Telegraph Association are getting up a certificate of stock, and are desirous of making it neat and appropriate. It has seemed to me very desirable that one of its decorations should be your coat of arms, and if you will do me the favor to transmit a copy, or a wax impression of the same, I shall be much obliged."

To this Morse replied: —

"I send you a sketch of the Morse coat of arms, according to your request, to do as you please with it. I am no advocate of heraldic devices, but the *motto* in this case sanctions it with me. I wish to live and die in its spirit: —

"*Deo non armis fido.*"

I have said that many on whom Morse relied proved faithless, and, while I do not intend to go into the details of all these troubles, it is only right that, in the

interest of historical truth, some mention should be made of some of these men. The one who, next to F. O. J. Smith, caused the most trouble to Morse and his associates, was Henry O'Reilly. Mr. Reid, in his "Telegraph in America," thus describes him: —

"Henry O'Reilly was in many respects a wonderful man. His tastes were cultivated. His instincts were fine. He was intelligent and genial. His energy was untiring, his hopefulness shining. His mental activity and power of continuous labor were marvellous. He was liberal, generous, profuse, full of the best instincts of his nation. But he lacked prudence in money matters, was loose in the use of it, had little veneration for contracts, was more anxious for personal fame than wealth. He formed and broke friendships with equal rapidity, was bitter in his hates, was impatient of restraint. My personal attachment to him was great and sincere. We were friends for many years until he became the agent of F. O. J. Smith, and my duties threw me in collision with him."

It was not until some years after his first connection with the telegraph, in 1845, that O'Reilly turned against Morse and his associates. This will be referred to at the proper time, but I have introduced him now to give point to the following extract from a letter of his to Morse, dated December 23, 1845: —

"Do you recollect a person who, while under your hands for a daguerreotype in 1840-41, broke accidentally an eight-dollar lens? Tho' many tho't you 'visionary' in your ideas of telegraphic communication, that person, you may recollect, took a lively interest in the matter, and made some suggestions about

the propriety of pressing the matter energetically upon Congress and upon public attention. You seemed then to feel pleased to find a person who took so lively an interest in your invention, and you will see by the enclosed circular that that person (your humble servant) has not lost any of his early confidence in its value. May you reap an adequate reward for the glorious thought!"

It was one of life's little ironies that the man who could thus call down good fortune on the head of the inventor should soon after become one of the chief instruments in the effort to rob him of his "adequate reward," and his good name as well. Morse had such bitter experiences with several persons, who turned from friends to enemies, that it is no wonder he wrote as follows to Vail some time after this date: —

"I am grieved to say that many things have lately come to my knowledge in regard to — that show double-dealing. Be on your guard. I hope it is but *appearance*, and that his course may be cleared up by subsequent events.

"I declare to you that I have seen so much duplicity in those in whom I had confided as friends, that I feel in danger of entertaining suspicions of everybody. I have hitherto thought you were too much inclined to be suspicious of people, but I no longer think so.

"Keep this to yourself. It may be that appearances are deceptive, and I would not wrong one whom I had esteemed as a real friend without the clearest evidence of unfaithfulness. Yet when appearances are against, it is right to be cautious."

The name of the person referred to is left blank in the

copy of this letter which I have, so I do not know who it was, but the sentiments would apply to several of the early workers in the establishment of the telegraph.

I have said that Morse, being only human, was sometimes guilty of errors of judgment, but, in a careful study of the facts, the wonder is great that he committed so few. It is an ungracious task for a son to call attention to anything but the virtues of his father, especially when any lapses were the result of great provocation, and were made under the firm conviction that he was in the right. Yet in the interest of truth it is best to state the facts fairly and dispassionately, and let posterity judge whether the virtues do not far outweigh the faults. Such an error was committed, in my judgment, by Morse in the bitter controversy which arose between him and Professor Joseph Henry, and I shall briefly sketch the origin and progress of this regrettable incident.

In 1845, Alfred Vail compiled and published a "History of the American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph." In this work hardly any mention was made of the important discoveries of Professor Henry, and this caused that gentleman to take great offense, as he believed that Morse was the real author of the work, or had, at least, given Vail all the materials. As a matter of fact he had given Vail only his notes on European telegraphs and had not seen the proofs of the work, which was published while he was absent in Europe. As soon as Morse was made aware of Henry's feelings, he wrote to him regretting the omission and explaining his innocence in the matter, and he also draughted a letter, at Vail's request, which the latter copied and sent to Henry,

stating that he, Vail, had been unable to obtain the particulars of Henry's discoveries, and that, if he had offended, he had done so innocently.

Henry was an extremely sensitive man and he paid no attention to Vail's letter, and sent only a curt acknowledgment of the receipt of Morse's. However, at a meeting somewhat later, the misunderstanding seemed to be smoothed over, on the assurance that, in a second edition of Vail's work, due credit should be given to Henry, and that whenever Morse had the opportunity he would gladly accord to that eminent man the discoveries which were his. There never was a true second edition of Vail's book, but in 1847 a few more copies were struck off from the old plates and the date was, unfortunately, changed from 1845 to 1847. Henry, naturally, looked upon this as a second edition and his resentment grew.

Morse's opportunity to do public honor to Henry came in 1848, when Professor Sears C. Walker, of the Coast Survey, published a report containing some remarks on the "Theory of Morse's Electro-Magnetic Telegraph." When Professor Walker submitted this report to Morse the latter said: "I have now the long-wished-for opportunity to do justice publicly to Henry's discovery bearing upon the telegraph. I should like to see him, however, previously, and learn definitely what he claims to have discovered. I will then prepare a paper to be appended and published as a note, if you see fit, to your Report."

This paper was written by Morse and sent to Professor Walker with the request that it be submitted to Professor Henry for his revision, which was done, but it

was not included in Professor Walker's report, and this naturally nettled Morse, who also had sensitive nerves, and so the breach was widened. In this paper, after giving a brief history of electric discoveries bearing on the telegraph, and of his own inventions, Morse sums up: —

“While, therefore, I claim to be the first to propose the use of the *electro-magnet for telegraphic purposes*, and the *first to construct a telegraph on the basis of the electro-magnet*, yet to Professor Henry is unquestionably due the honor of the *discovery of a fact in science* which proves the practicability of exciting magnetism through a long coil or at a distance, either *to deflect a needle or to magnetize soft iron.*”

I wish he had never revised this opinion, although he was sincere in thinking that a more careful study of the subject justified him in doing so.

A few years afterwards Morse and his associates became involved in a series of bitterly contested litigations with parties interested in breaking down the original patent rights, and Henry was called as a witness for the opponents of Morse.

He gave his testimony with great reluctance, but it was tinged with the bitterness caused by the failure of Vail to do him justice and his apparent conviction that Morse was disingenuous. He denied to the latter any scientific discoveries, and gave the impression (at least, to others) that Henry, and not Morse, was the real inventor of the telegraph. His testimony was used by the enemies of Morse, both at home and abroad, to invalidate the claims of the latter, and, stung by these aspersions on his character and attainments, and urged

thereto by injudicious friends, Morse published a lengthy pamphlet entitled: "A Defense against the Injurious Deductions drawn from the Deposition of Professor Joseph Henry." In this pamphlet he not only attempted to prove that he owed nothing to the discoveries of Henry, but he called in question the truthfulness of that distinguished man.

The breach between these two honorable, highly sensitive men was now complete, and it was never healed.

The consensus of scientific opinion gives to Henry's discoveries great value in the invention of the telegraph. While they did not constitute a true telegraph in themselves; while they needed the inventions and discoveries, and, I might add, the sublime faith and indomitable perseverance of Morse to make the telegraph a commercial success; they were, in my opinion, essential to it, and Morse, I think, erred in denying this. But, from a thorough study of his character, we must give him the credit of being sincere in his denial. Henry, too, erred in ignoring the advances of Morse and Vail and in his proud sensitiveness. Professor Leonard D. Gale, the friend of both men, makes the following comment in a letter to Morse of February 9, 1852: "I fear Henry and I shall never again be on good terms. He is as cold as a polar berg, and, I am informed, very sensitive. It has been said by some busybody that his testimony was incompatible with mine, and so a sort of feeling is manifested as if it were so. I have said nothing about it yet." It would have been more dignified on the part of Morse to have disregarded the imputations contained in Henry's testimony, or to have

replied much more briefly and dispassionately. On the other hand, the provocation was great and he was egged on by others, partly from motives of self-interest and partly from a sincere desire on the part of his friends that he should justify himself.

In a long letter to Vail, of January 15, 1851, in which he details the whole unfortunate affair, he says: "If there was a man in the world, not related to me, for whom I had conceived not merely admiration but affection, it was for Professor Joseph Henry. I think you will remember, and can bear me witness, that I often expressed the wish that I was able to put several thousand dollars at his service for scientific investigation. . . . The whole case has saddened me more than I can express. I have to fight hard against misanthropy, friend Vail, and I have found the best antidote to be, when the fit is coming on me, to seek out a case of suffering and to relieve it, that the act in the one case may neutralize the feeling in the other, and thus restore the balance in the heart."

In taking leave for the present of this unfortunate controversy I shall quote from the "Defense," to show that Morse sincerely believed it his duty to act as he did, but that he acted with reluctance: —

"That I have been slow to complain of the injurious character of his testimony; that I have so long allowed, almost entirely uncontradicted, its distortions to have all their legal weight against me in four separate trials, without public exposure and for a space of four years of time, will at least show, I humbly contend, my reluctance to appear opposed to him, even when self-defence is combined with the defence of the interests of

a large body of assignees. . . . Painful, therefore, as is the task imposed upon me, I cannot shrink from it, but shall endeavor so to perform it as rather to parry the blows that have been aimed at me than to inflict any in return. If what I say shall wound, it shall be from the severity of the simple truth itself rather than from the manner of setting it forth."

In the year 1846 there still remained one panel in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington to be filled by an historical painting. It had been assigned to Inman, but, that artist having recently died, Morse's friends, artists and others, sent a petition to Congress urging the appointment of Morse in his place. Referring to this in a letter to his brother Sidney, dated March 28, he says: —

"In regard to the rotunda picture I learn that my friends are quite zealous, and it is not improbable that it may be given me to execute. If so, what should you say to seeing me in Paris?

"However, this is but castle-building. I am quite indifferent as to the result except that, in case it is given me, I shall be restored to my position as an artist by the same power that prostrated me, and then shall I not more than ever have cause to exclaim: 'Surely Thou hast led me in a way which I knew not'? I have already, in looking back, seen enough of the dealings of Providence with me to excite my wonder and gratitude. How singularly has my way been hedged up in my profession at the very moment when, to human appearance, everything seemed prosperously tending to the accomplishment of my desire in painting a national picture. The language of Providence in all his dealings

with me has been almost like that to Abraham: 'Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt offering,' etc.

"It has always seemed a mystery to me how I should have been led on to the acquirement of the knowledge I possess of painting, with so much sacrifice of time and money, and through so many anxieties and perplexities, and then suddenly be stopped as if a wall were built across my path, so that I could pursue my profession no longer. But, I believe, I had grace to trust in God in the darkest hour of trial, persuaded that He could and would clear up in his own time and manner all the mystery that surrounded me.

"And now, if not greatly deceived, I have a glimpse of his wonderful, truly wonderful, mercy towards me. He has chosen thus to order events that my mind might be concentrated upon that invention which He has permitted to be born for the blessing, I trust, of the world. And He has chosen me as the instrument, and given me the honor, and at the moment when all has been accomplished which is essential to its success, He so orders events as again to turn my thoughts to my almost sacrificed Isaac."

In this, however, he did not read the fates aright, for a letter from his friend, Reverend E. Goodrich Smith, dated March 2, 1847, conveys the following intelligence: "I have just learned to-day that, with their usual discrimination and justice, Congress have voted \$6000 to have the panel filled by young Powell. He enlisted all Ohio, and they all electioneered with all their might, and no one knew that the question would come up. New York, I understand, went for you. I hope, however,

you may yet yourself resume the pencil, and furnish the public the most striking commentary on their utter disregard of justice, by placing somewhere 'The Germ of the Republic' in such colors that shall make them blush and hang their heads to think themselves such men."

But, while he was to be blessed in the fulfilment of a long cherished dream, it was not the dream of painting a great historic picture. He never seriously touched a brush again, for all his energies were needed in the defence of himself and his invention from defamation and attack.

In the summer of 1846 he met with another accident giving him a slight period of rest which he would not otherwise have taken. He writes of it to his brother on July 30: "On Monday last I had the misfortune to fall into one of those mantraps on Broadway, set principally to break people's legs and maim them, and *incidentally* for the deposit of the coal of the household."

Vail refers jestingly to this mishap in a letter of August 21: "I trust your unfortunate and unsuccessful attempt to get down cellar has not been a serious affair."

And Morse replies in the same vein: "My *cellar experiment* was not so unsuccessful as you imagine. I succeeded to my entire satisfaction in taking three inches of skin, a little of the flesh and a trifle of bone from the front of my left leg, and, as the result, got one week's entire leisure with my leg in a chair. The experiment was so satisfactory that I deem it needless to try it again, having established beyond a doubt that skin, flesh and bone are no match against wood, iron

and stone. I am entirely well of it and enjoyed my visit to the western lines very much."

It was characteristic of Morse that the first money which he received from the actual sale of his patent rights (\$45 for the right to use his patent on a short line from the Post-Office to the National Observatory in Washington) was devoted by him to a religious purpose. From a letter of October 20, 1846, we learn that, adding \$5 to this sum, he presented \$25 to a Sunday School, and \$25 to the fund for repairs.

The attachment of the three Morse brothers to each other was intense, and lasted to the end of their lives. The letters of Finley Morse to his brother Sidney, in particular, would alone fill a volume and are of great interest. Most of them have never before been published and I shall quote from them freely in following Morse's career.

Sidney and his family were still in Europe, and the two following extracts are from letters to him: —

"*October 29, 1846.* I don't know where this will find you, but, as the steamer *Caledonia* goes in a day or two, and as I did not write you by the last steamer, I thought I would occupy a few moments (not exactly of leisure) to write you. . . . Charles has little to do, but does all he can. He is desirous of a farm and I have made up my mind to indulge him. . . . I shall go up the river in a day or two and look in the vicinity of Po'keepsie. . . .

"Telegraph matters are every day assuming a more and more interesting aspect. All physical and scientific difficulties are vanquished. If conductors are well put up there is nothing more to wish for in the facilities of intercourse. My operators can easily talk with each

other as fast as persons usually write, and faster than this would be faster than is necessary. The Canadians are alive on the subject, and lines are projected from Toronto to Montreal, from Montreal to Quebec and to Halifax. Lines are also in contemplation from Toronto to Detroit, on the Canada side, and from Buffalo to Chicago on this side, so that it may not be visionary to say that our first news from England may reach New York via Halifax, Detroit, Buffalo and Albany. . . .

“The papers will inform you of the events of the war. Our people are united on this point so far as to pursue it with vigor to a speedy termination. However John Bull may sneer and endeavor to detract from the valor of our troops, his own annals do not furnish proofs of greater skill and more fearless daring and successful result. The Mexican race is a worn-out race, and God in his Providence is taking this mode to regenerate them. Whatever may be the opinions of some in relation to the justness or unjustness of our quarrel, there ought to be but one opinion among all good men, and that should be that the moment should be improved to throw a light into that darkened nation, and to raise a standard there which, whatever may become of the Stars and Stripes, or Eagle and Prickly Pear, shall be never taken down till all nations have flocked to it. Our Bible and Tract Societies and missionaries ought to be in the wake of our armies.”

“*January 28, 1847.* Telegraph matters are becoming more and more interesting. The people of the country everywhere are desirous of availing themselves of its facilities, and the lines are being extended in all directions. As might be expected then, I have my

plans interfered with by mercenary speculators who threaten to put up rival telegraphs and contest my patent. *I am ready for them.* We have had to apply for an injunction on the Philadelphia and Pittsburg line. The case is an aggravated one and will be decided on Monday or Tuesday at Philadelphia in Circuit Court of United States. I have no uneasiness as to the result. [It was decided against him, however, but this proved only a temporary check.].

“There are more F. O. Js. than one, yet not one quite so bad. I think amid all the scramble I shall probably have enough come to my share, and it does not matter by what means our Heavenly Father chooses to curtail my receipts, for I shall have just what he pleases, none can hinder it, and more I do not want. . . . House and his associates are making most strenuous efforts to interfere and embarrass me by playing on the ignorance of the public and the natural timidity of capitalists. I shall probably have to lay the law on him and make an example before my patent is confirmed in the minds of the public. It is the course, I am told, of every substantial patent. It has to undergo the ordeal of one trial in the courts. . . .

“Although I thus write, you need have no fears that my operations will be seriously affected by any schemes of common letter printing telegraphs. I have just filed a caveat for one which I have invented, which as far transcends in simplicity and efficiency any previous plan for the purpose, as my telegraph system is superior to the old visual telegraphs. I will have it in operation by the time you return.”

Apropos of the attacks made upon him by would-be

infringers, the following from a letter of his legal counsel, Daniel Lord, Esq., dated January 12, 1847, may not come amiss: "It ought to be a source of great satisfaction to you to have your invention stolen and counterfeited. Think what an acknowledgment it is, and what a tribute to its merits."

Referring to this in a letter to Mr. Lord of a later date, Morse answers: "The plot thickens all around me; I think a *dénouement* not far off. I remember your consoling me under these attacks with bidding me think that I had invented something worth contending for. Alas! my dear sir, what encouragement is there to an inventor if, after years of toil and anxiety, he has only purchased for himself the pleasure of being a target for every vile fellow to shoot at, and, in proportion as his invention is of public utility, so much the greater effort is to be made to defame, that the robbery may excite the less sympathy? I know, however, that beyond all this is a clear sky, but the clouds may not break away until I am no longer personally interested whether it be foul or fair. I wish not to complain, but I have feelings and cannot play the stoic if I would."

It was a new experience for Morse to become involved in the intricacies of the law, and, in a letter to a friend, Henry I. Williams, Esq., dated February 22, 1847, he naïvely remarks: "A student all my life, mostly in a profession which is adverse in its habits and tastes from those of the business world, and never before engaged in a lawsuit, I confess to great ignorance even of the ordinary, commonplace details of a court."

His desire to be both just and merciful is shown in a letter to Mr. Kendall, written on February 16, just be-

fore the decision was rendered against him: "I have been in court all day, and have been much pleased with the clearness and, I think, conclusiveness of Mr. Miles's argument. I think he has produced an evident change in the views of the judge. Yet it is best to be prepared for the worst, and, even if we succeed in getting the injunction, I wish as much leniency as possible to be shown to the opposing parties. Indeed, in this I know my views are seconded by you. However we may have 'spoken daggers,' let us use none, and let us make every allowance for honest mistake, even where appearances are at first against such a supposition. O'Reilly may have acted hastily, under excitement, under bad advisement, and in that mood have taken wrong steps. Yet I still believe he may be recovered, and, while I would use every precaution to protect our just rights, I wish not to take a single step that can be misconstrued into vindictiveness or triumph."

It was well that it was his invariable rule to be prepared for the worst, for, writing to his brother Sidney on February 24, he says: "We have just had a lawsuit in Philadelphia before Judge Kane. We applied for an injunction to stay irregular and injurious proceedings on the part of Western (Pittsburg and Cincinnati) Company, and our application has been *refused* on technical grounds. I know not what will be the issue. I am trying to have matters compromised, but do not know if it can be done, and we may have to contest it in *law*. Our application was in court of equity. A movement of Smith was the cause of all."

Another sidelight is thrown on Morse's character by the following extract from a letter to one of his

lieutenants, T. S. Faxton, written on March 15: "We must raise the salaries of our operators or they will all be taken from us, that is, all that are good for anything. You will recollect that, at the first meeting of the Board of Directors, I took the ground that 'it was our policy to make the office of operator desirable, to pay operators well and make their situation so agreeable that intelligent men and men of character will seek the place and dread to lose it.' I still think so, and, depend upon it, it is the soundest economy to act on this principle."

Just about this time, to add to Morse's other perplexities, Doctor Charles T. Jackson began to renew his claims to the invention of the telegraph, while also disputing with Morton the discovery of ether as an anæsthetic, then called "Letheon," and claiming the invention of gun-cotton and the discovery of the circulation of the blood. Morse found a willing and able champion in Edward Warren, Esq., of Boston, and many letters passed between them. As Jackson's wild claims were effectually disposed of, I shall not dwell upon this source of annoyance, but shall content myself with one extract from a letter to Mr. Warren of March 23: "I wish not to attack Dr. Jackson nor even to defend myself in *public* from his *private* attacks. If in any of his publications he renews his claim, which I consider as long since settled by default, then it will be time and proper for me to notice him. . . . The most charitable construction of the Dr's. conduct is to attribute it to a monomania induced by excessive vanity."

While many of those upon whom he had looked as friends turned against him in the mad scramble for power and wealth engendered by the extension of the

telegraph lines, it is gratifying to turn to those who remained true to him through all, and among these none was more loyal than Alfred Vail. Their correspondence, which was voluminous, is always characterized by the deepest confidence and affection. In a long letter of March 24, Vail shows his solicitude for Morse's peace of mind: "I think I would not be bothered with a directorship in the New York and Buffalo line, nor in any other. I should wish to keep clear of them. It will only tend to harass and vex when you should be left quiet and undisturbed to pursue your improvements and the enjoyment of what is most gratifying to you."

And Morse, writing to Vail somewhat later in this same year, exclaims: "You say you hope I shall not forget that we have spent many hours together. You might have added 'happy hours.' I have tried you, dear Vail, as a friend, and think I know you as a zealous and honest one."

Still earlier, on March 18, 1845, in one of his reports to the Postmaster-General, Cave Johnson, he adds: "In regard to the salary of the 'one clerk at Washington — \$1200,' Mr. Vail, who would from the necessity of the case take that post, is my right-hand man in the whole enterprise. He has been with me from the year 1837, and is as familiar with all the mechanism and scientific arrangements of the Telegraph as I am myself. . . . His time and talent are more essential to the success of the Telegraph than [those of] any two persons that could be named."

Returning now to the letters to his brother Sidney, I shall give the following extracts: —

"*March 29, 1847.* I am now in New York perma-

nently; that is I have no longer any official connection with Washington, and am thinking of *fixing* somewhere so soon as I can get my telegraphic matters into such a state as to warrant it; but my patience is still much tried. Although the enterprise looks well and is prospering, yet somehow I do not command the *cash* as some business men would if they were in the same situation. The property is doubtless good and is increasing, but I cannot use it as I could the money, for, while everybody seems to think I have the wealth of John Jacob, the only sum I have actually realized is my first dividend on one line, about fourteen hundred dollars, and with this I cannot purchase a house. But time will, perhaps, enable me to do so, if it is well that I should have one. . . . I have had some pretty threatening obstacles, but they as yet are summer clouds which seem to be dissipating through the smiles of our Heavenly Father. House's affair I think is dead. I believe it has been held up by speculators to drive a better bargain with me, thinking to scare me; but they don't find me so easily frightened. In Virginia I had to oppose a most bigoted, narrow, illiberal clique in a railroad company, which had the address to get a bill through the House of Delegates giving them actually the monopoly of telegraphs, and ventured to halloo before they were out of the woods. Mr. Kendall went post-haste to Richmond, met the bill and its supporters before the Committee of the Senate, and, after a sharp contest, procured its rejection in the Senate, and the adoption, by a vote of 13 to 7, of a substitute granting me *right of way* and *corporate powers*, which bill, after violent opposition in the House, was finally passed, 44 to 27.

So a mean intrigue was defeated most signally, and I came off triumphant."

"April 27. This you will recognize by the date is my birthday; 36 years old. Only think, I shall never be 26 again. Don't you wish you were as young as I am? Well, if *feelings* determined age I should be in reality what I have above stated, but that leaf in the family Bible, those boys and that daughter, those nieces and nephews of younger brothers, and especially that *grandson*, they all concur in putting twenty years more to those 36. I cannot get them off; there they are 56! . . .

"There is an underhand intrigue against my telegraph interests in Virginia, fostered by a friend turned enemy in the hope to better his own interests, a man whom I have ever treated as a friend while I had the governmental patronage to bestow, and gave him office in Baltimore. Having no more of patronage to give I have no more friendship from him. Mr. R. has proved himself false, notwithstanding his naming his son after me as a proof of friendship."

The Mr. R. referred to was Henry J. Rogers, and, writing of him to Vail on April 26, Morse says: "I am truly grieved at Rogers's conduct. He must be conscious of doing great injustice; for a man that has wronged another is sure to invent some cause for his act if there has been none given. In this case he endeavors to excuse his selfish and injurious acts by the false assertion that 'I had cast him overboard.' Why, what does he mean? Was I not overboard myself? Does he or anyone else suppose I have nothing else to do than to find them places, and not only intercede for them, which in Rogers's case and Zantziger's I have constantly and

perseveringly done to the present hour, but I am bound to force the companies, over which I have no control, to take them at any rate, on the penalty of being traduced and injured by them if they do not get the office they seek? As to Rogers, you know my feelings towards him and his. I had received him as a *friend*, not as a mere employee, and let no opportunity pass without urging forward his interests. I recollected his naming his son for me, and had determined, if the wealth actually came which has been predicted to me, that that child should be remembered."

Always desirous of being just and merciful, Morse writes to Vail on May 1: "Rogers is here. I have had a good deal of conversation with him, and the result is that I think that some circumstances which seemed to inculcate him are explicable on other grounds than intention to injure us."

But he was finally forced to give him up, for on August 7 he writes: "You cannot tell how pained I am at being compelled to change my opinion of R. Your feelings correspond entirely with my own. I was hoping to do something gratifying to him and his family, and soon should have done it if he would permit it; but no! The mask of friendship covered a deep selfishness that scrupled not to sacrifice a real friendship to a short-sighted and overreaching ambition. Let him go. I wished to befriend him and his, and would have done so from the heart, but as he cannot trust me I have enough who can and do."

The case of Rogers was typical, and I have, therefore, given it in some detail. It was always a source of grief to Morse when men, whom in his large-hearted

way he had admitted to his intimacy, turned against him; and he was called upon to suffer many such blows. He has been accused of having quarrelled with all his associates. This, of course, is not true, for we have only to name Vail, and Gale, and Kendall, and Reid, and a host of others to prove the contrary. But, like all men who have achieved great things, he made bitter enemies, some of whom at first professed sincere friendship for him and were implicitly trusted by him. However, a dispassionate study of all the circumstances leading up to the rupture of these friendly ties will prove that, in practically every case he was sinned against, not sinning.

A letter to James D. Reid, written on December 21, will show that the quality of his mercy was not strained: "You may recollect when I met you in Philadelphia, on the unpleasant business of attending in a court to witness the contest of two parties for their rights, you informed me of the destitute condition of O'Reilly's family. At that moment I was led to believe, from consultation with the counsel for the Patentees, that the case would undoubtedly go in their (the Patentees') favor. Your statement touched me, and I could not bear to think that an innocent wife and inoffensive children should suffer, even from the wrong-doing of their proper protector, should this prove to be the case. You remember I authorized you to draw on me for twenty dollars to be remitted to Mr. O'Reilly's family, and to keep the source from whence it was derived secret. My object in writing is to ask if this was done, and, in case it was, to request you to draw on me for that amount."

In an earlier letter to his brother he remarks philosophically: "Smith is Smith yet and so likely to be, but I have become used to him and you would be surprised to find how well oil and water appear to agree. There must be crosses and the aim should be rather to bear them gracefully, graciously, and patiently, than to have them removed."

While thus harassed on all sides by those who would filch from him his good name as well as his purse, his reward was coming to him for the patience and equanimity with which he was bearing his crosses. The longing for a home of his own had been intense all through his life and now, in the evening of his years, this dream was to be realized. He thus announces to his brother the glorious news: —

POUGHKEEPSIE, NORTH RIVER,

July 30, 1847.

In my last I wrote you that I had been looking out for a farm in this region, and gave you a diagram of a place which I fancied. Since then I was informed of a place for sale south of this village 2 miles, on the bank of the river, part of the old Livingston Manor, and far superior. *I have this day concluded a bargain for it.* There are about one hundred acres. I pay for it \$17,500.

I am almost afraid to tell you of its beauties and advantages. It is just such a place as in England could not be purchased for double the number of pounds sterling. Its "capabilities," as the landscape gardeners would say, are unequalled. There is every variety of surface, plain, hill, dale, glens, running streams and fine forest, and every variety of different prospect; the Fishkill Mountains towards the south and the Catskills towards the



HOUSE AT LOCUST GROVE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

north; the Hudson with its varieties of river craft, steamboats of all kinds, sloops, etc., constantly showing a varied scene.

I will not enlarge. I am congratulated by all in having made an excellent purchase, and I find a most delightful neighborhood. Within a few miles around, approached by excellent roads, are Mr. Lenox, General Talmadge, Philip Van Rensselaer, etc., on one side; on the other, Harry Livingston, Mrs. Smith Thomson (Judge Thomson's widow, and sister to the first Mrs. Arthur Breese), Mr. Crosby, Mr. Boorman, etc., etc. The new railroad will run at the foot of the grounds (probably) on the river, and bring New York within two hours of us. There is every facility for residence — good markets, churches, schools. Take it all in all I think it just the place *for us all*. If you should fancy a spot on it for building, I can accommodate you, and Richard wants twenty acres reserved for him. Singularly enough this was the very spot where Uncle Arthur found his wife. The old trees are pointed out where he and she used to ramble during their courtship.

On September 12, after again expatiating on the beauties and advantages of his home, he adds: "I have some clouds and mutterings of thunder on the horizon (the necessary attendants, I suppose, of a lightning project) which I trust will give no more of storm than will suffice, under Him who directs the elements, to clear the air and make a serener and calmer sunset."

On October 12, he announces the name which he has given to his country place, and a singular coincidence:—

"*Locust Grove*. You see by the date where I am.

Locust Grove, it seems, was the original name given to this place by Judge Livingston, and, without knowing this fact, I had given the same name to it, so that there is a natural appropriateness in the designation of my home. The wind is howling mournfully this evening, a second edition, I fear, of the late destructive equinoctial, but, dreary as it is out-of-doors, I have comfortable quarters within."

In the world of affairs the wind was howling, too, and the storm was gathering which culminated in the series of lawsuits brought by Morse and his associates against the infringers on his patents. The letters to his brother are full of the details of these piratical attacks, but throughout all the turmoil he maintained his poise and his faith in the triumph of justice and truth. In the letter just quoted from he says: "These matters do not annoy me as formerly. I have seen so many dark storms which threatened, and particularly in relation to the Telegraph, and I have seen them so often hushed at the 'Peace, be still' of our covenant God, that now the fears and anxieties on any fresh gathering soon subside into perfect calm."

And on November 27, he writes: "The most annoying part of the matter to me is that, notwithstanding my matters are all in the hands of agents and I have nothing to do with any of the arrangements, I am held up by name to the odium of the public. Lawsuits are commenced against them at Cincinnati and will be in Indiana and Illinois as well as here, and so, notwithstanding all my efforts to get along peaceably, I find the fate of Whitney before me. I think I may be able to secure my farm, and so have a place to retire to for the

evening of my days, but even this may be denied me. A few months will decide. . . . You have before you the fate of an inventor, and, take as much pains as you will to secure to yourself your valuable invention, make up your mind from my experience now, in addition to others, that you will be robbed of it and abused into the bargain. This is the lot of a successful inventor or discoverer, and no precaution, I believe, will save him from it. He will meet with a mixed estimate; the enlightened, the liberal, the good, will applaud him and respect him; the sordid, the unprincipled will hate him and detract from his reputation to compass their own contemptible and selfish ends."

While events in the business world were rapidly converging towards the great lawsuits which should either confirm the inventor's rights to the offspring of his brain, or deprive him of all the benefits to which he was justly and morally entitled, he continued to find solace from all his cares and anxieties in his new home, with his children and friends around him. He touches on the lights and shadows in a letter to his brother, who was still in England, dated New York, April 19, 1848: —

"I snatch a moment by the Washington, which goes to-morrow, to redeem my character in not having written of late so often as I could wish. I have been so constantly under the necessity of watching the movements of the most unprincipled set of pirates I have ever known, that all my time has been occupied in defense, in putting evidence into something like legal shape that I am the inventor of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph!! Would you have believed it ten years ago that a question could be raised on that subject? Yet this very morning

in the 'Journal of Commerce' is an article from a New Orleans paper giving an account of a public meeting convened by O'Reilly, at which he boldly stated that I had '*pirated my invention from a German invention*' a great deal better than mine. And the 'Journal of Commerce' has a sort of halfway defense of me which implies there is some doubt on the subject. I have written a note which may appear in to-morrow's 'Journal,' quite short, but which I think, will stop that game here.

"A trial in court is the only event now which will put public opinion right, so indefatigable have these unprincipled men been in manufacturing a spurious public opinion.

"Although these events embarrass me, and I do not receive, and may not receive, my rightful dues, yet I have been so favored by a kind Providence as to have sufficient collected to free my farm from mortgage on the 1st of May, and so find a home, a beautiful home, for me and mine, unencumbered, and sufficient over to make some improvements. . . .

"I do not wish to raise too many expectations, but every day I am more and more charmed with my purchase. I can truly say I have never before so completely realized my wishes in regard to situation, never before found so many pleasant circumstances associated together to make a home agreeable, and, so far as earth is concerned, I only wish now to have you and the rest of the family participate in the advantages with which a kind God has been pleased to indulge me.

"Strange, indeed, would it be if clouds were not in the sky, but the Sun of Righteousness will dissipate as many and as much of them as shall be right and good,

and this is all that should be required. I look not for freedom from trials; they must needs be; but the number, the kind, the form, the degree of them, I can safely leave to Him who has ordered and will still order all things well."

CHAPTER XXXIII

JANUARY 9, 1848—DECEMBER 19, 1849

Preparation for lawsuits. — Letter from Colonel Shaffner. — Morse's reply deprecating bloodshed. — Shaffner allays his fears. — Morse attends his son's wedding at Utica. — His own second marriage. — First of great lawsuits. — Almost all suits in Morse's favor. — Decision of Supreme Court of United States. — Extract from an earlier opinion. — Alfred Vail leaves the telegraph business. — Remarks on this by James D. Reid. — Morse receives decoration from Sultan of Turkey. — Letter to organizers of Printers' Festival. — Letter concerning aviation. — Optimistic letter from Mr. Kendall. — Humorous letter from George Wood. — Thomas R. Walker. — Letter to Fenimore Cooper. — Dr. Jackson again. — Unfairness of the press. — Letter from Charles C. Ingham on art matters. — Letter from George Vail. — F. O. J. Smith continues to embarrass. — Letter from Morse to Smith.

THE year 1848 was a momentous one to Morse in more ways than one. The first of the historic lawsuits was to be begun at Frankfort, Kentucky,— lawsuits which were not only to establish this inventor's claims, but were to be used as a precedent in all future patent litigation. In his peaceful retreat on the banks of the Hudson he carefully and systematically prepared the evidence which should confound his enemies, and calmly awaited the verdict, firm in his faith that, however lowering the clouds, the sun would yet break through. Finding relaxation from his cares and worries in the problems of his farm, he devoted every spare moment to the life out-of-doors, and drank in new strength and inspiration with every breath of the pure country air. Although soon to pass the fifty-seventh milestone, his sane, temperate habits had kept him young in heart and vigorous in body, and in this same year he was to be rewarded for his long and lonely vigil during the dark decades

of his middle life, and to enter upon an Indian Summer of happy family life.

While spending as much time as possible at his beloved Locust Grove, he was yet compelled, in the interests of his approaching legal contests, to consult with his lawyers in New York and Washington, and it was while in the latter city that he received a letter from Colonel Tal. P. Shaffner, one of the most energetic of the telegraph pioneers, and a devoted, if sometimes injudicious, friend. It was he who, more than any one else, was responsible for the publication of Morse's "Defense" against Professor Henry.

The letter was written from Louisville on January 9, 1848, and contains the following sentences: "We are going ahead with the line to New Orleans. I have twenty-five hands on the road to Nashville, and will put on more next week. I have ten on the road to Frankfort, and my associate has gangs at other parts. O'Reilly has fifteen hands on the Nashville route and I confidently expect a few fights. My men are well armed and I think they can do their duty. I shall be with them when the parties get together, and, if anything does occur, the use of Dupont's best will be appreciated by me. This is to be lamented, but, if it comes, we shall not back out."

Deeply exercised, Morse answers him post-haste: "It gives me real pain to learn that there is any prospect of physical collision between the O'Reilly party and ours, and I trust that this may arrive in time to prevent any movement of those friendly to me which shall provoke so sad a result. I emphatically say that, if *the law* cannot protect me and my rights in your region, I

shall never sanction the appeal to force to sustain myself, however conscious of being in the right. I infinitely prefer to suffer still more from the gross injustice of unprincipled men than to gain my rights by a single illegal step. . . . I hope you will do all in your power to prevent collision. If the parties meet in putting up posts or wires, let our opponents have their way unmolested. I have no patent for putting up posts or wires. They as well as we have a right to put them up. It is the use made of them afterwards which may require legal adjustment. The men employed by each party are not to blame. Let no ill-feeling be fomented between the two, no rivalry but that of doing their work the best; let friendly feeling as between them be cherished, and teach them to refer all disputes to the principals. I wish no one to fight for me physically. He may 'speak daggers but use none.' However much I might appreciate his friendship and his motive, it would give me the deepest sorrow if I should learn that a single individual, friend or foe, has been injured in life or limb by any professing friendship for me."

He was reassured by the following from Colonel Shaffner: —

"*January 27.* Your favor of the 21st was received yesterday. I was sorry that you allowed your feelings to be so much aroused in the case of contemplated difficulties between our hands and those of O'Reilly. They held out the threats that we should not pass them, and we were determined to do it. I had them notified that we were prepared to meet them under any circumstances. We were prepared to have a real 'hug,' but, when our hands overtook them, they only 'yelled' a

little and mine followed, and for fifteen miles they were side by side, and when a man finished his hole, he ran with all his might to get ahead. But finally, on the 24th, we passed them about eighty miles from here, and now we are about twenty-five miles ahead of them without the loss of a drop of blood, and we shall be able to beat them to Nashville, if we can get the wire in time, which is doubtful."

There were many such stirring incidents in the early history of the telegraph, and the half of them has not been told, thus leaving much material for the future historian.

But, while so much that was exciting was taking place in the outside world, the cause of it all was turning his thoughts towards matters more domestic. On June 13, he writes to his brother: "Charles left me for Utica last evening, and Finley and I go this evening to be present at his marriage on Thursday the 15th."

It was at his son's wedding that he was again strongly attracted to his young second cousin (or, to be more exact, his first cousin once removed), the first cousin of his son's bride, and the result is announced to his brother in a letter of August 7: "Before your return I shall be again married. I leave to-morrow for Utica where cousin (second cousin) Sarah Elizabeth Griswold now is. On Thursday morning the 10th we shall (God willing) be married, and I shall immediately proceed to Louisville and Frankfort in Kentucky to be present at my first suit against O'Reilly, the pirate of my invention. It comes off on the 23d inst. So far as the justice of the case is concerned I am confident of final success,

but there are so many crooks in the law that I ought to be prepared for disappointment."

Continuing, he tells his brother that he has been secretly in love with his future wife for some years: "But, reflecting on it, I found I was in no situation to indulge in any plans of marrying. She had nothing, I had nothing, and the more I loved her the more I was determined to stifle my feelings without hinting to her anything of the matter, or letting her know that I was at all interested in her."

But now, with increasing wealth, the conditions were changed, and so they were married, and in their case it can with perfect truth be said, "They lived happy ever after," and failed by but a year of being able to celebrate their silver wedding. Soon a young family grew up around him, to whom he was always a patient and loving father. We his children undoubtedly gave him many an anxious moment, as children have a habit of doing, but through all his trials, domestic as well as extraneous, he was calm, wise, and judicious.

But now the first of the great lawsuits, which were to confirm Morse's patent rights or to throw his invention open to the world, was begun, and, with his young bride, he hastened to Frankfort to be present at the trial. To follow these suits through all their legal intricacies would make dry reading and consume reams of paper. Mr. Prime in a footnote remarks: "Mr. Henry O'Reilly has deposited in the Library of the New York Historical Society more than one hundred volumes containing a complete history of telegraphic litigation in the United States. These records are at all times accessible to any persons who wish to investigate



SARAH ELIZABETH GRISWOLD

Second wife of S. F. B. Morse

the claims and rights of individuals or companies. The *testimony* alone in the various suits fills several volumes, each as large as this."

It will, therefore, only be necessary to say that almost all of these suits, including the final one before the Supreme Court of the United States, were decided in Morse's favor. Every legal device was used against him; his claims and those of others were sifted to the uttermost, and then as now expert opinion was found to uphold both sides of the case. To quote Mr. Prime:

"The decision of the Supreme Court was unanimous on all the points involving the right of Professor Morse to the claim of being the original inventor of the Electro-Magnetic Recording Telegraph. A minority of the court went still further, and gave him the right to the motive power of magnetism as a means of operating machinery to imprint signals or to produce sounds for telegraphic purposes. The testimony of experts in science and art is not introduced because it was thoroughly weighed and sifted by intelligent and impartial men, whose judgment must be accepted as final and sufficient. The justice of the decision has never been impugned. Each succeeding year has confirmed it with accumulating evidence.

"One point was decided against the Morse patent, and it is worthy of being noticed that this decision, which denied to Morse the *exclusive* use of electro-magnetism for recording telegraphs, has never been of injury to his instrument, because no other inventor has devised an instrument to supersede his.

"The court decided that the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph was the sole and exclusive invention of Samuel

F. B. Morse. If others could make better instruments for the same purpose, they were at liberty to use electro-magnetism. Twenty years have elapsed since this decision was rendered; the Morse patent has expired by limitation of time, but it is still without a rival in any part of the world."

This was written in 1873, but I think that I am safe in saying that the same is true now after the lapse of forty more years. While, of course, there have been both elaboration and simplification, the basic principle of the universal telegraph of to-day is embodied in the drawings of the sketch-book of 1832, and it was the invention of Morse, and was entirely different from any form of telegraph devised by others.

I shall make but one quotation from the long opinion handed down by the Supreme Court and delivered by Chief Justice Taney: —

"Neither can the inquiries he made, nor the information or advice he received from men of science, in the course of his researches, impair his right to the character of an inventor. No invention can possibly be made, consisting of a combination of different elements of power, without a thorough knowledge of the properties of each of them, and the mode in which they operate on each other. And it can make no difference in this respect whether he derives his information from books, or from men skilled in the science. If it were otherwise, no patent in which a combination of different elements is used could ever be obtained. For no man ever made such an invention without having first obtained this information, unless it was discovered by some fortunate accident. And it is evident that such an invention as

the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph could never have been brought into action without it. For a very high degree of scientific knowledge, and the nicest skill in the mechanic arts, are combined in it, and were both necessary to bring it into successful operation. *And the fact that Morse sought and obtained the necessary information and counsel from the best sources, and acted upon it, neither impairs his rights as an inventor, nor detracts from his merits."*

The italics are mine, for it has over and over been claimed for everybody who had a part in the early history of the telegraph, either by hint, help, or discovery, that more credit should be given to him than to Morse himself — to Henry, to Gale, to Vail, to Doctor Page, and even to F. O. J. Smith. In fact Morse used often to say that some people thought he had no right to claim his invention because he had not discovered electricity, nor the copper from which his wires were made, nor the brass of his instruments, nor the glass of his insulators.

I shall make one other quotation from the opinion of Judge Kane and Judge Grier at one of the earlier trials, in Philadelphia, in 1851: —

"That he, Mr. Morse, was the first to devise and practise the art of recording language, at telegraphic distances, by the dynamic force of the electro-magnet, or, indeed, by any agency whatever, is, to our minds, plain upon all the evidence. It is unnecessary to review the testimony for the purpose of showing this. His application for a patent, in April, 1838, was preceded by a series of experiments, results, illustrations and proofs of final success, which leave no doubt whatever but that his great invention was consummated

before the early spring of 1837. There is no one person, whose invention has been spoken of by any witness, or referred to in any book as involving the principle of Mr. Morse's discovery, but must yield precedence of date to this. Neither Steinheil, nor Cooke and Wheatstone, nor Davy, nor Dyar, nor Henry, had at this time made a recording telegraph of any sort. The devices then known were merely *semaphores*, that spoke to the eye for a moment — bearing about the same relation to the great discovery before us as the Abbé Sicard's invention of a visual alphabet for the purposes of conversation bore to the art of printing with movable types. Mr. Dyar's had no recording apparatus, as he expressly tells us, and Professor Henry had contented himself with the abundant honors of his laboratory and lecture-rooms."

One case was decided against him, but this decision was afterwards overruled by the Supreme Court, so that it caused no lasting injury to his claims.

As decision after decision was rendered in his favor he received the news calmly, always attributing to Divine Providence every favor bestowed upon him. Letters of congratulation poured in on him from his friends, and, among others, the following from Alfred Vail must have aroused mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. It is dated September 21, 1848: —

I congratulate you in your success at Frankfort in arresting thus far that pirate O'Reilly. I have received many a hearty shake from our friends, congratulating me upon the glorious issue of the application for an injunction. The pirate dies hard, and well he may. It is his privilege to kick awhile in this last death struggle.

These pirates must be followed up and each in his turn nailed to the wall.

The Wash. & N.O. Co. is at last organized, and for the last three weeks we have received daily communications from N.O. Our prospects are flattering. And what do you think they have done with me? Superintendent of Washington & N.O. line all the way from Washington to Columbia at \$900!!!!

This game will not be played long. I have made up my mind to leave the Telegraph to take care of itself, since it cannot take care of me. I shall, in a few months, leave Washington for New Jersey, family, kit and all, and bid adieu to the subject of the Telegraph for some more profitable business. . . .

I have just finished a most beautiful register with a *pen lever key* and an expanding reel. Have orders for six of the same kind to be made at once; three for the south and three for the west.

I regret you could not, on your return from the west, have made us at least a flying visit with your charming lady. I am happy to learn that your cup of happiness is so full in the society of one who, I learn from Mr. K., is well calculated to cheer you and relieve the otherwise solitude of your life. . . . My kindest wishes for yourself and Mrs. Morse, and believe me to be, now as ever,

Yours, etc.,

ALFRED VAIL.

Mr. James D. Reid in an article in the "Electrical World," October 12, 1895, after quoting from this letter, adds: —

"The truth is Mr. Vail had no natural aptitude for executive work, and he had a temper somewhat variable and unhappy. He and I got along very well together until I determined to order my own instruments, his being too heavy and too difficult, as I thought, for an operator to handle while receiving. We had our instruments made by the same maker — Clark & Co., Philadelphia. Yet even that did not greatly separate us, and we were always friends. About some things his notions were very crude. It was under his guidance that David Brooks, Henry C. Hepburn and I, in 1845, undertook to insulate the line from Lancaster to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, by saturating bits of cotton cloth in beeswax and wrapping them round projecting arms. The bees enjoyed it greatly, but it spoiled our work.

"But I have no desire to criticize him. He seemed to me to have great opportunities which he did not use. He might have had, I thought, the register work of the country and secured a large business. But it went from him to others, and so he left the field."

This eventful year of 1848 closed with the great telegraph suits in full swing, but with the inventor calm under all his trials. In a letter, of December 18, to his brother Sidney, who had now returned to America, he says: "My affairs (Telegraphically) are only under a slight mist, hardly a cloud; I see through the mist already."

And in another part of this letter he says: "I may see you at the end of the week. If I can bring Sarah down with me, I will, to spend Christmas, but the weather may change and prevent. What weather! I am working on the lawn as if it were spring. You have no idea how lovely this spot is. Not a day passes that

I do not feel it. If I have trouble abroad, I have peace, and love, and happiness at home. My sweet wife I find, indeed, a rich treasure. Uniformly cheerful and most affectionate, she makes sunshine all the day. God's gifts are worthy of the giver."

It was in the early days of 1849 that a gift of another kind was received by him which could not fail to gratify him. This was a decoration, the "Nichan Iftikar" or "Order of Glory," presented to him by the Sultan of Turkey, the first and only decoration which the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire had conferred upon a citizen of the United States. It was a beautiful specimen of the jeweller's art, the monogram of the Sultan in gold, surrounded by 130 diamonds in a graceful design. It was accompanied by a diploma (or *berait*) in Turkish, which being translated reads: —

IN THE NAME OF HIM
SULTAN ABDUL HAMID KHAN

Son of Mahmoud Khan, son of Abdul Hamid Khan — may he ever be victorious!

The object of the present sovereign decoration of Noble Exalted Glory, of Elevated Place, and of this Illustrious World Conquering Monogram is as follows:

The bearer of this Imperial Monogram of exalted character, Mr. Morse, an American, a man of science and of talents, and who is a model of the Chiefs of the nation of the Messiah — may his grade be increased — having invented an Electrical Telegraph, a specimen of which has been exhibited in my Imperial presence; and it being proper to patronize knowledge and to express my sense of the value of the attainments of the

Inventor, as well as to distinguish those persons who are the Inventors of such objects as serve to extend and facilitate the relations of mankind, I have conferred upon him, on my exalted part, an honorable decoration in diamonds, and issued also this present diploma, as a token of my benevolence for him.

Written in the middle of the moon Sefer, the fortunate, the year of the Flight one thousand two hundred and sixty-four, in Constantinople the well-guarded.

The person who was instrumental in gaining for the inventor this mark of recognition from the Sultan was Dr. James Lawrence Smith, a young geologist at that time in the employ of the Sultan. He, aided by the Reverend C. Hamlin, of the Armenian Seminary at Bebek, gave an exhibition of the working of the telegraph before the Sultan and all the officers of his Government, and when it was proposed to decorate him for his trouble and lucid explanation, he modestly and generously disclaimed any honor, and begged that any such recognition should be given to the inventor himself. Other decorations and degrees were bestowed upon the inventor from time to time, but these will be summarized in a future chapter. I have enlarged upon this one as being the first to be received from a foreign monarch.

As his fame increased, requests of all sorts poured in on him, and it is amazing to find how courteously he answered even the most fantastic, overwhelmed as he was by his duties in connection with the attacks on his purse and his reputation. Two of his answers to correspondents are here given as examples: —

January 17, 1849.

GENTLEMEN, — I have received your polite invitation to the Printers' Festival in honor of Franklin, on his birthday the 17th of the present month, and regret that my engagements in the city put it out of my power to be present.

I thank you kindly for the flattering notice you are pleased to take of me in connection with the telegraph, and made peculiarly grateful at the present time as coming from a class of society with whom are my earliest pleasurable associations. I may be allowed, perhaps, to say that in my boyhood it was my delight, during my vacations, to seek my pastime in the operations of the printing-office. I solicited of my father to take the corrected proofs of his Geography to the printing-office, and there, through the day for weeks, I made myself practically acquainted with all the operations of the printer. At 9 years of age I compiled a small volume of stories, called it the 'Youth's Friend,' and then set it up, locked the matter in its form, prepared the paper and worked it off; going through the entire process till it was ready for the binder. I think I have some claim, therefore, to belong to the fraternity.

The other letter was in answer to one from a certain Solomon Andrews, President of the Inventors' Institute of Perth Amboy, who was making experiments in aviation, and I shall give but a few extracts: —

"I know by experience the language of the world in regard to an untried invention. He who will accomplish anything useful and new must steel himself against the

sneers of the ignorant, and often against the unimaginative sophistries of the learned. . . .

“In regard to the subject on which you desire an opinion, I will say that the *idea* of navigating the air has been a favorite one with the inventive in all ages; it is naturally suggested by the flight of a bird. I have watched for hours together in early life, in my walks across the bridge from Boston to Charlestown, the motions of the sea-gulls. . . . Often have I attempted to unravel the mystery of their motion so as to bring the principle of it to bear upon this very subject, but I never experimented upon it. Many ingenious men, however, have experimented on air navigation, and have so far succeeded as to travel in the air many miles, but always with the current of wind in their favor. By *navigating* the atmosphere is meant something more than dropping down with the tide in a boat, without sails, or oars or other means of propulsion. . . . Birds not only rise in the air, but they can also propel themselves against the ordinary currents. A study, then, of the conditions that enable a bird thus to defy the ordinary currents of the atmosphere seems to furnish the most likely mode of solving the problem. Whilst a bird flies, whilst I see a mass of matter overcoming, by its structure and a power within it, the natural forces of gravitation and a current of air, I dare not say that air navigation is absurd or impossible.

“I consider the difficulties to be overcome are the combining of strength with lightness in the machine sufficient to allow of the exercise of a force without the machine from a source of power within. A difficulty will occur in the right adaptation of propellers, and,

should this difficulty be overcome, the risks of derangement of the machinery from the necessary lightness of its parts would be great, and consequently the risks to life would be greater than in any other mode of travelling. From a wreck at sea or on shore a man may be rescued with his life, and so by the running off the track by the railroad car, the majority of passengers will be saved; but from a fall some thousands, or only hundreds, of feet through the air, not one would escape death. . . .

"I have no time to add more than my best wishes for the success of those who are struggling with these difficulties."

These observations, made nearly sixty-five years ago, are most pertinent to present-day conditions, when the conquest of the air has been accomplished, and along the very lines suggested by Morse, but at what a terrible cost in human life.

That the inventor, harassed on all sides by pirates, unscrupulous men, and false friends, should, in spite of his Christian philosophy, have suffered from occasional fits of despondency, is but natural, and he must have given vent to his feelings in a letter to his true friend and able business agent, Mr. Kendall, for the latter thus strives to hearten him in a letter of April 20, 1849: —

"You say, 'Mrs. Morse and Elizabeth are both sitting by me.' How is it possible, in the midst of so much that is charming and lovely, that you *could* sink into the gloomy spirit which your letter indicates? Can there be a Paradise without Devils in it — Blue Devils, I mean? And how is it that now, instead of addressing themselves first to the woman, they march boldly up to the man?"

“Faith in our Maker is a most important Christian virtue, but man has no right to rely on Faith alone until he has exhausted his own power. When we have done all we can with pure hands and honest hearts, then may we rely with confidence on the aid of Him who governs worlds and atoms, controls, when He chooses, the will of man, restrains his passions and makes his bad designs subservient to the best of ends.

“Now for a short application of a short sermon. We must do our best to have the Depositions and Affidavits prepared and forwarded in due time. This done we may have *Faith* that we will gain our cause. Or, if with our utmost exertions, we fail in our preparations, we shall be warranted in having Faith that no harm will come of it.

“But if, like the Jews in the Maccabees, we rely upon the Lord to fight our battles, without lifting a weapon in our defence, or, like the wagoner in the fable, we content ourselves with calling on Hercules, we shall find in the end that ‘Faith without Works is dead.’ . . . The world, as you say, is ‘*the world*’ — a quarrelling, vicious, fighting, plundering world — yet it is a very good world for good men. Why should man torment himself about that which he cannot help? If we but enjoy the good things of earth and endure the evil things with a cheerful resignation, bad spirits — blue devils and all — will fly from our bosoms to their appropriate abode.”

Another true and loyal friend was George Wood, associated with Mr. Kendall in Washington, from whom are many affectionate and witty letters which it would be a pleasure to reproduce, but for the present

I shall content myself with extracts from one dated May 4, 1849: —

“It does seem to me that Satan has, from the jump, been at war with this invention of yours. At first he strove to cover you up with a F.O.G. of Egyptian hue; then he ran your wires through leaden pipe, constructed by his ‘pipe-laying’ agents, into the ground and ‘all aground.’ And when these were hoisted up, like the Brazen Serpent, on poles for all to gaze at and admire, then who so devout a worshipper as the Devil in the person of one of his children of darkness, who came forward at once to contract for a line reaching to St. Louis — *and round the world* — upon that principle of the true construction of *constitutions*, and such like *contracts*, first promulgated by that ‘Old Roman’ the ‘Hero of two Wars,’ and approved by the ‘whole hog’ Democracy of the ‘first republic of the world,’ and which, like the moral law is summarily comprehended in a few words — ‘The constitution (or contract) is what I understand it to be.’

“Now without stopping to show you that O’Reilly was a true disciple of O’Hickory, I think you will not question his being a son of Satan, whose brazen instruments (one of whom gave his first born the name of Morse) instigated by the Gent in Black, not content with inflicting us with the Irish Potato Rot, has recently brought over the Scotch Itch, if, perhaps, by plagues Job was never called upon to suffer (for there were no Courts of Equity and Chancery in those early days) the American inventor might be tempted to curse God and die. But, Ah! you have such a sweet wife, and Job’s was such a vinegar cruet.”

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to explain that F. O. J. Smith was nicknamed "Fog" Smith, and that the "Scotch Itch" referred to the telegraph of Alexander Bain, which, for a time, was used by the enemies of Morse in the effort to break down his patent rights. The other allusions were to the politics of the day.

Another good friend and business associate was Thomas R. Walker, who in 1849 was mayor of Utica, New York. Mr. Walker's wife was the half-sister of Mrs. Griswold, Morse's mother-in-law, so there were ties of relationship as well as of friendship between the two men, and Morse thought so highly of Mr. Walker that he made him one of the executors of his will.

In a letter of July 11, 1849, Mr. Walker says: "The course pursued by the press is simply mercenary. Were it otherwise you would receive justice at their hands, and your fame and merits would be vindicated instead of being tarnished by the editorials of selfish and ungenerous men. But — '*magna est veritas et prevalebit.*' There is comfort in that at any rate."

It would seem that not only was the inventor forced to uphold his rights through a long series of lawsuits, but a great part of the press of the country was hostile to him on the specious plea that they were attempting to overthrow a baleful monopoly. In this connection the following extract from a letter to J. Fenimore Cooper, written about this time, is peculiarly apt: —

"It is not because I have not thought of you and your excellent family that I have not long since written to you to know your personal welfare. I hear of you often, it is true, through the papers. They praise you, as usual, for it is praise to have the abuse of such as

abuse you. In all your libel suits against these degraded wretches I sympathize entirely with you, and there are thousands who now thank you in their hearts for the moral courage you display in bringing these licentious scamps to a knowledge of their duty. Be assured the good sense, the intelligence, the right feeling of the community at large are with you. The licentiousness of the press needed the rebuke which you have given it, and it feels it too despite its awkward attempts to brave it out.

“I will say nothing of your ‘Home as Found.’ I will use the frankness to say that I wish you had not written it. . . . When in Paris last I several times passed 59 Rue St. Dominique. The gate stood invitingly open and I looked in, but did not see my old friends although everything else was present. I felt as one might suppose another to feel on rising from his grave after a lapse of a century.”

An attack from another and an old quarter is referred to in a letter to his brother Sidney of July 10, also another instance of the unfairness of the press: —

“Dr. Jackson had the audacity to appear at Louisville by *affidavit* against me. My *counter-affidavit*, with his original letters, contradicting *in toto* his statement, put him *hors de combat*. Mr. Kendall says he was ‘completely used up.’ . . . I have got a copy of Jackson’s affidavit which I should like to show you. There never was a more finished specimen of wholesale lying than is contained in it. He is certainly a monomaniac; no other conclusion could save him from an indictment for perjury.

“By the Frankfort paper sent you last week, and the

extract I now send you, you can give a very effective shot to the 'Tribune.' It is, perhaps, worthy of remark that, while all the papers in New York were so forward in publishing a *false* account of O'Reilly's success in the Frankfort case, not one that I have seen has noticed the decision just given at Louisville *against* him in every particular. This shows the animus of the press towards me. Nor have they taken any pains to correct the false account given of the previous decision."

Although no longer President of the National Academy of Design, having refused reelection in 1845 in order to devote his whole time to the telegraph, Morse still took a deep interest in its welfare, and his counsel was sought by its active members. On October 13, 1849, Mr. Charles C. Ingham sent him a long letter detailing the trials and triumphs of the institution, from which I shall quote a few sentences: "'Lang syne,' when you fought the good fight for the cause of Art, your prospects in life were not brighter than they are now, and in bodily and mental vigor you are just the same, therefore do not, at this most critical moment, desert the cause. It is the same and our enemies are the same old insolent quacks and impostors, who wish to make a footstool of the profession on which to stand and show themselves to the public. . . . Now, with this prospect before you, rouse up a little of your old enthusiasm, put your shoulder to the wheel, and place the only school of Art on all this side of the world on a firm foundation."

Unfortunately the answer to this letter is not in my possession, but we may be sure that it came from the heart, while it must have expressed the writer's deep

regret that the multiplicity of his other cares would prevent him from undertaking what would have been to him a labor of love.

Although Alfred Vail had severed his active connection with the telegraph, he and his brother George still owned stock in the various lines, and Morse did all in his power to safeguard and further their interests. They, on their part, were always zealous in championing the rights of the inventor, as the following letter from George Vail, dated December 19, 1849, will show: —

“Enclosed I hand you a paragraph cut from the ‘Newark Daily’ of 17th inst. It was evidently drawn out by a letter which I addressed to the editor some months ago, stating that I could not see what consistency there was in his course; that, while he was assuming the championship of American manufactures, ingenuity, enterprise, etc., etc., he was at the same time holding up an English inventor to praise, while he held all the better claims of Morse in the dark, — alluding to his bespattering Mr. Bain and O’Reilly with compliments at our expense, etc.

“I would now suggest that, if you are willing, we give *Mr. Daily* a temperate article on the rise and progress of telegraphs, asserting claims for yourself, and, as I must father the article, give the Vails and New Jersey all the ‘sodder’ they are entitled to, and a little more, if you can spare it.

“Will you write something adapted to the case and forward it to me as early as possible, that it may go in on the heels of this paragraph enclosed?”

F. O. J. Smith continued to embarrass and thwart the other proprietors by his various wild schemes for

self-aggrandizement. As Mr. Kendall said in a letter of August 4: "There is much *Fog* in Smith's letter, but it is nothing else."

And on December 4, he writes in a more serious vein: "Mr. Smith peremptorily refuses an arbitration which shall embrace a separation of all our interests, and I think it inexpedient to have any other. He is so utterly unprincipled and selfish that we can expect nothing but renewed impositions as long as we have any connection with him. He asks me to make a proposition to buy or sell, which I have delayed doing, because I know that nothing good can come of it; but I have informed him that I will consider any proposition he may make, if not too absurd to deserve it. I do not expect any that we can accede to without sacrifices to this worse than patent pirate which I am not prepared to make."

Mr. Kendall then concludes that the only recourse will be to the law, but Morse, always averse to war, and preferring to exhaust every effort to bring about an amicable adjustment of difficulties, sent the following courteous letter to Smith on December 8, which, however, failed of the desired result: —

"I deeply regret to learn from my agent, Mr. Kendall, that an unpleasant collision is likely to take place between your interest in the Telegraph and the rest of your coproprietors in the patent. I had hoped that an amicable arbitrament might arrange all our mutual interests to our mutual advantage and satisfaction; but I learn that his proposition to that effect has been rejected by you.

"You must be aware that the rest of your copro-

prietors have been great sufferers in their property, for some time past, from the frequent disagreements between their agent and yourself, and that, for the sake of peace, they have endured much and long. It is impossible for me to say where the fault lies, for, from the very fact that I put my affairs into the hands of an agent to manage for me, it is evident I cannot have that minute, full and clear view of the matters at issue between him and yourself that he has, or, under other circumstances, that I might have. But this I can see, that mutual disadvantage must be the consequence of litigation between us, and this we both ought to be desirous to avoid.

“Between fair-minded men I cannot see why there should be a difference, or at least such a difference as cannot be adjusted by uninterested parties chosen to settle it by each of the disagreeing parties.

“I write this in the hope that, on second thought, you will meet my agent Mr. Kendall in the mode of arbitration proposed. I have repeatedly advised my agent to refrain from extreme measures until none others are left us; and if such are now deemed by him necessary to secure a large amount of our property, hazarded by perpetual delays, while I shall most sincerely regret the necessity, there are interests which I am bound to protect, connected with the secure possession of what is rightfully mine, which will compel me to oppose no further obstacle to his proceeding to obtain my due, in such manner as, in his judgment, he may deem best.”

CHAPTER XXXIV

MARCH 5, 1850—NOVEMBER 10, 1854

Precarious financial condition. — Regret at not being able to make loan. — False impression of great wealth. — Fears he may have to sell home. — F. O. J. Smith continues to give trouble. — Morse system extending throughout the world. — Death of Fenimore Cooper. — Subscriptions to charities, etc. — First use of word "Telegram." — Mysterious fire in Supreme Court clerk's room. — Letter of Commodore Perry. — Disinclination to antagonize Henry. — Temporary triumph of F. O. J. Smith. — Order gradually emerging. — Expenses of the law. — Triumph in Australia. — Gift to Yale College. — Supreme Court decision and extension of patent. — Social diversions in Washington. — Letters of George Wood and P. H. Watson on extension of patent. — Loyalty to Mr. Kendall; also to Alfred Vail. — Decides to publish "Defense." — Controversy with Bishop Spaulding. — Creed on Slavery. — Political views. — Defeated for Congress.

WHILE I have anticipated in giving the results of the various lawsuits, it must be borne in mind that these dragged along for years, and that the final decision of the Supreme Court was not handed down until January 30, 1854. During all this time the inventor was kept in suspense as to the final outcome, and often the future looked very dark indeed, and he was hard pressed to provide for the present.

On March 5, 1850, he writes to a friend who had requested a loan of a few hundred dollars: —

"It truly pains me to be obliged to tell you of my inability to make you a loan, however small in amount or amply secured. In the present embarrassed state of my affairs, consequent upon these never-ending and vexatious suits, I know not how soon all my property may be taken from me. The newspapers, among their other innumerable falsehoods, circulate one in regard to my 'enormous wealth.' The object is obvious. It is

to destroy any feeling of sympathy in the public mind from the gross robberies committed upon me. 'He is rich enough; he can afford to give something to the public from his extortionate monopoly,' etc., etc.

"Now no man likes to proclaim his poverty, for there is a sort of satisfaction to some minds in being esteemed rich, even if they are not. The evil of this is that from a rich man more is expected in the way of pecuniary favors (and justly too), and consequently applications of all kinds are daily, I might say for the last few months almost hourly, made to me, and the fabled wealth attributed to me, or to Cræsus, would not suffice to satisfy the requests made."

And, after stating that, of the 11,607 miles of telegraph at that time in operation, only one company of 509 miles was then paying a dividend, he adds: "If this fails I have nothing. On this I solely depend, for I have now no profession, and at my age, with impaired eyesight, I cannot resume it.

"I have indeed a farm out of which a farmer might obtain his living, but to me it is a source of expense, and I have not actually, though you may think it strange, the means to make my family comfortable."

In a letter to Mr. Kendall of January 4, 1851, he enlarges on this subject: —

"I have been taking in sail for some time past to prepare for the storm which has so long continued and still threatens destruction, but with every economy my family must suffer for the want of many comforts which the low state of my means prevents me from procuring. I contrived to get through the last month without incurring debt, but I see no prospect now of being able

to do so the present month. . . . I wish much to know, and, indeed, it is indispensably necessary I should be informed of the precise condition of things; for, if my property is but *nominal* in the stocks of the companies, and is to be soon rendered valueless from the operations of pirates, I desire to know it, that I may sell my home and seek another of less pretension, one of humbler character and suited to my change of circumstances. It will, indeed, be like cutting off a right hand to leave my country home, but, if I cannot retain it without incurring debt, it must go, and before debt is incurred and not after. I have made it a rule from my childhood to live always within my means, to have no debts; for if there is a terror which would unman me more than any other in this world, it is the sight of a man to whom I owed money, however inconsiderable in amount, without my being in a condition to pay him. On this point I am nervously sensitive, to a degree which some might think ridiculous. But so it is and I cannot help it. . . .

“Please tell me how matters stand in relation to F. O. G. I wish nothing short of entire separation from that unprincipled man if it can possibly be accomplished. . . . I can suffer his frauds upon myself with comparative forbearance, but my indignation boils when I am made, *nolens volens*, a *particeps criminis* in his frauds on others. I will not endure it if I must suffer the loss of all the property I hold in the world.”

The beloved country place was not sacrificed, and a way out of all his difficulties was found, but his faith and Christian forbearance were severely tested before his path was smoothed. Among all his trials none was so hard to bear as the conduct of F. O. J. Smith, whose

strange tergiversations were almost inconceivable. Like the old man of the sea, he could not be shaken off, much as Morse and his partners desired to part company with him forever. The propositions made by him were so absurd that they could not for a moment be seriously considered, and the reasonable terms submitted by Mr. Kendall were unconditionally rejected by him. It will be necessary to refer to him and his strange conduct from time to time, but to go into the matter in detail would consume too much valuable space. It seems only right, however, to emphasize the fact that his animosity and unscrupulous self-seeking constituted the greatest cross which Morse was called upon to bear, even to the end of his life, and that many of the aspersions which have been cast upon the inventor's fame and good name, before and after his death, can be traced to the fertile brain of this same F. O. J. Smith.

While the inventor was fighting for his rights in his own country, his invention, by the sheer force of its superiority, was gradually displacing all other systems abroad. Even in England it was superseding the Cooke and Wheatstone needle telegraph, and on the Continent it had been adopted by Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, Hanover, and Turkey. It is worthy of note that that broad-minded scientist, Professor Steinheil, of Bavaria, who had himself invented an ingenious plan of telegraph when he was made acquainted with the Morse system, at once acknowledged its superiority and urged its adoption by the Bavarian Government. In France, too, it was making its way, and Morse, in answer to a letter of inquiry as to terms, etc., by M. Brequet, thus

characteristically avows his motives, after finishing the business part of the letter, which is dated April 21, 1851: —

“To be frank with you, my dear sir (and I feel that I can be frank with you), while I am not indifferent to the pecuniary rewards of my invention (which will be amply satisfactory if my own countrymen will but do me justice), yet as these were not the stimulus to my efforts in perfecting and establishing my invention, so they now hold but a subordinate position when I attempt to comprehend the full results of the Telegraph upon the welfare of my fellow men. I am more solicitous to see its benefits extended world-wide during my lifetime than to turn the stream of wealth, which it is generating to millions of persons, into my own pocket. A few drops from the sea, which may not be missed, will suffice for me.”

In the early days of 1852 death took from him one of his dearest friends, and the following letter, written in February, 1852, to Rufus Griswold, Esq., expresses his sentiments: —

“I sincerely regret that circumstances over which I have no control prevent my participation in the services commemorative of the character, literary and moral, of my lamented friend the late James Fenimore Cooper, Esq.

“I can scarcely yet realize that he is no longer with us, for the announcement of his death came upon me most unexpectedly. The pleasure of years of close intimacy with Mr. Cooper was never for a moment clouded by the slightest coolness. We were in daily, I can truly say, almost hourly, intercourse in the year

1831 in Paris. I never met with a more sincere, warm-hearted, constant friend. No man came nearer to the ideal I had formed of a truly high-minded man. If he was at times severe or caustic in his remarks on others, it was when excited by the exhibition of the little arts of little minds. His own frank; open, generous nature instinctively recoiled from contact with them. His liberalities, obedient to his generous sympathies, were scarcely bounded by prudence; he was always ready to help a friend, and many such there are who will learn of his departure with the most poignant sorrow. Although unable to be with you, I trust the Committee will not overlook me when they are collecting the funds for the monument to his genius."

It might have been said of Morse, too, that "his liberalities were scarcely bounded by prudence," for he gave away or lost through investments, urged upon him by men whom he regarded as friends but who were actuated by selfish motives, much more than he retained. He gave largely to the various religious organizations and charities in which he was interested, and it was characteristic of him that he could not wait until he had the actual cash in hand, but, even while his own future was uncertain, he made donations of large blocks of stocks, which, while of problematical value while the litigation was proceeding, eventually rose to much above par.

While he strove to keep his charities secret, they were bruited abroad, much to his sorrow, for, although at the time he was hard pressed to make both ends meet, they created a false impression of great wealth, and the importunities increased in volume.

It is always interesting to note the genesis of familiar words, and the following is written in pencil by Morse on a little slip of paper: —

“*Telegram* was first proposed by the Albany ‘Evening Journal,’ April 6, 1852, and has been universally adopted as a legitimate word into the English language.”

On April 21, 1852, Mr. Kendall reports a mysterious occurrence: —

“Our case in the Supreme Court will very certainly be reached by the middle of next week. A most singular incident has occurred. The papers brought up from the court below, not entered in the records, were on a table in the clerk’s room. There was no fire in the room. One of the clerks after dark lighted a lamp, looked up some papers, blew out the lamp and locked the door. Some time afterwards, wishing to obtain a book, he entered the room without a light and got the book in the dark. In the morning our papers were burnt up, and *nothing else*.

“The papers burnt are all the drawings, all the books filed, Dana’s lectures, Chester’s pamphlet, your sketch-book (if the original was there), your bag of type, etc., etc. But we shall replace them as far as possible and go on with the case. *Was* your original sketch-book there? If so, has any copy been taken?”

The original sketch-book was in this collection of papers so mysteriously destroyed, but most fortunately a certified copy had been made, and this is now in the National Museum in Washington. Also, most fortunately, this effort on the part of some enemy to undermine the foundations of the case proved abortive, if, indeed, it was not a boomerang, for, as we have seen, the decision of the Supreme Court was in Morse’s favor.

LETTER OF COMMODORE PERRY 317

In the year 1852, Commodore Perry sailed on his memorable trip to Japan, which, as is well known, opened that wonderful country to the outside world and started it on its upward path towards its present powerful position among the nations. The following letter from Commodore Perry, dated July 22, 1852, will, therefore, be found of unusual interest:—

I shall take with me, on my cruise to the East Indias, specimens of the most remarkable inventions of the age, among which stands preëminent your telegraph, and I write a line by Lieutenant Budd, United States Navy, not only to introduce him to your acquaintance, but to ask as a particular favour that you would give him some information and instruction as to the most practicable means of exhibiting the Telegraph, as well as a daguerreotype apparatus, which I am also authorized to purchase, also other articles connected with drawing.

I have directed Lieutenant Budd to visit Poughkeepsie in order to confer with you. He will have lists, furnished by Mr. Norton and a daguerreotype artist, which I shall not act upon until I learn the result of his consultation with you.

I hope you will pardon this intrusion upon your time. I feel almost assured, however, that you will take a lively interest in having your wonderful invention exhibited to a people so little known to the world, and there is no one better qualified than yourself to instruct Lieutenant Budd in the duties I have entrusted to his charge, and who will fully explain to you the object I have in view.

I leave this evening for Washington and should be much obliged if you would address me a line to that place.

Most truly and respectfully yours

M. C. PERRY.

It was about this time that the testimony of Professor Joseph Henry was being increasingly used by Morse's opponents to discredit him in the scientific world and to injure his cause in the courts. I shall, therefore, revert for a moment to the matter for the purpose of emphasizing Morse's reluctance to do or say anything against his erstwhile friend.

In a letter to H. J. Raymond, editor of the New York "Times," he requests space in that journal for a fair exposition of his side of the controversy in reply to an article attacking him. To this Mr. Raymond courteously replies on November 22, 1852: "The columns of the 'Times' are entirely at your service for the purpose you mention, or, indeed, for almost any other. The writer of the article you allude to was Dr. Bettner, of Philadelphia."

Morse answers on November 30: —

"I regret finding you absent; I wished to have had a few moments' conversation with you in relation to the allusion I made to Professor Henry. If possible I wish to avoid any course which might weaken the influence for good of such a man as Henry. I will forbear exposure to the last moment, and, in view of my duty as a Christian at least, I will give him an opportunity to explain to me in private. If he refuses, then I shall feel it my duty to show how unfairly he has conducted

himself in allowing his testimony to be used to my detriment.

"I write in haste, and will merely add that, to consummate these views, I shall for the present delay the article I had requested you to insert in your columns, and allow the various misrepresentations to remain yet a little longer unexposed, at the same time thanking you cordially for your courteous accordance of my request."

A slight set-back was encountered by Morse and his associates at this time by the denial of an injunction against F. O. J. Smith, and, in a letter to Mr. Kendall of December 4, the long-suffering inventor exclaims: —

"F. O. J. crows at the top of his voice, and I learned that he and his man Friday, Foss, had a regular spree in consequence, and that the latter was noticed in Broadway drunk and boisterously huzzaing for F. O. J. and cursing me and my telegraph.

"I read in my Bible: 'The triumph of the wicked is short.' This may have a practical application, in this case at any rate. I have full confidence in that Power that, for wise purposes, allows wickedness temporarily to triumph that His own designs of bringing good out of evil may be the more apparent."

Another of Morse's fixed principles in life is referred to in a letter to Judge E. Fitch Smith of February 4, 1853: "Yours of the 31st ulto. is this moment received. Your request has given me some trouble of spirit on this account, to wit: My father lost a large property, the earnings of his whole life of literary labor, by simply endorsing. My mother was ever after so affected by this fact that it was the constant theme of her disap-

probation, and on her deathbed I gave her my promise, in accordance with her request, that *I never would endorse a note*. I have never done such a thing, and, of course, have never requested the endorsement of another. I cannot, therefore, in that mode accommodate you, but I can probably aid you as effectually in another way."

It will not be necessary to dwell at length on further happenings in the year 1853. Order was gradually emerging from chaos in the various lines of telegraph, which, under the wise guidance of Amos Kendall, were tending towards a consolidation into one great company. The decision of the Supreme Court had not yet been given, causing temporary embarrassment to the patentees by allowing the pirates to continue their depredations unchecked. F. O. J. Smith continued to give trouble. To quote from a letter of Morse's to Mr. Kendall of January 10, 1853: "The Good Book says that 'one sinner destroyeth much good,' and F. O. J. being (as will be admitted by all, perhaps, except himself) a sinner of that class bent upon destroying as much good as he can, I am desirous, even at much sacrifice (a desire, of course, *inter nos*) to get rid of controversy with him."

Further on in this letter, referring to another cause for anxiety, he says: "Law is expensive, and we must look it in the face and expect to pay roundly for it. . . . It is a delicate task to dispute a professional man's charges, and, though it may be an evil to find ourselves bled so freely by lawyers, it is, perhaps, the least of evils to submit to it as gracefully as we can."

But, while he could not escape the common lot of

man in having to bear many and severe trials, there were compensatory blessings which he appreciated to the full. His home life was happy and, in the main, serene; his farm was a source of never-ending pleasure to him; he was honored at home and abroad by those whose opinion he most valued; and he was almost daily in receipt of the news of the extension of the "Morse system" throughout the world. Even from far-off Australia came the news of his triumph. A letter was sent to him, written from Melbourne on December 3, 1853, by a Mr. Samuel McGowan to a friend in New York, which contains the following gratifying intelligence:—

"Since the date of my last to you matters with me have undergone a material change. I have come off conqueror in my hard fought battle. The contract has been awarded to me in the faces of the representatives of Messrs. Wheatstone and Cooke, Brett and other telegraphic luminaries, much to their chagrin, as I afterwards ascertained; several of them, it appears, having been leagued together in order, as they stated, to thwart a speculating Yankee. However, matters were not so ordained, and I am as well satisfied. I hope they will all live to be the same."

In spite of his financial difficulties, caused by bad management of some of the lines in which he was interested, he could not resist the temptation to give liberally where his heart inclined him, and in a letter of January 9, 1854, to President Woolsey of Yale, he says:—

"Enclosed, therefore, you have my check for one thousand dollars, which please hand to the Treasurer of

the College as my subscription towards the fund which is being raised for the benefit of my dearly loved *Alma Mater*.

"I wish I could make it a larger sum, and, without promising what I may do at some future time, yet I will say that the prosperity of Yale College is so near my heart that, should my affairs (now embarrassed by litigations in self-defence yet undecided) assume a more prosperous aspect, I have it in mind to add something more to the sum now sent."

The year 1854 was memorable in the history of the telegraph because of two important events — the decision of the Supreme Court in Morse's favor, already referred to, and the extension of his patent for another period of seven years. The first established for all time his legal right to be called the "Inventor of the Telegraph," and the second enabled him to reap some adequate reward for his years of privation, of struggle, and of heroic faith. It was for a long time doubtful whether his application for an extension of his patent would be granted, and much of his time in the early part of 1854 was consumed in putting in proper form all the data necessary to substantiate his claim, and in visiting Washington to urge the justice of an extension. From that city he wrote often to his wife in Poughkeepsie, and I shall quote from some of these letters.

"*February 17.* I am at the National Hotel, which is now quite crowded, but I have an endurable room with furniture hardly endurable, for it is hard to find, in this hotel at least, a table or a bureau that can stand on its four proper legs, rocking and tetering like a gold-digger's washing-pan, unless the lame leg is propped up with an

old shoe, or a stray newspaper fifty times folded, or a magazine of due thickness (I am using 'Harper's Magazine' at this moment, which is somewhat a desecration, as it is too good to be trampled under foot, even the foot of a table), or a coal cinder, or a towel. Well, it is but for a moment and so let it pass.

"Where do you think I was last evening? Read the invitation on the enclosed card, which, although forbidden to be *transferable*, may without breach of honor be transferred to my other and better half. I felt no inclination to go, but, as no refusal would be accepted, I put on my best and at nine o'clock, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Shaffner (the latter of whom, by the by, is quite a pleasant and pretty woman, with a boy one year older than Arthur and about as mischievous) and Mr. and Mrs. John Kendall.

"I went to the ladies' parlor and was presented to the ladies, six in number, who did the honors (if that is the expression) of the evening. There was a great crowd, I think not less than three hundred people, and from all parts of the country — Senators and their wives, members of the House and their wives and daughters, and there was a great number of fine looking men and women. I was constantly introduced to a great many, who uniformly showered their compliments on your *modest* husband."

The card of invitation has been lost, but it was, perhaps, to a President's Reception, and the "great" crowd of three hundred would not tax the energies of the President's aides at the present day.

The next letter is written in a more serious vein: —
 "February 26. I am very busily engaged in the prep-

aration of my papers for an extension of my patents. This object is of vital importance to me; it is, in fact, the moment to reap the harvest of so many years of labor, and expense, and toil, and neglected would lose me the fruits of all. . . . F. O. J. Smith is here, the same ugly, fiendlike, dog-in-the-manger being he has ever been, the 'thorn in the flesh' which I pray to be able to support by the sufficient grace promised. It is difficult to know how to feel and act towards such a man, so unprincipled, so vengeful, so bent on injury, yet the command to bless those that curse, to pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us, to love our enemies, to forgive our enemies, is in full force, and I feel more anxious to comply with this injunction of our blessed Saviour than to have the thorn removed, however strongly this latter must be desired."

"*March 4.* You have little idea of the trouble and expense to which I am put in this 'extension' matter. . . . I shall have to pay *hundreds of dollars* more before I get through here, besides being harassed in all sorts of ways from now till the 20th of June next. If I get my extension then I may expect some respite, or, at least, opposition in another shape. I hope eventually to derive some benefit from the late decision, but the reckless and desperate character of my opponents may defeat all the good I expect from it. Such is the reward I have purchased for myself by my invention. . . .

"Mr. Wood is here also. He is the same firm, consistent and indefatigable friend as ever. I know not what I should do in the present crisis without him. I could not possibly put my accounts into proper shape without his aid, and he exerts himself for me as strongly

as if I were his brother. . . . Mr. Kendall has been ill almost all the time that I have been here, which has caused me much delay and consumption of time."

It was not until the latter part of June that the extension of his patents was granted, and his good friend, alluded to in the preceding letter, Mr. George Wood, tells, in a letter of June 21st, something of the narrow escape it had: —

"Your Patent Extension is another instance of God's wonder working Providence towards you as expressed in the history of this great discovery. Of that history, of all the various shapes and incidents you may never know, not having been on the spot to watch all its moments of peril, and the way in which, like many a good Christian, it was 'scarcely saved.'

"In this you must see God's hand in giving you a man of remarkable skill, energy, talent, and power as your agent. I refer to P. H. Watson, to whom mainly and mostly, I think, this extension is due. God works by means, and, though he designed to do this for you, he selected the proper person and gave him the skill, perseverance and power to accomplish this result. I hope now you have got it you will make it do for you all it can accomplish pecuniarily. But as for the money, I don't think so much as I do the effect of this upon your reputation. This is the apex of the pyramid."

And Mr. Watson, in a letter of June 20, says: "We had many difficulties to contend with, even to-day, for at one time the Commissioner intended to withhold his decision for reasons which I shall explain at length when we meet. It seemed to give the Commissioner much pleasure to think that, in extending the patent,

he was doing an act of justice to you as a great public benefactor, and a somewhat unfortunate man of genius. Dr. Gale and myself had to assure him that the extension would legally inure to your benefit, and not to that of your agents and associates before he could reconcile it with his duty to the public to grant the extension."

Morse himself, in a letter to Mr. Kendall, also of June 20, thus characteristically expresses himself: —

"A memorable day. I never had my anxieties so tried as in this case of extension, and after weeks of suspense, this suspense was prolonged to the last moment of endurance. I have just returned with the intelligence from the telegraph office from Mr. Watson — 'Patent extended. All right.'

"Well, what is now to be done? I am for taking time by the forelock and placing ourselves above the contingencies of the next expiration of the patent. While keeping our vantage ground with the pirates I wish to meet them in a spirit of compromise and of magnanimity. I hope we may now be able to consolidate on advantageous terms."

It appears that at this time he was advised by many of his friends, including Dr. Gale, to sever his business connection with Mr. Kendall, both on account of the increasing feebleness of that gentleman, and because, while admittedly the soul of honor, Mr. Kendall had kept their joint accounts in a very careless and slipshod manner, thereby causing considerable financial loss to the inventor. But, true to his friends, as he always was, he replies to Dr. Gale on June 30: —

"Let me thank you specially personally for your solicitude for my interests. This I may say without dis-

paragement to Mr. Kendall, that, were the contract with an agent to be made anew, I might desire to have a younger and more healthy man, and better acquainted with regular book-keeping, but I could not desire a more upright and more honorable man. If he has committed errors, (as who has not?) they have been of the head and not of the heart. I have had many years experience of his conduct, think I have seen him under strong temptation to do injustice with prospects of personal benefit, and with little chance of detection, and yet firmly resisting."

Among the calumnies which were spread broadcast, both during the life of the inventor and after his death, even down to the present day, was the accusation of great ingratitude towards those who had helped him in his early struggles, and especially towards Alfred Vail. The more the true history of his connection with his associates is studied, the more baseless do these accusations appear, and in this connection the following extracts from letters to Alfred Vail and to his brother George are most illuminating. The first letter is dated July 15, 1854: —

"The legal title to my Patent for the American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph of June 20th, 1840, is, by the late extension of said patent for seven years from the said date, now vested in me alone; but I have intended that the pecuniary interest which was guaranteed to you in my invention as it existed in 1838, and in my patent of 1840, should still inure to your benefit (yet in a different shape) under the second patent and the late extension of the first.

"For the simplification of my business transactions

I prefer to let the Articles of Agreement, which expired on the 20th June, 1854, remain cancelled and not to renew them, retaining in my sole possession the *legal title*; but I hereby guarantee to you two sixteenths of such sums as may be paid over to me in the sale of patent rights, after the proportionate deductions of such necessary expenses as may be required in the business of the agency for conducting the sales of said patent rights, subject also to the terms of your agreement with Mr. Kendall.

“Mr. Kendall informs me that no assignment of an interest in my second patent (the patent of 1846) was ever made to you. This was news to me. I presumed it was done and that the assignment was duly recorded at the Patent Office. The examination of the records in the progress of obtaining my extension has, doubtless, led to the discovery of the omission.”

After going over much the same ground in the letter to George Vail, also of July 15th, he gives as one of the reasons why the new arrangement is better: “The annoyances of Smith are at an end, so far as the necessity of consulting him is concerned.”

And then he adds: —

“I presume it can be no matter of regret with Alfred that, by the position he now takes, strengthening our defensive position against the annoyances of Smith, he can receive *more pecuniarily* than he could before. Please consult with Mr. Kendall on the form of any agreement by which you and Alfred may be properly secured in the pecuniary benefits which you would have were he to stand in the same legal relation to the patent that he did before the expiration of its original

term, so as to give me the position in regard to Smith that I must take in self-defense, and I shall cheerfully accede to it.

“Poor Alfred, I regret to know, torments himself needlessly. I had hoped that I was sufficiently known to him to have his confidence. I have never had other than kind feelings towards him, and, while planning for his benefit and guarding his interests at great and almost ruinous expense to myself, I have had to contend with difficulties which his imprudence, arising from morbid suspicions, has often created. My wish has ever been to act towards him not merely justly but generously.”

In a letter to Mr. Kendall of July 17, 1854, Morse declares his intention of publishing that “Defense” which he had held in reserve for several years, hoping that the necessity for its publication might be avoided by a personal understanding with Professor Henry, which, however, that gentleman refused: —

“You will perceive what injury I have suffered from the machinations of the sordid pirates against whom I have had to contend, and it will also be noticed how history has been falsified in order to detract from me, and how the conduct of Henry, in his deposition, has tended to strengthen the ready prejudice of the English against the American claim to priority. An increasing necessity, on this account, arises for my ‘Defense,’ and so soon as I can get it into proper shape by revision, I intend to publish it.

“This I consider a duty I owe the country more than myself, for, so far as I am personally concerned, I am conscious of a position that History will give me when

the facts now suppressed by interested pirates and their abettors shall be known, which the verdict of posterity, no less than that of the judicial tribunals already given, is sure to award."

While involved in apparently endless litigation which necessitated much correspondence, and while the compilation and revision of his "Defense" must have consumed not only days but weeks and months, he yet found time to write a prodigious number of letters and newspaper articles on other subjects, especially on those relating to religion and politics. Although more tolerant as he grew older, he was still bitterly opposed to the methods of the Roman Catholic Church, and to the Jesuits in particular. He, in common with many other prominent men of his day, was fearful lest the Church of Rome, through her emissaries the Jesuits, should gain political ascendancy in this country and overthrow the liberty of the people. He took part in a long and heated newspaper controversy with Bishop Spaulding of Kentucky concerning the authenticity of a saying attributed to Lafayette — "If ever the liberty of the United States is destroyed it will be by Romish priests."

It was claimed by the Roman Catholics that this statement of Lafayette's was ingeniously extracted from a sentence in a letter of his to a friend in which he assures this friend that such a fear is groundless. Morse followed the matter up with the patience and keenness of a detective, and proved that no such letter had ever been written by Lafayette, that it was a clumsy forgery, but that he really had made use of the sentiment quoted above, not only to Morse himself, but to others of the greatest credibility who were still living.

In the field of politics he came near playing a more active part than that of a mere looker-on and humble voter, for in the fall of 1854 he was nominated for Congress on the Democratic ticket. It would be difficult and, perhaps, invidious to attempt to state exactly his political faith in those heated years which preceded the Civil War. In the light of future events he and his brothers and many other prominent men of the day were on the wrong side. He deprecated the war and did his best to prevent it.

"Sectional division" was abhorrent to him, but on the question of slavery his sympathies were rather with the South, for I find among his papers the following: —

"My creed on the subject of slavery is short. Slavery *per se* is not sin. It is a social condition ordained from the beginning of the world for the wisest purposes, benevolent and disciplinary, by Divine Wisdom. The mere holding of slaves, therefore, is a condition having *per se* nothing of moral character in it, any more than the being a parent, or employer, or ruler, but is moral or immoral as the duties of the relation of master, parent, employer or ruler are rightly used or abused. The subject in a national view belongs not, therefore, to the department of Morals, and is transferred to that of Politics to be politically regulated.

"The accidents of the relation of master and slave, like the accidents of other social relations, are to be praised or condemned as such individually and in accordance with the circumstances of every case, and, whether adjudged good or bad, do not affect the character of the relation itself."

On the subject of foreign immigration he was most

outspoken, and replying to an enquiry of one of his political friends concerning his attitude towards the so-called "Know Nothings," he says: —

"So far as I can gather from the public papers, the object of this society would seem to be to resist the aggression of foreign influence and its insidious and dangerous assaults upon all that Americans hold dear, politically and religiously. It appears to be to prevent injury to the Republic from the ill-timed and, I may say, unbecoming tamperings with the laws, and habits, and deeply sacred sentiments of Americans by those whose position, alike dictated by modesty and safety, to them as well as to us, is that of minors in training for American, not European, liberty.

"I have not, at this late day, to make up an opinion on this subject. My sentiments 'On the dangers to the free institutions of the United States from foreign immigration' are the same now that I have ever entertained, and these same have been promulgated from Maine to Louisiana for more than twenty years.

"This subject involves questions which, in my estimation, make all others insignificant in the comparison, for they affect all others. To the disturbing influence of foreign action in our midst upon the political and religious questions of the day may be attributed in a great degree the present disorganization in all parts of the land.

"So far as the Society you speak of is acting against this great evil it, of course, meets with my hearty concurrence. I am content to stand on the platform, in this regard, occupied by Washington in his warnings against foreign influence, by Lafayette, in his personal

conversation and instructions to me, and by Jefferson in his condemnation of the encouragement given, even in his day, to foreign immigration. If this Society has ulterior objects of which I know nothing, of these I can be expected to speak only when I know something."

As his opinions on important matters, political and religious, appear in the course of his correspondence, I shall make note of them. It is more than probable that, as he differed radically from his father and the other Federalists on the question of men and measures during the War of 1812, so I should have taken other ground than his had I been born and old enough to have opinions in the stirring *ante-bellum* days of the fifties. And yet, as hindsight makes our vision clearer than foresight, it is impossible to say definitely what our opinions would have been under other conditions, and there can, at any rate, be no question of the absolute sincerity of the man who, from his youth up, had placed the welfare of his beloved country above every other consideration except his duty to his God.

It would take a keen student of the political history of this country to determine how far the opinions and activities of those who were in opposition on questions of such prime importance as slavery, secession, and unrestricted immigration, served as a wholesome check on the radical views of those who finally gained the ascendancy. The aftermath of two of these questions is still with us, for the negro question is by no means a problem solved, and the subject of proper restrictions on foreign immigration is just now occupying the attention of our Solons.

That Morse should make enemies on account of the

outspoken stand he took on all these questions was to be expected, but I shall not attempt to sit in judgment, but shall simply give his views as they appear in his correspondence. At any rate he was not called upon to state and maintain his opinions in the halls of Congress, for, in a letter of November 10, 1854, to a friend, he says at the end: "I came near being in Congress at the late election, but had *not quite votes enough*, which is the usual cause of failure on such occasions."

CHAPTER XXXV

JANUARY 8, 1855—AUGUST 14, 1856

Payment of dividends delayed. — Concern for welfare of his country. — Indignation at corrupt proposal from California. — Kendall hampered by the Vails. — Proposition by capitalists to purchase patent rights. — Cyrus W. Field. — Newfoundland Electric Telegraph Company. — Suggestion of Atlantic Cable. — Hopes thereby to eliminate war. — Trip to Newfoundland. — Temporary failure. — F. O. J. Smith continues to give trouble. — Financial conditions improve. — Morse and his wife sail for Europe. — Fêted in London. — Experiments with Dr. Whitehouse. — Mr. Brett. — Dr. O'Shaughnessy and the telegraph in India. — Mr. Cooke. — Charles R. Leslie. — Paris. — Hamburg. — Copenhagen. — Presentation to king. — Thorwaldsen Museum. — Oersted's daughter. — St. Petersburg. — Presentation to Czar at Peterhoff.

I HAVE said in the preceding chapter that order was gradually emerging from chaos in telegraphic matters, but the progress towards that goal was indeed gradual, and a perusal of the voluminous correspondence between Morse and Kendall, and others connected with the different lines, leaves the reader in a state of confused bewilderment and wonder that all the conflicting interests, and plots and counterplots, could ever have been brought into even seeming harmony. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Kendall for the patience and skill with which he disentangled this apparently hopeless snarl, while at the same time battling against physical ills which would have caused most men to give up in despair. That Morse fully appreciated the sterling qualities of this faithful friend is evidenced by the letter to Dr. Gale in the preceding chapter, and by many others. He always refused to consider for a moment the substitution of a younger man on the plea of Mr. Kendall's

failing health, and his carelessness in the keeping of their personal accounts. It is true that, because of this laxity on Mr. Kendall's part, Morse was for a long time deprived of the full income to which he was entitled, but he never held this up against his friend, always making excuses for him.

Affairs seem to have been going from bad to worse in the matter of dividends, for, while in 1850 he had said that only 509 miles out of 1150 were paying him personally anything, he says in a letter to Mr. Kendall of January 8, 1855: —

“I perceive the Magnetic Telegraph Company meet in Washington on Thursday the 11th. Please inform me by telegraph the amount of dividend they declare and the time payable. This is the only source on which I can calculate for the means of subsistence from day to day with any degree of certainty.

“It is a singular reflection that occurs frequently to my mind that out of 40,000 miles of telegraph, all of which should pay me something, only 225 miles is all that I can depend upon with certainty; and the case is a little aggravated when I think that throughout all Europe, which is now meshed with telegraph wires from the southern point of Corsica to St. Petersburg, on which my telegraph is universally used, not a mile contributes to my support or has paid me a farthing.

“Well, it is all well. I am not in absolute want, for I have some credit, and painful as is the state of debt to me from the apprehension that creditors may suffer from my delay in paying them, yet I hope on.”

Mr. Kendall was not so sensitive on the subject of debt as was Morse, and he was also much more opti-

mistic and often rebuked his friend for his gloomy anticipations, assuring him that the clouds were not nearly so dark as they appeared.

Always imbued with a spirit of lofty patriotism, Morse never failed, even in the midst of overwhelming cares, to give voice to warnings which he considered necessary. Replying to an invitation to be present at a public dinner he writes: —

GENTLEMEN, — I have received your polite invitation to join with you in the celebration of the birthday of Washington. Although unable to be present in person, I shall still be with you in heart.

Every year, indeed every day, is demonstrating the necessity of our being wide awake to the insidious sapping of our institutions by foreign emissaries in the guise of friends, who, taking advantage of the very liberality and unparalleled national generosity which we have extended to them, are undermining the foundations of our political fabric, substituting (as far as they are able to effect their purpose) on the one hand a dark, cold and heartless atheism, or, on the other, a disgusting, puerile, degrading superstition in place of the God of our fathers and the glorious elevating religion of love preached by his Son.

The American mind, I trust, is now in earnest waking up, and no one more rejoices at the signs of the times than myself. Twenty years ago I hoped to have seen it awake, but, alas! it proved to be but a spasmodic yawn preparatory to another nap. If it shall now have waked in earnest, and with renewed strength shall gird itself to the battle which is assuredly before

it, I shall feel not a little in the spirit of good old Simeon — “Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”

Go forward, my friends, in your patriotic work, and may God bless you in your labors with eminent success.

It has been shown, I think, in the course of this work, that Morse, while long-suffering and patient under trials and afflictions, was by no means poor-spirited, but could fight and use forceful language when roused by acts of injustice towards himself, his country, or his sense of right. Nothing made him more righteously angry than dishonesty in whatever form it was manifested, and the following incident is characteristic.

On June 26, 1855, Mr. Kendall forwarded a letter which he had received from a certain Milton S. Latham, member of Congress from California, making a proposition to purchase the Morse patent rights for lines in California. In this letter occur the following sentences: “For the use of Professor Morse’s patent for the State of California in perpetuity, with the reservations named in yours of the 3d March, 1855, addressed to me, they are willing to give you \$30,000 in their stock. This is all they will do. It is proper I should state that the capital stock of the California State Telegraph in cash was \$75,000, which they raised to \$150,000, and subsequently to \$300,000. The surplus stock over the cash stock was used among members of the Legislature to procure the passage of the act incorporating the company, and securing for it certain privileges.”

Mr. Kendall in his letter enclosing this naïve business proposition, remarks: “It is an impressive com-

mentary on the principles which govern business in California that this company doubled their stock to bribe members of the State Legislature, and are now willing to add but ten per cent to be relieved from the position of patent pirates and placed henceforth on an honest footing."

Morse more impulsively exclaims in his reply: —

"Is it possible that there are men who hold up their heads in civilized society who can unblushingly take the position which the so-called California State Telegraph Company has deliberately taken?"

"Accept the proposition? Yes, I will accept it when I can consent to the housebreaker who has entered my house, packed up my silver and plated ware, and then coolly says to me — 'Allow me to take what I have packed up and I will select out that which is worthless and give it to you, after I have used it for a few years, provided any of it remain!'"

"A more unprincipled set of swindlers never existed. Who is this Mr. Latham that he could recommend our accepting such terms?"

In addition to the opposition of open enemies and unprincipled pirates, Morse and Kendall were sometimes hampered by the unjust suspicions of some of those whose interests they were striving to safeguard. Referring to one such case in a letter of June 15, 1855, Mr. Kendall says: —

"If there should be opposition I count on the Vails against me. Alfred has for some time been hostile because I could not if I would, and would not if I could, find him a snug sinecure in some of the companies. I fear George has in some degree given way to the same

spirit. I have heard of his complaining of me, and when, before my departure for the West, I tendered my services to negotiate a connection of himself and brother with the lessees of the N. O. & O. line, he declined my offer, protesting against the entire arrangements touching that line.

“Having done all I could and much more than I was bound to do for the benefit of those gentlemen, I shall not permit their jealousy to disturb me, but I am anxious to have them understand the exact position I am to occupy in relation to them. I understood your purpose to be that they should share in the benefits of the extension, whether legally entitled to them or not, yet nothing has been paid over to them for sales since made. All the receipts, except a portion of my commissions, have been paid out on account of expenses, and to secure an interest for you in the N. O. & O. line.”

It is easy to understand that the Vails should have been somewhat suspicious when little or nothing in the way of cash was coming in to them, but they seem not to have realized that Morse and Kendall were in the same boat, and living more on hope than cash. Mr. Kendall enlarges somewhat on this point in a letter of June 22, 1855: —

“Most heartily will I concur in a sale of all my interests in the Telegraph at any reasonable rate to such a company as you describe. I fully appreciate your reasons for desiring such a consummation, and, in addition to them, have others peculiar to my own position. Any one who has a valuable patent can profit by it only by a constant fight with some of the most profligate and, at the same time, most shrewd members of society.

I have found myself not only the agent of yourself and the Messrs. Vail to sell your patent rights, but the soldier to fight your battles, as well in the country as in the courts of justice. Almost single-handed, with the deadly enmity of one of the patentees, and the annoying jealousies of another, I have encountered surrounding hosts, and, I trust, been instrumental in saving something for the Proprietors of this great invention, and done something to maintain the rights and vindicate the fame of its true author. Nothing but your generous confidence has rendered my position tolerable, and enabled me to meet the countless difficulties with which my path has been beset with any degree of success. And now, at the end of a ten years' war, I am prepared to retire from the field and leave the future to other hands, if I can but see your interests secured beyond contingency, and a moderate competency provided for my family and myself."

The company referred to in this letter was one proposed by Cyrus W. Field and other capitalists of New York. The plan was to purchase the patent rights of Morse, Kendall, Vail, and F. O. J. Smith, and, by means of the large capital which would be at their command, fight the pirates who had infringed on the patent, and gradually unite the different warring companies into one harmonious concern. A monopoly, if you will, but a monopoly which had for its object better, cheaper, and quicker service to the people. This object was achieved in time, but, unfortunately for the peace of mind of Morse and Kendall, not just then.

The name of Cyrus Field naturally suggests the Atlantic Cable, and it was just at this time that steps were

being seriously taken to realize the prophecy made by Morse in 1843 in his letter to the Secretary of the Treasury: "The practical inference from this law is that a telegraphic communication on the electro-magnetic plan may with certainty be established across the Atlantic Ocean! Startling as this may now seem I am confident the time will come when this project will be realized."

In 1852 a company had been formed and incorporated by the Legislature of Newfoundland, called the "Newfoundland Electric Telegraph Company." The object of this company was to connect the island by means of a cable with the mainland, but this was not accomplished at that time, and no suggestion was made of the possibility of crossing the ocean. One of the officers of that company, however, Mr. F. N. Gisborne, came to New York in 1854 and tried to revive the interest of capitalists and engineers in the scheme. Among others he consulted Matthew D. Field, and through him met his brother Cyrus W. Field, and the question of a through line from Newfoundland to New York was seriously discussed. Cyrus Field, a man of great energy and already interested financially and otherwise in the terrestrial telegraph, was fascinated by the idea of stretching long lines under the waters also. He examined a globe, which was in his study at home and, suddenly realizing that Newfoundland and Ireland were comparatively near neighbors, he said to himself: "Why not cross the ocean and connect the New World with the Old?" He had heard that Morse long ago had prophesied that this link would some day be welded, and he became possessed with the idea that he was the

person to accomplish this marvel, just as Morse had received the inspiration of the telegraph in 1832.

A letter to Morse, who was just then in Washington, received an enthusiastic and encouraging reply, coupled with the information that Lieutenant Maury of the Navy had, by a series of careful soundings, established the existence of a plateau between Ireland and Newfoundland, at no very great depth, which seemed expressly designed by nature to receive and carefully guard a telegraphic cable. Mr. Field lost no time in organizing a company composed originally of himself, his brother the Honorable David Dudley Field, Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, and Chandler White. After a liberal charter had been secured from the legislature of Newfoundland the following names were added to the list of incorporators: S. F. B. Morse, Robert W. Lowber, Wilson G. Hunt, and John W. Brett. Mr. Field then went to England and with characteristic energy soon enlisted the interest and capital of influential men, and the Atlantic Telegraph Company was organized to coöperate with the American company, and liberal pledges of assistance from the British Government were secured. Similar pledges were obtained from the Congress of the United States, but, quite in line with former precedents, by a majority of only *one* in the Senate. Morse was appointed electrician of the American company and Faraday of the English company, and much technical correspondence followed between these two eminent scientists.

In the spring of 1855, Morse, in a letter to his friend and relative by marriage, Thomas R. Walker, of Utica, writes enthusiastically of the future: "Our *Atlantic line*

is in a fair way. We have the governments and capitalists of Europe zealously and warmly engaged to carry it through. *Three years* will not pass before a *submarine telegraph communication will be had with Europe*, and I do not despair of sitting in my office and, by a touch of the telegraph-key, asking a question simultaneously to persons in London, Paris, Cairo, Calcutta, and Canton, and getting the answer from all of them in *five minutes* after the question is asked. Does this seem strange? I presume if I had even suggested the thought some twenty years ago, I might have had a quiet residence in a big building in your vicinity."

The first part of this prophecy was actually realized, for in 1858, just three years after the date of this letter, communication was established between the two continents and was maintained for twenty days. Then it suddenly and mysteriously ceased, and not till 1866 was the indomitable perseverance of Cyrus Field crowned with permanent success.

More of the details of this stupendous undertaking will be told in the proper chronological order, but before leaving the letter to Mr. Walker, just quoted from, I wish to note that when Morse speaks of sitting in his office and communicating by a touch of the key with the outside world, he refers to the fact that the telegraph companies with which he was connected had obligingly run a short line from the main line (which at that time was erected along the highway from New York to Albany) into his office at Locust Grove, Poughkeepsie, so that he was literally in touch with every place of any importance in the United States.

↪ Always solicitous for the welfare of mankind in gen-

eral, he says in a letter to Norvin Green, in July, 1855, after discussing the proposed cable: "The effects of the Telegraph on the interests of the world, political, social and commercial have, as yet, scarcely begun to be apprehended, even by the most speculative minds. I trust that one of its effects will be to bind man to his fellow-man in such bonds of amity as to put an end to war. I think I can predict this effect as in a not distant future."

Alas! in this he did not prove himself a true prophet, although it must be conceded that many wars have been averted or shortened by means of the telegraph, and there are some who hope that a warless age is even now being conceived in the womb of time.

On July 18, 1855, he writes to his good friend Dr. Gale: "I have no time to add, as every moment is needed to prepare for my Newfoundland expedition, to be present at laying down the first submarine cable of *any considerable length* on this side the water, although the first for telegraph purposes, you well remember, we laid between Castle Garden and Governor's Island in 1842."

On the 7th of August, Morse, with his wife and their eldest son, a lad of six, joined a large company of friends on board the steamer James Adger which sailed for Newfoundland. There they were to meet the Sarah L. Bryant, from England, with the cable which was to be laid across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The main object of the trip was a failure, like so many of the first attempts in telegraphic communication, for a terrific storm compelled them to cut the cable and postpone the attempt, which, however, was successfully accomplished the next year.

The party seems to have had a delightful time otherwise, for they were fêted wherever they stopped, notably at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and St. Johns, Newfoundland. At the latter place a return banquet was given on board the *James Adger*, and the toastmaster, in calling on Morse for a speech, recited the following lines: —

“The steed called Lightning (say the Fates)
Was tamed in the United States.
’T was Franklin’s hand that caught the horse,
’T was harnessed by Professor Morse.”

To turn again for a moment to the darker side of the picture of those days, it must be kept in mind that annoying litigation was almost constant, and in the latter part of 1855 a decision had been rendered in favor of F. O. J. Smith, who insisted on sharing in the benefits of the extension of the patent, although, instead of doing anything to deserve it, he had done all in his power to thwart the other patentees. Commenting on this in a letter to Mr. Kendall of November 22, 1855, Morse, pathetically and yet philosophically, says: —

“Is there any mode of arrangement with Smith by which matters in partnership can be conducted with any degree of harmony? I wish him to have his legal rights in full, however unjustly awarded to him. I must suffer for my ignorance of legal technicalities. Mortifying as this is it is better, perhaps, to suffer it with a good grace and even with cheerfulness, if possible, rather than endure the wear and tear of the spirits which a brooding over the gross fraud occasions. An opportunity of setting ourselves right in regard to him may be not far off in the future. Till then let us stifle

‘at least all outward expressions of disgust or indignation at the legal swindle.’”

And, with the keen sense of justice which always actuated him, he adds in a postscript: “By the by, if Judge Curtis’s decision holds good in regard to Smith’s *inchoate* right, does it not equally hold good in regard to Vail, and is he not entitled to a proportionate right in the extension?”

During the early months of 1856 the financial affairs of the inventor had so far been straightened out that he felt at liberty to leave the country for a few months’ visit to Europe. The objects of this trip were threefold. He wished, as electrician of the Cable Company, to try some experiments over long lines with certain English scientists, with a view to determining beyond peradventure the practicability of an ocean telegraph. He also wished to visit the different countries on the continent where his telegraph was being used, to see whether their governments could not be induced to make him some pecuniary return for the use of his invention. Last, but not least, he felt that he had earned a short vacation from the hard work and the many trials to which he had been subjected for so many years, and a trip abroad with his wife, who had never been out of her own country, offered the best means of relaxation and enjoyment. On the 7th of June, 1856, he sailed from New York on the *Baltic*, accompanied by his wife and his niece Louisa, daughter of his brother Richard.

The trip proved a delightful one in every way; he was acclaimed as one of the most noted men of his day wherever he went, and emperors, kings, and scientists vied with each other in showering attentions upon him.

His letters contain minute descriptions of many of his experiences and I shall quote liberally from them.

To Cyrus Field he writes, on July 5, of the results of some of his experiments with Dr. Whitehouse: —

“I intended to have written you long before this and have you receive my letter previous to your departure from home, but every moment of my time has been occupied, as you can well conceive, since my arrival. I have especially been occupied in experiments with Dr. Whitehouse of the utmost importance. Their results, except in a general way, I am not at present at liberty to divulge; besides they are not, as yet, by any means completed so as to assure commercial men that they may enter upon the great project of uniting Europe to America with a certainty of success.”

And then, after dwelling upon the importance of Dr. Whitehouse's services, and expressing the wish that he should be liberally rewarded for his labors, he continues: —

“I can say on this subject generally that the experiments Dr. Whitehouse has made favorably affect the project so far as its *practicability* is concerned, but to certainly assure its *practicality* further experiments are essential. To enable Dr. Whitehouse to make these, and that he may derive the benefit of them, I conceive it to be a wise outlay to furnish him with adequate means for his purpose.

“I wish I had time to give you in detail the kind receptions I have everywhere met with. To Mr. Statham and his family in a special manner are we indebted for the most indefatigable and constant attentions. Were we relatives they could not have been more as-

siduous in doing everything to make our stay in London agreeable. To Mr. Brett also I am under great obligations. He has manifested (as have, indeed, all the gentlemen connected with the Telegraph here) the utmost liberality and the most ample concession to the excellence of my telegraphic system. I have been assured now from the *highest sources* that my system is not only the most practical for general use, but that it is fast becoming the *world's telegraph*."

His brother Sidney was at this time also in Europe with his wife and some other members of his family, and the brothers occasionally met in their wanderings to and fro. Finley writes to Sidney from Fenton's Hotel, London, on July 1: —

"Yours from Edinburgh of the 28th ulto. is just received. I regret we did not see you when you called the evening before you left London. We all wished to see you and all yours before we separated so widely apart, but you know in what a whirl one is kept on a first arrival in London and can make allowances for any seeming neglect. From morning till night we have been overwhelmed with calls and the kindest and most flattering attentions.

"On the day before you called I dined at Greenwich with a party invited by Mr. Brett, representing the great telegraph interests of Europe and India. I was most flatteringly received, and Mr. Brett, in the only toast given, gave my name as the Inventor of the Telegraph and of the system which has spread over the whole world and is superseding all others. Dr. O'Shaughnessy, who sat opposite to me, made some remarks warmly seconding Mr. Brett, and stating that he had

come from India where he had constructed more than four thousand miles of telegraph; that he had tried many systems upon his lines, and that a few days before I arrived he had reported, in his official capacity as the Director of the East India lines, to the East India Company that my system was the best, and recommended to them its adoption, which I am told will undoubtedly be the case.

“This was an unexpected triumph to me, since I had heard from one of our passengers in the Baltic that in the East Indies they were reluctant to give any credit to America for the Telegraph, claiming it exclusively for Wheatstone. It was, therefore, a surprise to me to hear from the gentleman who controls all the Eastern lines so warm, and even enthusiastic, acknowledgment of the superiority of mine.

“But I have an additional cause for gratitude for an acknowledgment from a quarter whence I least expected any favor to my system. Mr. Cooke, formerly associated with Wheatstone, told one of the gentlemen, who informed me of it, that he had just recommended to the British Government the substitution of my system for their present system, and had no doubt his recommendation would be entertained. He also said that he had heard I was about to visit Europe, and that he should take the earliest opportunity to pay his respects to me. Under these circumstances I called and left my card on Mr. Cooke, and I have now a note from him stating he shall call on me on Thursday. Thus the way seems to be made for the adoption of my Telegraph throughout *the whole world*.

“I visited one of the offices with Dr. Whitehouse and

Mr. Brett where (in the city) I found my instruments in full activity, sending and receiving messages from and to Paris and Vienna and other places on the Continent. I asked if all the lines on the Continent were now using my system, that I had understood that some of the lines in France were still worked by another system. The answer was — ‘No, *all the lines on the Continent* are now *Morse lines*.’ You will undoubtedly be pleased to learn these facts.”

While he was thus being wined, and dined, and praised by those who were interested in his scientific achievements, he harked back for a few hours to memories of his student days in London, for his old friend and room-mate, Charles R. Leslie, now a prosperous and successful painter, gave him a cordial invitation to visit him at Petworth, near London. Morse joyfully accepted, and several happy hours were spent by the two old friends as they wandered through the beautiful grounds of the Earl of Egremont, where Leslie was then making studies for the background of a picture.

The next letter to his brother Sidney is dated Copenhagen, July 19: —

“Here we are in Copenhagen where we arrived yesterday morning, having travelled from Hamburg to Kiel, and thence by steamboat to Corsoer all night, and thence by railroad here, much fatigued owing to the miserable *discommodations* on board the boat. I have delivered my letters here and am awaiting their effect, expecting calls, and I therefore improve a few moments to apprise you of our whereabouts. . . . In Paris I was most courteously received by the Count de Vouchy, now at the head of the Telegraphs of France, who, with many

compliments, told me that my system was the one in universal use, the simplest and the best, and desired me to visit the rooms in the great building where I should find my instruments at work. Sure enough, I went into the Telegraph rooms where some twenty of my own children (beautifully made) were chatting and chattering as in American offices. I could not but think of the contrast in that same building, even as late as 1845, when the clumsy semaphore was still in use, and but a single line of electric wire, an experimental one to Rouen, was in existence in France. . . . When we left Paris we took a courier, William Carter, an Englishman, whom thus far we find to be everything we could wish, active, vigilant, intelligent, honest and obliging. As soon as he learned who I was he made diligent use of his information, and wherever I travelled it was along the lines of the Telegraph. The telegraph posts seemed to be posted to present arms (shall I say?) as I passed, and the lines of conductors were constantly stooping and curtsying to me. At all the stations the officials received me with marked respect; everywhere the same remark met me — ‘Your system, Sir, is the only one recognized here. It is the best; we have tried others but have settled down upon yours as the best.’ But yesterday, in travelling from Corsoer to Copenhagen, the Chief Director of the Railroads told me, upon my asking if the Telegraph was yet in operation in Denmark, that it was and was in process of construction along this road. ‘At first,’ said he, ‘in using the needle system we found it so difficult to have employees skilled in its operation that we were about to abandon the idea, but now, having adopted yours, we find no

difficulty and are constructing telegraphs on all our roads.'

"At all the custom-houses and in all the railroad depots I found my name a passport. My luggage was passed with only the form of an examination, and although I had taken second-class tickets for my party of four, yet the inspectors put us into first-class carriages and gave orders to the conductors to put no one in with us without our permission. I cannot enumerate all the attentions we have received.

"At Hamburg we were delighted, not only with its splendor and cleanliness, but having made known to Mrs. Lind (widow of Edward's brother Henry) that we were in Hamburg, we received the most hearty welcome, passed the day at her house and rode out in the environs. At dinner a few friends were invited to meet us. Mr. Overman, a distant connection of the Linds, was very anxious for me to stay a few days, hinting that, if I would consent, the authorities and dignitaries of Hamburg would show me some mark of respect, for my name was well known to them. I was obliged to decline as I am anxious to be in St. Petersburg before the Emperor is engaged in his coronation preparations."

While in Denmark Morse was granted a private interview with the king at his castle of Frederiksborg, whither he was accompanied by Captain Raasloff: —

"After a few minutes the captain was called into the presence of the king, and in a few minutes more I was requested to go into the audience-chamber and was introduced by the captain to Frederick VII, King of Denmark. The king received me standing and very courteously. He is a man of middle stature, thick-set,

and resembles more in the features of his face the busts and pictures of Christian IV than those of any of his predecessors, judging as I did from the numerous busts and portraits of the Kings of Denmark which adorn the city palace and the Castle of Frederiksborg. The king expressed his pleasure at seeing the inventor of the Telegraph, and regretted he could not speak English as he wished to ask me many questions. He thanked me, he said, for the beautiful instrument I had sent him; told me that a telegraph line was now in progress from the castle to his royal residence in Copenhagen; that when it was completed he had decided on using my instrument, which I had given him, in his own private apartments. He then spoke of the invention as a most wonderful achievement, and wished me to inform him how I came to invent it. I accordingly in a few words gave him the early history of it, to which he listened most attentively and thanked me, expressing himself highly gratified. After a few minutes more of conversation of the same character, the king shook me warmly by the hand and we took our leave. . . .

“We arrived in the afternoon at Copenhagen. Mrs. F. called in her carriage. We drove to the Thorwaldsen Museum or Depository where are all the works of this great man. This collection of the greatest sculptor since the best period of Greek art is attractive enough in itself to call travellers of taste to Copenhagen. After spending some hours in Thorwaldsen’s Museum I went to see the study of Oersted, where his most important discovery of the *deflection of the needle* by a galvanic current was made, which laid the foundation of the science of electro-magnetism, and without which my

invention could not have been made. It is now a drawing school. I sat at the table where he made his discovery.

“We went to the Porcelain Manufactory, and, singularly enough, met there the daughter of Oersted, to whom I had the pleasure of an introduction. Oersted was a most amiable man and universally beloved. The daughter is said to resemble her father in her features, and I traced a resemblance to him in the small porcelain bust which I came to the manufactory to purchase.”

“*St. Petersburg, August 8, 1856.* Up to this date we have been in one constant round of visits to the truly wonderful objects of curiosity in this magnificent city. I have seen, as you know, most of the great and marvellous cities of Europe, but I can truly say none of them can at all compare in splendor and beauty to St. Petersburg. It is a city of palaces, and palaces of the most gorgeous character. The display of wealth in the palaces and churches is so great that the simple truth told about them would incur to the narrator the suspicion of romancing. England boasts of her regalia in the Tower, her crown jewels, her Kohinoor diamond, etc. I can assure you that they fade into insignificance, as a rush-light before the sun, when brought before the wealth in jewels and gold seen here in such profusion. What think you of nosegays, as large as those our young ladies take to parties, composed entirely of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires and other precious stones, chosen to represent accurately the colors of various flowers? — The imperial crown, globular in shape, composed of diamonds, and containing in the centre of the Greek cross which surmounts it an unwrought ruby at

least two inches in diameter? The sceptre has a diamond very nearly as large as the Kohinoor. At the Arsenal at Tsarskoye Selo we saw the trappings of a horse, bridle, saddle and all the harness, with an immense saddle-cloth, set with tens of thousands of diamonds. On those parts of the harness where we have rosettes, or knobs, or buckles, were rosettes of diamonds an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, with a diamond in the centre as large as the first joint of your thumb, or say three quarters of an inch in diameter. Other trappings were as rich. Indeed there seemed to be no end to the diamonds. All the churches are decorated in the most costly manner with diamonds and pearls and precious stones."

The following account of his reception by the czar is written in pencil: "On the paper found in my room in Peterhoff." It differs somewhat from the letter written to his children and introduced by Mr. Prime in his book, but is, to my mind, rather more interesting.

"*August 14, 1856.* This day is one to be remembered by me. Yesterday I received notice from the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, through our Minister Mr. Seymour, that his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Alexander II, had appointed the hour of 1.30 this day to see me at his palace at Peterhoff. I accordingly waited upon our minister to know the etiquette to be observed on such an occasion. It was necessary, he said, to be at the boat by eight o'clock in the morning, which would arrive at Peterhoff about 9.30. I must dress in black coat, vest and pantaloons and white cravat, and appear with my Turkish nishan [or decoration]. So this morning I was up early and, upon taking the

boat, found our Minister Mr. Seymour, Colonel Colt and Mr. Jarvis, attachés to the Legation, with Mrs. Colt and Miss Jarvis coming on board. I learned also that there were to be many presentations of various nations' attachés to the various special deputations sent to represent their different courts at the approaching coronation at Moscow.

"The day is most beautiful, rendered doubly so by its contrast with so many previous disagreeable ones. On our arrival at the quay at Peterhoff we found, somewhat to my surprise, the imperial carriages in waiting for us, with coachmen and footmen in the imperial livery, which, as in England and France, is scarlet, and splendid black horses, ready to take us to our quarters in the portion of the palace buildings assigned to the Americans. We were attended by four or five servants in livery loaded with gold lace, and shown to our apartments upon the doors of which we found our names already written.

"After throwing off our coats the servants inquired if we would have breakfast, to which, of course, we had no objection, and an excellent breakfast of coffee and sandwiches was set upon the table, served up in silver with the imperial arms upon the silver waiter and tea set. Everything about our rooms, which consisted of parlor and bedroom, was plain but exceedingly clean and neat. After seeing us well housed our attendant chamberlain left us to prepare ourselves for the presentation, saying he would call for us at the proper time. As there were two or three hours to spare I took occasion to improve the time by commencing this brief notice of the events of the day.

“About two o’clock our attendant, an officer named Thörner, under the principal chamberlain who is, I believe, Count Borsch, called to say our carriages were ready. We found three carriages in waiting with three servants each, the coachman and two footmen, in splendid liveries; some in the imperial red and gold lace, and others in blue and broad gold lace emblazoned throughout with the double headed eagle. We seated ourselves in the carriages which were then driven at a rapid rate to the great palace, the entrance to which directly overlooked the numerous and celebrated grand fountains. Hundreds of well-dressed people thronged on each side of the carriageway as we drove up to the door. After alighting we were ushered through a long hall and through a double row of servants of various grades, loaded with gold lace and with *chapeaux bras*. Ascending the broad staircase, on each side of which we found more liveried servants, we entered an anteroom between two Africans dressed in the costume of Turkey, and servants of a higher grade, and then onward into a large and magnificent room where were assembled those who were to be presented. Here we found ourselves among princes and nobles and distinguished persons of all nations. Among the English ladies were Lady Granville and Lady Emily Peel, the wife of Sir Robert Peel, the latter a beautiful woman and dressed with great taste, having on her head a Diana coronet of diamonds. . . . Among the gentlemen were officers attached to the various deputations from England, Austria, France and Sardinia. Several princes were among them, and conspicuous for splendor of dress was Prince Esterhazy; parts of his dress and

the handle and scabbard of his sword blazed with diamonds.

“Here we remained for some time. From the windows of the hall we looked out upon the magnificent fountains and the terrace crowned with gorgeous vases of blue and gold and gilded statues. At length the master of ceremonies appeared and led the way to the southern veranda that overlooked the garden, ranging us in line and reading our names from a list, to see if we were truly mustered, after which a side door opened and the Emperor Alexander entered. His majesty was dressed in military costume, a blue sash was across his breast passing over the right shoulder; on his left breast were stars and orders. He commenced at the head of the column, which consisted of some fourteen or fifteen persons, and, on the mention of the name by the master of ceremonies, he addressed a few words to each. To Mr. Colt he said: ‘Ah! I have seen you before. When did you arrive? I am glad to see you.’ When he came to me the master of ceremonies miscalled my name as Mr. More. I instantly corrected him and said, ‘No, Mr. Morse.’ The emperor at once said: ‘Ah! that name is well known here; your system of Telegraph is in use in Russia. How long have you been in St. Petersburg? I hope you have enjoyed yourself.’ To which I appropriately replied. After a few more unimportant questions and answers the emperor addressed himself to the other gentlemen and retired.

“After remaining a few moments, the master of ceremonies, who, by the by, apologized to me for miscalling my name, opened the door from the veranda into the empress’ drawing-room, where we were again put

in line to await the appearance of the empress. The doors of an adjoining room were suddenly thrown open and the empress, gorgeously but appropriately attired, advanced towards us. She was dressed in a beautiful blue silk terminating in a long flowing train of many flounces of the richest lace; upon her head a crown of diamonds, upon her neck a superb necklace of diamonds, some twenty of which were as large as the first joint of the finger. The upper part of her dress was embroidered with diamonds in a broad band, and the dress in front buttoned to the floor with rosettes of diamonds, the central diamond of each button being at least a half inch in diameter. A splendid bouquet of diamonds and precious stones of every variety of color, arranged to imitate flowers, was upon her bosom. She addressed a few words gracefully to each, necessarily commonplace, for what could she say to strangers but the common words of enquiry — when we came and whether we had been pleased with St. Petersburg.

“Gratifying as it was to us to see her, I could not but think it was hardly possible for her to have any other gratification in seeing us than that which I have no doubt she felt, that she was giving pleasure to others. To me she appeared to be amiable and truly feminine. Her manner was timid yet dignified without the least particle of hauteur. The impression left on my mind by both the emperor and empress is that they are most truly amiable and kind.

“After speaking to each of us she gracefully bowed to us, we, of course, returning the salutation, and she retired followed by her maids of honor, her long train

sweeping the floor for a distance of several yards behind her. We were then accompanied by the master of ceremonies back to the large reception-room, and soon after we left the palace, descending the staircase through the same lines of liveried servants to the royal carriages drawn up at the door, and returned to our rooms. On descending to our parlor we found a beautiful collation with tropical fruits and confectionery provided for us. Our polite attendant, who partook with us, said that the carriages were at our service and waiting for us to take a drive in the gardens previous to dinner, which was to be served at five o'clock in the English Palace and to which we were invited.

“Two carriages called charabancs, somewhat like the Irish vehicle of the same name, with four servants in the imperial livery to each, we found at the door, and we drove for several miles through the splendid gardens and grounds laid out with all the taste of the most beautiful English grounds, with lakes, and islands, and villas, and statues, and fountains, and the most perfect neatness marked every step of our way.

“The most attractive object in our ride was the Italian villa, a favorite resort of the emperor, a perfect gem of its kind. We alighted here and visited all the apartments and the grounds around it. No description could do it justice; a series of pictures alone could give an idea of its beauties. While here several other royal carriages with the various deputations to the coronation ceremonies, soon to occur at Moscow, arrived, and the cortège of carriages with the gorgeous costumes of the visitors alone furnished an exciting scene, heightened by the proud bearing of the richly caparisoned horses,

chiefly black, and the showy trappings of the liveried attendants.

“On our return to our rooms we dressed for dinner and proceeded in the same manner to the palace in the gardens called the English Palace. Here we found assembled in the great reception hall the distinguished company, in number forty-seven, of many nations, who were to sit down to the table together. When dinner was announced we entered the grand dining-hall and found a table most gorgeously prepared with gold and silver service and flowers. At table I found myself opposite three princes, an Austrian, a Hungarian, and one from some other German state, and near me on my left Lord Ward, one of the most wealthy nobles of England, with whom I had a good deal of conversation. Opposite and farther to my right was Prince Esterhazy, seated between Lady Granville and the beautiful Lady Emily Peel. On the other side of Lady Peel was Lord Granville and near him Sir Robert Peel. Among the guests, a list of whom I regret I did not obtain, was the young Earl of Lincoln and several other noblemen in the suite of Lord Granville. . . . Some twenty servants in the imperial livery served the table which was furnished with truly royal profusion and costliness. The rarest dishes and the costliest wines in every variety were put before us. I need not say that in such a party everything was conducted with the highest decorum. No noise, no boisterous mirth, no loud talking, but a quiet cheerfulness and perfect ease characterized the whole entertainment.

“After dinner all arose, both ladies and gentlemen, and left the room together, not after the English fashion

of the gentlemen allowing the ladies to retire and then seating themselves again by themselves to drink, etc. We retired for a moment to the great reception-hall for coffee, but, being fearful that we should be too late for the last steamer from Peterhoff to St. Petersburg, we were hurrying to get through and to leave, but the moment our fears had come to the knowledge of Lord Granville, he most kindly came to us and told us to feel at ease as his steam-yacht was lying off the quay to take them up to the city, and he was but too proud to have the opportunity of offering us a place on board; an offer which we, of course, accepted with thanks.

“Having thus been entertained with truly imperial hospitality for the entire day, ending with this sumptuous entertainment, we descended once more to the carriages and drove to the quay, where a large barge belonging to the Jean d’Acre, English man-of-war (which is the ship put in commission for the service of Lord Granville), manned by stalwart man-of-war’s-men, was waiting to take the English party of nobles, etc., on board the steam-yacht. When all were collected we left Peterhoff and were soon on board. The weather was fine and the moon soon rose over the palace of Peterhoff, looking for a moment like one of the splendid gilded domes of the palace.

“On board the yacht I had much conversation with Lord Granville, who brought the various members of his suite and introduced them to me, — Sir Robert Peel; the young Earl of Lincoln, the son of the Duke of Newcastle, who, when himself the Earl of Lincoln in 1839, showed me such courtesy and kindness in London; Mr. Acton, a nephew of Lord Granville, with whom I

had some conversation in which, while I was speaking of the Greek religion as compared with the Romish, he informed me he was a Roman Catholic. I wished much to have had more conversation with him, but the time was not suitable, and the steamer was now near the end of the voyage.

“We landed at the quay in St. Petersburg about eleven o’clock, and I reached my lodgings in the Hotel de Russie about twelve, thus ending a day of incidents which I shall long remember with great gratification, having only one unpleasant reflection connected with it, to wit that my dear wife, my niece and our friend Miss L. were not with me to participate in the pleasure and novelty of the scenes.”

CHAPTER XXXVI

AUGUST 23, 1856 — SEPTEMBER 15, 1858

Berlin. — Baron von Humboldt. — London, successful cable experiments with Whitehouse and Bright. — Banquet at Albion Tavern. — Flattering speech of W. F. Cooke. — Returns to America. — Troubles multiply. — Letter to the Honorable John Y. Mason on political matters. — Kendall urges severing of connection with cable company. — Morse, nevertheless, decides to continue. — Appointed electrician of company. — Sails on U.S.S. Niagara. — Letter from Paris on the crinoline. — Expedition sails from Liverpool. — Queenstown harbor. — Accident to his leg. — Valencia. — Laying of cable begun. — Anxieties. — Three successful days. — Cable breaks. — Failure. — Returns to America. — Retires from cable enterprise. — Predicts in 1858 failure of apparently successful laying of cable. — Sidney E. Morse. — The Hare and the Tortoise. — European testimonial: considered niggardly by Kendall. — Decorations, medals, etc., from European nations. — Letter of thanks to Count Walewski.

His good democratic eyes a trifle dazzled by all this imperial magnificence, Morse left St. Petersburg and, with his party, journeyed to Berlin. What was to him the most interesting incident of his visit to that city is thus described: —

“August 23. To-day I went to Potsdam to see Baron Humboldt, and had a delightful interview with this wonderful man. Although I had met with him at the soirées of Baron Gerard, the distinguished painter, in Paris in 1832, and afterward at the Academy of Sciences, when my Telegraph was exhibited to the assembled academicians in 1838, I took letters of introduction to him from Baron Gerolt, the Prussian Minister. But they were unnecessary, for the moment I entered his room, which is in the Royal Palace, he called me by name and greeted me most kindly, saying, as I presented my letters: ‘Oh! sir, you need no letters, your name is a sufficient

introduction'; and so, seating myself, he rapidly touched upon various topics relating to America."

On the margin of a photograph of himself, presented to Morse by the baron, is an inscription in French of which the following is a translation: —

To Mr. S. F. B. Morse, whose philosophic and useful labors have rendered his name illustrious in two worlds, the homage of the high and affectionate esteem of Alexander Humboldt.

POTSDAM, August 1856.

The next thirty days were spent in showing the beauties of Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Brussels and Paris to his wife and niece, and in the latter part of September the little party returned to London. Here Morse resumed his experiments with Dr. Whitehouse and Mr. Bright, and on October 3, he reports to Mr. Field: —

"As the electrician of the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, it is with the highest gratification that I have to apprise you of the result of our experiments of this morning upon a single continuous conductor of more than two thousand miles in extent, a distance, you will perceive, sufficient to cross the Atlantic Ocean from Newfoundland to Ireland.

"The admirable arrangements made at the Magnetic Telegraph office in Old Broad Street for connecting ten subterranean gutta-percha insulated conductors of over two hundred miles each, so as to give one continuous length of more than two thousand miles, during the hours of the night when the Telegraph is not commercially employed, furnished us the means of conclusively settling by actual experiment the question of the prac-

ticability as well as the practicality of telegraphing through our proposed Atlantic cable. . . . I am most happy to inform you that, as a crowning result of a long series of experimental investigation and inductive reasoning upon this subject, the experiments under the direction of Dr. Whitehouse and Mr. Bright which I witnessed this morning — in which the induction-coils and receiving-magnets, as modified by these gentlemen, were made to actuate one of my recording instruments — have most satisfactorily resolved all doubts of the practicability as well as practicality of operating the Telegraph from Newfoundland to Ireland.”

In 1838, Morse had been curtly and almost insultingly refused a patent for his invention in England, a humiliation for which he never quite forgave the English. Now, eighteen years after this mortifying experience, the most eminent scientists of this same England vied with each other in doing him honor. Thus was his scientific fame vindicated, but, let it be remarked parenthetically, this kind of honor was all that he ever received from the land of his ancestors. While other nations of Europe united, two years later, in granting him a pecuniary gratuity, and while some of their sovereigns bestowed upon him decorations or medals, England did neither. However, it was always a source of the keenest gratification that two of those who had invented rival telegraphs proved themselves broad-minded and liberal enough to acknowledge the superiority of his system, and to urge its adoption by their respective Governments. The first of these was Dr. Steinheil, of Munich, to whom I have already referred, and to whom is due the valuable discovery that the earth can be used as a return circuit.

The second was the Englishman, W. F. Cooke, who, with Wheatstone, devised the needle telegraph.

On October 9, a banquet was tendered to Morse by the telegraph companies of England. It was given at the Albion Tavern. Mr. Cooke presided and introduced the guest of the evening in the following charming speech:—

“I was consulted only a few months ago on the subject of a telegraph for a country in which no telegraph at present exists. I recommended the system of Professor Morse. I believe that system to be one of the simplest in the world, and in that lies its permanency and certainty. [Cheers.] There are others which may be as good in other circumstances, but for a wide country I hesitate not to say Professor Morse’s is the best adapted. It is a great thing to say, and I do so after twenty years’ experience, that Professor Morse’s system is one of the simplest that ever has been and, I think, ever will be conceived. [Cheers.]

“It was a great thing for me, after having been so long connected with the electric telegraph, to be invited to preside at this interesting meeting, and I have travelled upward of one hundred miles in order to be present to-day, having, when asked to preside, replied by electric telegraph ‘I will.’ [Cheers.] But I may lower your idea of the sacrifice I made in so doing when I tell you that I knew the talents of Professor Morse, and was only too glad to accept an invitation to do honor to a man I really honored in my heart. [Cheers.]

“I have been thinking during the last few days on what Professor Morse has done. He stands alone in America as the originator and carrier out of a grand conception. We know that America is an enormous country,

and we know the value of the telegraph, but I think we have a right to quarrel with Professor Morse for not being content with giving the benefit of it to his own country, but that he extended it to Canada and Newfoundland, and, even beyond that, his system has been adopted all over Europe [cheers] — and the nuisance is that we in England are obliged to communicate by means of his system. [Cheers and laughter.]

“I as a director of an electric telegraph company, however, should be ashamed of myself if I did not acknowledge what we owe him. But he threatens to go further still, and promises that, if we do not, he will carry out a communication between England and Newfoundland across the Atlantic. I am nearly pledged to pay him a visit on the other side of the Atlantic to see what he is about, and, if he perseveres in his obstinate attempt to reach England, I believe I must join him in his endeavors. [Cheers.]

“To think that he has united all the stripes and stars of America, which are increasing day by day — and I hope they will increase until they are too numerous to mention — that he has extended his system to Canada and is about to unite those portions of the world to Europe, is a glorious thing for any man; and, although I have done something in the same cause myself, I confess I almost envy Professor Morse for having forced from an unwilling rival a willing acknowledgment of his services. [Cheers.]

“I am proud to see Professor Morse this side of the water. I beg to give you ‘The health of Professor Morse,’ and may he long live to enjoy the high reputation he has attained throughout the world!”

Soon after this, with these flattering words still ringing in his ears, he and his party sailed for New York and, once arrived at home, the truth of the trite saying that "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country" was soon to be brought to his attention. While he had been fêted and honored abroad, while he had every reason to believe that his petition to the European governments for some pecuniary compensation would, in time, be granted, he returned to be plunged anew into vexatious litigation, intrigues and attacks upon his purse, his fame, and his good name. On November 27, 1856, he refers to his greatest cross in a letter to Mr. Kendall: —

"I have just returned from Boston, having accomplished the important duty for which I alone went there, to wit, to say 'yes' before a gentleman having U.S. Commissioner after his name, instead of 'yes' before one who had only S. Commissioner after his name; and this at a cost of exactly twenty dollars, or, if the one dollar thrown away in New York upon the S. Commissioner be added, twenty-one dollars and three days of time, to say nothing of sundry risks of accidents by land and water travel.

"Well, if it will lead to a thorough separation of all interests and all intercourse with F. O. J., I shall not consider the time and money lost, yet, in conversation with Mr. Curtis, I have little hope of a change in Judge Curtis's views of the point in which he decides that Smith has an inchoate right, and our only chance of success is in the reversal of that decision by the Supreme Bench, and that after another year's suspense. . . .

"I wish there was some way of stopping this harassing, paralyzing litigation. I find my mind wholly unfit for the studies which the present state of the Telegraph requires from me, being distracted and irritated by the constant necessity for standing on the defensive. Smith will be Smith I know, and, therefore, as he is the appointed thorn to keep a proper ballast of humility in S. F. B. M. with his load of honors, why, be it so, if I can only have the proper strength and disposition to use the trial aright. . . . Write me some encouraging news if you can. How will the present calm in political affairs affect our California matters?"

The calm to which he referred was the apparent one which had settled down on the country after the election of Buchanan, and which, as everybody knows, was but the calm before the storm of our Civil War. He has this to say about the election in a letter to the Honorable John Y. Mason, our Minister to France: —

"I may congratulate you, my dear Sir, on the issue of the late election. My predictions have been verified. The country is quiet, and, as usual after the excitement of an election, has settled down into orderly acquiescence to the will of the majority, and into general good feeling. Europeans can hardly understand this truly anomalous phase of our American institutions; they do not understand that it is characteristic that 'we speak daggers but use none'; that we fight with ballots and not with bullets; that we have abundance of inkshed and little bloodshed, and that all that is explosive is blown off through newspaper safety-valves."

The events of the next few years were destined to shatter the peaceful visions of this lover of his country,

for many daggers were drawn, the bullets flew thick and fast, and the bloodshed was appalling.

It is difficult to follow the history of the telegraph, in its relation to its inventor, through all the intricacies involved in the conflicting interests of various companies and men in this its formative period.

Morse himself was often at a loss to determine on the course which he should pursue, a course which would at the same time inure to his financial benefit and be in accordance with his high sense of right. Absolutely straightforward and honest himself, it was difficult for him to believe that others who spoke him fair were not equally sincere, and he was often imposed upon, and was frequently forced, in the exigencies of business, to be intimately associated with those whose ideas of right and wrong were far different from his own. The one person in whose absolute integrity he had faith was Amos Kendall, and yet he must sometimes have thought that his friend was too severe in his judgment of others, for I find in a letter of Mr. Kendall's of January 4, 1857, the following warning: —

“I earnestly beseech you to give up all idea of going out again on the cable-laying expedition. Your true friends do not comprehend how it is that you give your time, your labor, and your fame to build up an interest deliberately and unscrupulously hostile to all their interests and your own. . . . I believe that Peter Cooper is the only man among them who is sincerely your friend. As to Field, I have as little faith in him as I have in F. O. J. Smith. If you could get Cooper to take a stand in favor of the faithful observance of the contract for connection with the N. E. Union Line at Boston, he can

put an end to all trouble, if, at the same time, he will refuse to concur in a further extension of their lines South."

In spite of this warning, or, perhaps, because Peter Cooper succeeded in overcoming Mr. Kendall's objections, Morse did go out on the next cable-laying expedition, and yet he found in the end that Mr. Kendall's suspicions were by no means unjustified. But of this in its proper place.

The United States Government had placed the steam frigate Niagara at the disposal of the cable company, and on her Morse, as the electrician of the American Company, sailed from New York on April 21, 1857. Arriving in London, he was again honored by many attentions and entertainments, including a dinner at the Lord Mayor's. The loading of the cable on board the ships designated for that purpose consumed, necessarily, some time, and Morse took advantage of this delay to visit Paris, at the suggestion of our Minister, Mr. Mason, in order to confer with the Premier, Count Walewski, with regard to the pecuniary indemnity which all agreed was due to him from the nations using his invention. This conference bore fruit, as we shall see later on.

In a letter to his wife from Paris he makes this amusing comment on the fashions of the day, after remarking on the dearth of female beauty in France:—

"You must consider me now as speaking of features only, for as to form, alas, that is under such a total crinoline eclipse that this season of total darkness in fashion's firmament forbids any speculation on that subject. The reign of crinoline amplitude is not only

not removed, but is more dominant than ever. Who could have predicted that, because an heir to the French throne was in expectancy, all womankind, old and young, would so far sympathize with the amiable consort of Napoleon III as to be, in appearance at least, likely to flood the earth with heirs; that grave parliaments would be in solemn debate upon the pressing necessity of enlarging the entrances of royal palaces in order to meet the exigencies of enlarged crinolines; that the new carriages were all of increased dimensions to accommodate the crinoline? But so it is; it is the age of crinoline. . . . Talk no longer of chairs, they are no longer visible. Talk no longer of tête-à-têtes; two crinolines might get in sight of each other, at least by the use of the lorgnette, but as for conversation, that is out of the question except by speaking trumpets, by signs, and who knows but in this age of telegraphs crinoline may not follow the world's fashion and be a patroness of the Morse system."

All the preparations for the great enterprise of the laying of the cable proceeded slowly, and it was not until the latter part of July that the little fleet sailed from Liverpool on its way to the Cove of Cork and then to Valencia, on the west coast of Ireland, which was chosen as the European terminus of the cable. Morse wrote many pages of minute details to his wife, and from them I shall select the most important and interesting: —

"*July 28.* Here we are steaming our way towards Cork harbor, with most beautiful weather, along the Irish coast, which is in full view, and expecting to be in the Cove of Cork in the morning of to-morrow. . . . We

left Liverpool yesterday morning, as I wrote you we should, and as we passed the ships of war in the harbor we were cheered from the rigging by the tars of the various vessels, and the flags of others were dipped as a salute, all of which were returned by us in kind. The landing stage and quays of Liverpool were densely crowded with people who waved their handkerchiefs as we slowly sailed by them.

“Two steamers accompanied us down to the bar filled with people, and then, after mutual cheering and firing of cannon from one of the steamers, they returned to port. . . . We shall be in Cork the remainder of the week, possibly sailing on Saturday, go round to Valencia and be ready to commence on Monday. Then, if all things are prosperous, we hope to reach Newfoundland in twenty days, and dear home again the first week in September. And yet there may be delays in this great work, for it is a vast and new one, so don't be impatient if I do not return quite so soon. The work must be thoroughly and well done before we leave it. . . .

“*Evening, ten o'clock.* We have had a beautiful day and have been going slowly along and expect to be in the Cove of Cork by daylight in the morning. The deck of our ship presents a curious appearance just now. Between the main and mizzen masts is an immense coil of one hundred and thirty miles of the cable, the rest is in larger coils below decks. Aft the mizzen mast is a ponderous mass of machinery for regulating the paying out of the cable, a steam-engine and boiler complete, and they have just been testing it to see if all is right, and it is found right. We have the prospect of a fine moon for our expedition.

"I send you the copy of a prayer that has been read in the churches. I am rejoiced at the manner in which the Christian community views our enterprise. It is calculated to inspire my confidence of success. What the first message will be I cannot say, but if I send it it shall be, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men.' 'Not unto us, not unto us, but to Thy name be all the glory.'"

"July 29, four o'clock afternoon. On awaking this morning at five o'clock with the noise of coming to anchor, I found myself safely ensconced in one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, with Queenstown picturesquely rising upon the green hills from the foot of the bay. . . ."

"August 1. When I wrote the finishing sentence of my last letter I was suffering a little from a slight accident to my leg. We were laying out the cable from the two ships, the Agamemnon and Niagara, to connect the two halves of the cable together to experiment through the whole length of twenty-five hundred miles for the first time. In going down the side of the Agamemnon I had to cross over several small boats to reach the outer one, which was to take me on board the tug which had the connecting cable on board. In stepping from one to the other of the small boats, the water being very rough and the boats having a good deal of motion, I made a misstep, my right leg being on board the outer boat, and my left leg went down between the two boats scraping the skin from the upper part of the leg near the knee for some two or three inches. It pained me a little, but not much, still I knew from experience that, however slight and comparatively painless at the time,

I should be laid up the next day and possibly for several days.

“My warm-hearted, generous friend, Sir William O’Shaughnessy, was on board, and, being a surgeon, he at once took it in hand and dressed it, tell Susan, in good hydropathic style with cold water. I felt so little inconvenience from it at the time that I assisted throughout the day in laying the cable, and operating through it after it was joined, and had the satisfaction of witnessing the successful result of passing the electricity through twenty-five hundred miles at the rate of one signal in one and a quarter second. Since then Dr. Whitehouse has succeeded in telegraphing a message through it at the rate of a single signal in three quarters of a second. If the cable, therefore, is successfully laid so as to preserve continuity throughout, there is no doubt of our being able to telegraph through, and at a good commercial speed.

“I have been on my back for two days and am still confined to the ship. To-morrow I hope to be well enough to hobble on board the *Agamemnon* and assist in some experiments.”

The accident to his leg was more serious than he at first imagined, and conditions were not improved by his using his leg more than was prudent. †

“*August 3, eleven o’clock A.M.* I am still confined, most of the time on my back in my berth, quite to my annoyance in one respect, to wit, that I am unable to be on board the *Agamemnon* with Dr. Whitehouse to assist at the experiments. Yet I have so much to be thankful for that gratitude is the prevailing feeling.

“Seven o’clock. All the ships are under way from the Cove of Cork. The Leopard left first, then the Agamemnon, then the Susquehanna and the Niagara last; and at this moment we are off the Head of Kinsale in the following order: Niagara, Leopard, Agamemnon, Susquehanna. The Cyclops and another vessel, the Advice, left for Valencia on Saturday evening, and, with a beautiful night before us, we hope to be there also by noon to-morrow.

“This day three hundred and sixty-five years ago Columbus sailed on his first voyage of discovery and discovered America.”

“August 4. Off the Skelligs light, of which I send you a sketch. A beautiful morning with head wind and heavy sea, making many seasick. We are about fifteen miles from our point of destination. Our companion ships are out of sight astern, except the Susquehanna, which is behind us only about a mile. In a few hours we hope to reach our expectant friends in Valencia and to commence the great work in earnest.

“Our ship is crowded with engineers, and operators, and delegates from the Governments of Russia and France, and the deck is a bewildering mass of machinery, steam-engines, cog-wheels, breaks, boilers, ropes of hemp and ropes of wire, buoys and boys, pulleys and sheaves of wood and iron, cylinders of wood and cylinders of iron, meters of all kinds, — anemometers, thermometers, barometers, electrometers, — steam-gauges, ships’ logs — from the common log to Massey’s log and Friend’s log, to our friend Whitehouse’s electro-magnetic log, which I think will prove to be the best of all, with a modification I have sug-

gested. Thus freighted we expect to disgorge most of our solid cargo before reaching mid-ocean.

"I am keeping ready to close this at a moment's warning, so give all manner of love to all friends, kisses to whom kisses are due. I am getting almost impatient at the delays we necessarily encounter, but our great work must not be neglected. I have seen enough to know now that the Atlantic Telegraph is sure to be established, *for it is practicable.*"

Was it a foreboding of what was to happen that caused him to add:—

"*We may not succeed in our first attempt*; some little neglect or accident may foil our present efforts, but the present enterprise will result in gathering stores of experience which will make the next effort certain. Not that I do not expect success now, but accidental failure now will not be the evidence of its impracticability.

"Our principal electrical difficulty is the slowness with which we must manipulate in order to be intelligible; twenty words in sixteen minutes is now the rate. I am confident we can get more after awhile, but the Atlantic Telegraph has its own rate of talking and cannot be urged to speak faster, any more than any other orator, without danger of becoming unintelligible.

"*Three o'clock P.M.* We are in Valencia Harbor. We shall soon come to anchor. A pilot who has just come to show us our anchorage ground says: 'There are a power of people ashore.'"

"*August 8.* Yesterday, at half past six P.M., all being right, we commenced again paying out the heavy shore-end, of which we had about eight miles to be left on the rocky bottom of the coast, to bear the attrition of the

waves and to prevent injury to the delicate nerve which it incloses in its iron mail, and which is the living principle of the whole work. A critical time was approaching, it was when the end of the massive cable should pass overboard at the point where it joins the main and smaller cable. I was in my berth, by order of the surgeon, lest my injured limb, which was somewhat inflamed by the excitement of the day and too much walking about, should become worse.

“Above my head the heavy rumbling of the great wheels, over which the cable was passing and was being regulated, every now and then giving a tremendous thump like the discharge of artillery, kept me from sleep, and I knew they were approaching the critical point. Presently it came. The machinery stopped, and soon amid the voices I heard the unwelcome intelligence—‘The cable is broke.’ Sure enough the smaller cable at this point had parted, but, owing to the prudent precautions of those superintending, the end of the great cable had been buoyed and the hawsers which had been attached secured it. The sea was moderate, the moonlight gave a clear sight of all, and in half an hour the joyous sound of ‘All right’ was heard, the machinery commenced a low and regular rumbling, like the purring of a great cat, which has continued from that moment (midnight) till the present moment uninterrupted.

“The coil on deck is most beautifully uncoiling at the rate of three nautical miles an hour. The day is magnificent, the land has almost disappeared and our companion ships are leisurely sailing with us at equal pace, and we are all, of course, in fine spirits. I sent

you a telegraph dispatch this morning, thirty miles out, which you will duly receive with others that I shall send if all continues to go on without interruption. If you do receive any, preserve them with the greatest care, for they will be great curiosities."

"*August 10.* Thus far we have had most delightful weather, and everything goes on regularly and satisfactorily. You are aware we cannot stop night nor day in paying out. On Saturday we made our calculations that the first great coil, which is upon the main deck, would be completely paid out, and one of our critical movements, to wit, the change from this coil to the next, which is far forward, would be made by seven or eight o'clock yesterday morning (Sunday). So we were up and watching the last flake of the first coil gradually diminishing. Everything had been well prepared; the men were at their posts; it was an anxious moment lest a kink might occur. But, as the last round came up, the motion of the ship was slightly slackened, the men handled the slack cable handsomely, and in two minutes the change was made with perfect order, and the paying out from the second coil was as regularly commenced and at this moment continues, and at an increased rate to-day of five miles per hour.

"Last night, however, was another critical moment. On examining our chart of soundings we found the depth of the ocean gradually increasing up to about four hundred fathoms, and then the chart showed a sudden and great increase to seventeen hundred fathoms, and then a further increase to two thousand and fifty, nearly the greatest depth with which we should meet in the whole distance. We had, therefore, to watch the effect of this

additional depth upon the straining of the cable. At two in the morning the effect showed itself in a greater strain and a more rapid tendency to run fast. We could check its speed, but it is a dangerous process. *Too sudden a check would inevitably snap the cable.* Too slack a rein would allow of its egress at such a wasting rate and at such a violent speed that we should lose too great a portion of the cable, and its future stopping within controllable limits be almost impossible. Hence our anxiety. All were on the alert; our expert engineers applied the brakes most judiciously, and at the moment I write — latitude $52^{\circ} 28'$ — the cable is being laid at the depth of two miles in its ocean bed as regularly and with as much facility as it was in the depth of a few fathoms. . . .

“*Six P.M.* We have just had a fearful alarm. ‘Stop her! Stop her!’ was reiterated from many voices on deck. On going up I perceived the cable had got out of its sheaves and was running out at great speed. All was confusion for a few moments. Mr. Canning, our friend, who was the engineer of the Newfoundland cable, showed great presence of mind, and to his coolness and skill, I think, is due the remedying of the evil. By rope stoppers the cable was at length brought to a standstill, and it strained most ominously, perspiring at every part great tar drops. But it held together long enough to put the cable on the sheaves again.”

“*Tuesday, August 11.* Abruptly indeed am I stopped in my letter. This morning at 3.45 the cable parted, and we shall soon be on our way back to England.”

Thus ended the first attempt to unite the Old World with the New by means of an electric nerve. Authorities

differ as to who was responsible for the disaster, but the cause was proved to be what Morse had foreseen when he wrote: "Too sudden a check would inevitably snap the cable."

While, of course, disappointed, he was not discouraged, for under date of August 13, he writes: —

"Our accident will delay the enterprise but will not defeat it. I consider it a settled fact, from all I have seen, that it is perfectly practicable. It will surely be accomplished. There is no insurmountable difficulty that has for a moment appeared, none that has shaken my faith in it in the slightest degree. My report to the company as co-electrician will show everything right in that department. We got an electric current through till the moment of parting, so that electric connection was perfect, and yet the farther we paid out the feebler were the currents, indicating a difficulty which, however, I do not consider serious, while it is of a nature to require attentive investigation."

"*Plymouth, August 17.* Here I am still held by the leg and lying in my berth from which I have not moved for six days. I suffer but little pain unless I attempt to sit up, and the healing process is going on most favorably but slowly. . . . I have been here three days and have not yet had a glimpse of the beautiful country that surrounds us, and if we should be ordered to another port before I can be out I shall have as good an idea of Plymouth as I should have at home looking at a map."

While the wounded leg healed slowly, the plans of the company moved more deliberately still. A movement was on foot for the East India Company to purchase what remained of the cable for use in the Red Sea or the

Persian Gulf, so that the Atlantic Company could start afresh with an entirely new cable, and Morse hoped that this plan might be consummated at an early date so that he could return to America in the Niagara; but the negotiations halted from day to day and week to week. The burden of his letters to his wife is always that a decision is promised by "to-morrow," and finally he says in desperation: "To-day was to-morrow yesterday, but to-day has to-day another to-morrow, on which day, as usual, we are to know something. But as to-day has not yet gone, I wait with some anxiety to learn what it is to bring forth."

His letters are filled with affectionate longing to be at home again and with loving messages to all his dear ones, and at last he is able to say that his wound has completely healed, and that he has decided to leave the Niagara and sail from Liverpool on the Arabia, on September 19, and in due time he arrived at his beloved home on the Hudson.

While still intensely interested in the great cable enterprise, he begins to question the advisability of continuing his connection with the men against whom Mr. Kendall had warned him, for in a letter to his brother Richard, of October 15, 1857, he says: "I intend to withdraw altogether from the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise, as they who are prominent on this side of the water in its interests are using it with all their efforts and influence against my invention, and my interests, and those of my assignees, to whom I feel bound in honor to attach myself, even if some of them have been deceived into coalition with the hostile party."

It was, however, a great disappointment to him that

he was not connected with future attempts to lay the cable. His withdrawal was not altogether voluntary in spite of what he said in the letter from which I have just quoted. While he had been made an Honorary Director of the company in 1857, although not a stockholder, a law was subsequently passed declaring that only stockholders could be directors, even honorary directors. He had not felt financially able to purchase stock, but it was a source of astonishment to him and to others that a few shares, at least, had not been allotted to him for his valuable services in connection with the enterprise. He had, nevertheless, cheerfully given of his time and talents in the first attempt, although cautioned by Mr. Kendall.

He goes fully into the whole matter in a very long letter to Mr. John W. Brett, of December 27, 1858, in which he details his connection with the cable company, his regret and surprise at being excluded on the ground of his not being a stockholder, especially as, on a subsequent visit to Europe, he found that two other men had been made honorary directors, although they were not stockholders. He says that he learned also that "Mr. Field had represented to the Directors that I was hostile to the company, and was using my exertions to defeat the measures for aid from the United States Government to the enterprise, and that it was in consequence of these misrepresentations that I was not elected."

He says farther on: "I sincerely rejoiced in the consummation of the great enterprise, although prevented in the way I have shown from being present. I ought to have been with the cable squadron last summer. It was no fault of mine that I was not there. I hope Mr. Field can exculpate himself in the eyes of the Board, before

the world, and before his own conscience, in the course he has taken.”

On the margin of the letter-press copy of a letter written to Mr. Kendall on December 22, 1859, is a note in pencil written, evidently, at a later date: “Mr. Field has since manifested by his conduct a different temper. I have long since forgiven what, after all, may have been error of ignorance on his part.”

The fact remains, however, that his connection with the cable company was severed, and that his relations with Messrs. Field, Cooper, etc., were decidedly strained. It is more than possible that, had he continued as electrician of the company, the second attempt might have been successful, for he foresaw the difficulty which resulted in failure, and, had he been the guiding mind, it would, naturally, have been avoided. The proof of this is in the following incident, which was related by a friend of his, Mr. Jacob S. Jewett, to Mr. Prime: —

“I thought it might interest you to know when and how Professor Morse received the first tidings of the success of the Atlantic Cable. I accompanied him to Europe on the steamer Fulton, which sailed from New York July 24, 1858. We were nearing Southampton when a sail boat was noticed approaching, and soon our vessel was boarded by a young man who sought an interview with Professor Morse, and announced to him that a message from America had just been received, the first that had passed along the wire lying upon the bed of the ocean.

“Professor Morse was, of course, greatly delighted, but, turning to me, said: ‘*This is very gratifying, but it is doubtful whether many more messages will be received*’;

and gave as his reason that — ‘the cable had been so long stored in an improper place that much of the coating had been destroyed, and the cable was in other respects injured.’ His prediction proved to be true.”

And Mr. Prime adds: “Had he been in the board of direction, had his judgment and experience as electrician been employed, that great calamity, which cost millions of money and eight years of delay in the use of the ocean telegraph, would, in all human probability, have been averted.”

But it is idle to speculate on what might have been. His letters show that the action of the directors amazed and hurt him, and that it was with deep regret that he ceased to take an active part in the great enterprise the success of which he had been the first to prophesy.

Many other matters claimed his attention at this time, for, as usual upon returning from a prolonged absence, he found his affairs in more or less confusion, and his time for some months after his return was spent mainly in straightening them out. The winter was spent in New York with his family, but business calling him to Washington, he gives utterance, in a letter to his wife of December 16, to sentiments which will appeal to all who have had to do with the powers that be in the Government service: —

“As yet I have not had the least success in getting a proper position for Charles. A more thankless, repulsive business than asking for a situation under Government I cannot conceive. I would myself starve rather than ask such a favor if I were alone concerned. The modes of obtaining even a hearing are such as to drive a man of any sensitiveness to wish himself in the depths

of the forest away from the vicinity of men, rather than encounter the airs of those on their temporary thrones of power. I cannot say what I feel. I shall do all I can, but anticipate no success. . . . I called to see Secretary Toucey for the purpose of asking him to put me in the way of finding some place for Charles, but, after sending in my card and waiting in the anteroom for half to three fourths of an hour, he took no notice of my card, just left his room, passed by deliberately the open door of the anteroom without speaking to me, and left the building. This may be all explained and I will charitably hope there was no intention of rudeness to me, but, unexplained, a ruder slight could not well be conceived."

The affection of the three Morse brothers for each other was unusually strong, and it is from the unreserved correspondence between Finley and Sidney that some of the most interesting material for this work has been gathered. Both of these brothers possessed a keen sense of humor and delighted in playful banter. The following is written in pencil on an odd scrap of paper and has no date: —

"When my brother and I were children my father one day took us each on his knee and said: 'Now I am going to tell you the character of each of you.' He then told us the fable of the Hare and the Tortoise. 'Now,' said he, 'Finley' (that is me), 'you are the Hare and Sidney, your brother, is the Tortoise. See if I am not correct in prophesying your future careers.' So ever since it has been a topic of banter between Sidney and me. Sometimes Sidney seemed to be more prosperous than I; then he would say, 'The old tortoise is ahead.' Then I would take a vigorous run and cry out to him, 'The hare

is ahead.' For I am naturally quick and impulsive, and he sluggish and phlegmatic. So I am now going to give him the Hare riding the Tortoise as a piece of fun. Sidney will say: 'Ah! you see the Hare is obliged to ride on the Tortoise in order to get to the goal.' But I shall say: 'Yes, but the Tortoise could not get there unless the Hare spurred him up and guided him.'"

Both of these brothers achieved success, but, unfortunately for the moral of the old fable, the hare quite outdistanced the tortoise, without, however, kindling any spark of jealousy in that faithful heart.

While Sidney was still in Europe his brother writes to him on December 29, 1857: —

"I don't know what you must think of me for not having written to you since my return. It has not been for want of will but truly from the impossibility of withdrawing myself from an unprecedented pressure of more important duties, on which to *write* so that you could form any clear idea of them would be impossible. These duties arise from the state of my affairs thrown into confusion by the conduct of parties intent on controlling all my property. But, I am happy to state, my affairs are in a way of adjustment through the active exertions of my faithful agent and friend, Mr. Kendall, so far as his declining strength permits. . . . I wish you were near me so that we could exchange views on many subjects, particularly on the one which so largely occupies public attention everywhere. I have been collecting works pro and con on the Slavery question with a view of writing upon it. We are in perfect accord, I think, on that subject. I believe that you and I would be considered in New England as rank heretics, for, I confess, the more I

study the subject the more I feel compelled to declare myself on the Southern side of the question.

“I care not for the judgment of men, however; I feel on sure ground while standing on Bible doctrine, and I have arrived at the conclusion that a fearful hallucination, not less absurd than that which beclouded some of the most pious and otherwise intelligent minds of the days of Salem witchcraft, has for a time darkened the moral atmosphere of the North.”

The event has seemed to prove that it was the Southern sympathizers at the North, those “most pious and otherwise intelligent minds,” whose moral atmosphere was darkened by a “fearful hallucination,” for no one now claims that slavery is a divine institution because the Bible says, “Slaves, obey your masters.”

I have stated that one of the purposes of Morse’s visit to Europe in 1856 was to seek to persuade the various Governments which were using his telegraph to grant him some pecuniary remuneration. The idea was received favorably at the different courts, and resulted in a concerted movement initiated by the Count Walewski, representing France, and participated in by ten of the European nations. The sittings of this convention, or congress, were held in Paris from April, 1858, to the latter part of August, and the result is announced in a letter of Count Walewski to Morse of September 1:—

SIR, — It is with lively satisfaction that I have the honor to announce to you that a sum of four hundred thousand francs will be remitted to you, in four annuities, in the name of France, of Austria, of Belgium, of the Netherlands, of Piedmont, of Russia, of the

Holy See, of Sweden, of Tuscany and of Turkey, as an honorary gratuity, and as a reward, altogether personal, of your useful labors. Nothing can better mark than this collective act of reward the sentiment of public gratitude which your invention has so justly excited.

The Emperor has already given you a testimonial of his high esteem when he conferred upon you, more than a year ago, the decoration of a Chevalier of his order of the Legion of Honor. You will find a new mark of it in the initiative which his Majesty wished that his government should take in this conjuncture; and the decision that I charge myself to bring to your knowledge is a brilliant proof of the eager and sympathetic adhesion that his proposition has met with from the states I have just enumerated.

I pray you to accept on this occasion, sir, my personal congratulations, as well as the assurance of my sentiments of the most distinguished consideration.

While this letter is dated September 1, the amount of the gratuity agreed upon seems to have been made known soon after the first meeting of the convention, for on April 29, the following letter was written to Morse by M. van den Broek, his agent in all the preliminaries leading up to the convention, and who, by the way, was to receive as his commission one third of the amount of the award, whatever it might be: "I have this morning seen the secretary of the Minister, and from him learned that the sum definitely fixed is 400,000 francs, payable in four years. This does not by any means answer our expectations, and I am afraid you will be much

disappointed, yet I used every exertion in my power, but without avail, to procure a grant of a larger sum."

It certainly was a pitiful return for the millions of dollars which Morse's invention had saved or earned for those nations which used it as a government monopoly, and while I find no note of complaint in his own letters, his friends were more outspoken. Mr. Kendall, in a letter of May 18, exclaims: "I know not how to express my contempt of the meanness of the European Governments in the award they propose to make you as *the* inventor of the Telegraph. I had set the sum at half a million dollars as the least that they could feel to be at all compatible with their dignity. I hope you will acknowledge it more as a tribute to the merits of your invention than as an adequate reward for it."

And in a letter of June 5, answering one of Morse's which must have contained some expressions of gratitude, Mr. Kendall says further: "In reference to the second subject of your letter, I have to say that it is only as a tribute to the superiority of your invention that the European grant can, in my opinion, be considered either 'generous' or 'magnanimous.' As an indemnity it is niggardly and mean."

It will be in place to record here the testimonials of the different nations of Europe to the Inventor of the Telegraph, manifested in various forms: —

France. A contributor to the honorary gratuity, and the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Prussia. The Scientific Gold Medal of Prussia set in the lid of a gold snuff-box.

Austria. A contributor to the honorary gratuity, and the Scientific Gold Medal of Austria.

Russia. A contributor to the honorary gratuity.

Spain. The cross of Knight Commander de Numero of the order of Isabella the Catholic.

Portugal. The cross of a Knight of the Tower and Sword.

Italy. A contributor to the honorary gratuity, and the cross of a Knight of Saints Lazaro and Mauritio.

Württemberg. The Scientific Gold Medal of Württemberg.

Turkey. A contributor to the honorary gratuity, and the decoration in diamonds of the Nishan Iftichar, or Order of Glory.

Denmark. The cross of Knight Commander of the Dannebrog.

Holy See. A contributor to the honorary gratuity.

Belgium. A contributor to the honorary gratuity.

Holland. A contributor to the honorary gratuity.

Sweden. A contributor to the honorary gratuity.

Great Britain. Nationally nothing.

Switzerland. Nationally nothing.

Saxony. Nationally nothing.

The decorations and medals enumerated above, with the exception of the Danish cross, which had to be returned at the death of the recipient, and one of the medals, which mysteriously disappeared many years ago, are now in the Morse case at the National Museum in Washington, having been presented to that institution by the children and grandchildren of the inventor. It should be added that, in addition to the honors bestowed on him by foreign governments, he was made a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Sweden, a member of the Institute of France and of the

principal scientific societies of the United States. It has been already noted in these pages that his *alma mater*, Yale, conferred on him the degree of LL.D.

I have said that I find no note of complaint in Morse's letters. Whatever his feelings of disappointment may have been, he felt it his duty to send the following letter to Count Walewski on September 15, 1858. Perhaps a slight note of irony may be read into the sentence accepting the gratuity, but, if intended, I fear it was too feeble to have reached its mark, and the letter is, as a whole and under the circumstances, almost too fulsome, conforming, however, to the stilted style of the time: —

On my return to Paris from Switzerland I have this day received, from the Minister of the United States, the most gratifying information which Your Excellency did me the honor to send to me through him, respecting the decision of the congress of the distinguished diplomatic representatives of ten of the August governments of Europe, held in special reference to myself.

You have had the considerate kindness to communicate to me a proceeding which reflects the highest honor upon the Imperial Government and its noble associates, and I am at a loss for language adequately to express to them my feelings of profound gratitude.

But especially, Your Excellency, do I want words to express towards the august head of the Imperial Government, and to Your Excellency, the thankful sentiments of my heart for the part so prominently taken by His Imperial Majesty, and by Your Excellency, in so generously initiating this measure for my honor in

inviting the governments of Europe to a conference on the subject, and for so zealously and warmly advocating and perseveringly conducting to a successful termination, the measure in which the Imperial Government so magnanimously took the initiative.

I accept the gratuity thus tendered, on the basis of an honorary testimonial and a personal reward, with tenfold more gratification than could have been produced by a sum of money, however large, offered on the basis of a commercial negotiation.

I beg Your Excellency to receive my thanks, however inadequately expressed, and to believe that I appreciate Your Excellency's kind and generous services performed in the midst of your high official duties, consummating a proceeding so unique, and in a manner so graceful, that personal kindness has been beautifully blended with official dignity.

I will address respectively to the honorable ministers who were Your Excellency's colleagues a letter of thanks for their participation in this act of high honor to me.

I beg Your Excellency to accept the assurances of my lasting gratitude and highest consideration in subscribing myself

Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

CHAPTER XXXVII

SEPTEMBER 9, 1858 — SEPTEMBER 21, 1863

Visits Europe again with a large family party. — Regrets this. — Sails for Porto Rico with wife and two children. — First impressions of the tropics. — Hospitalities. — His son-in-law's plantation. — Death of Alfred Vail. — Smithsonian exonerates Henry. — European honors to Morse. — First line of telegraph in Porto Rico. — Banquet. — Returns home. — Reception at Poughkeepsie. — Refuses to become candidate for the Presidency. — Purchases New York house. — F. O. J. Smith claims part of European gratuity. — Succeeds through legal technicality. — Visit of Prince of Wales. — Duke of Newcastle. — War clouds. — Letters on slavery, etc. — Matthew Vassar. — Efforts as peacemaker. — Foresees Northern victory. — Gloomy forebodings. — Monument to his father. — Divides part of European gratuity with widow of Vail. — Continued efforts in behalf of peace. — Bible arguments in favor of slavery.

MANY letters of this period, including a whole letter-press copy-book, are missing, many of the letters in other copy-books are quite illegible through the fading of the ink, and others have been torn out (by whom I do not know) and have entirely disappeared. It will, therefore, be necessary to summarize the events of the remainder of the year 1858, and of some of the following years.

We find that, on July 24, 1858, Morse sailed with his family, including his three young boys, his mother-in-law and other relatives, a party of fifteen all told, for Havre on the steamer Fulton; that he was tendered a banquet by his fellow-countrymen in Paris, and that he was received with honor wherever he went. Travelling with a large family was a different proposition from the independence which he had enjoyed on his previous visits to Europe, when he was either alone or accompanied only by his wife and niece, and he pathetically



MORSE AND HIS YOUNGEST SON

remarks to his brother Sidney, in a letter of September 3, written from Interlaken: "It was a great mistake I committed in bringing my family. I have scarcely had one moment's pleasure, and am almost worn out with anxieties and cares. If I get back safe with them to Paris I hope, after arranging my affairs there, to go as direct as possible to Southampton, and settle them there till I sail in November. I am tired of travelling and long for the repose of Locust Grove, if it shall please our Heavenly Father to permit us to meet there again."

Before returning to the quiet of his home on the Hudson, however, he paid a visit which he had long had in contemplation. On November 17, 1858, he and his wife and their two younger sons sailed from Southampton for Porto Rico, where his elder daughter, Mrs. Edward Lind, had for many years lived, and where his younger daughter had been visiting while he was in Europe. He describes his first impressions of a tropical country in a letter to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Griswold, who had decided to spend the winter in Geneva to superintend the education of his son Arthur, a lad of nine:—

"In St. Thomas we received every possible attention. The Governor called on us and invited Edward and myself to breakfast (at 10.30 o'clock) the day we left. He lives in a fine mansion on one of the lesser hills that enclose the harbor, having directly beneath him on the slope, and only separated by a wall, the residence of Santa Anna. He was invited to be present, but he was ill (so he said) and excused himself. I presume his illness was occasioned by the thought of meeting an American

from the States, for he holds the citizens of the States in perfect hatred, so much so as to refuse to receive United States money in change from his servants on their return from market.

“A few days in change of latitude make wonderful changes in feelings and clothing. When we left England the air was wintry, and thick woolen clothing and fires were necessary. The first night at sea blankets were in great demand. With two extra and my great-coat over all I was comfortably warm. In twenty-four hours the great-coat was dispensed with, then one blanket, then another, until a sheet alone began to be enough, and the last two or three nights on board this slight covering was too much. When we got into the harbor of St. Thomas the temperature was oppressive; our slightest summer clothing was in demand. Surrounded by pomegranate trees, magnificent oleanders, cocoa-nut trees with their large fruit some thirty feet from the ground, the aloe and innumerable, and to me strange, tropical plants, I could scarcely believe it was December. . . .

“We arrived on Thursday morning and remained until Monday morning, Edward having engaged a Long Island schooner, which happened to be in port, to take us to Arroyo. At four o'clock the Governor sent his official barge, under the charge of the captain of the port, a most excellent, intelligent, scientific gentleman, who had breakfasted with us at the Governor's in the morning, and in a few minutes we were rowed alongside of the schooner *Estelle*, and before dark were under way and out of the harbor. Our quarters were very small and close, but not so uncomfortable.

"At daylight in the morning of Tuesday we were sailing along the shores of Porto Rico, and at sunrise we found we were in sight of Guyama and Arroyo, and with our glasses we saw at a distance the buildings on Edward's estate. Susan had been advised of our coming and a flag was flying on the house in answer to the signal we made from the vessel. In two or three hours we got to the shore, as near as was safe for the vessel, and then in the doctor's boat, which had paid us an official visit to see that we did not bring yellow fever or other infectious disease, the kind doctor, an Irishman educated in America, took us ashore at a little temporary landing-place to avoid the surf. On the shore there were some handkerchiefs shaking, and in a crowd we saw Susan and Leila, and Charlie [his grandson] who were waiting for us in carriages, and in a few moments we embraced them all. The sun was hot upon us, but, after a ride of two or three miles, we came to the Henrietta, my dear Edward and Susan's residence, and were soon under the roof of a spacious, elegant and most commodious mansion. And here we are with midsummer temperature and vegetation, but a tropical vegetation, all around us.

"Well, we always knew that Edward was a prince of a man, but we did not know, or rather appreciate, that he has a princely estate and in as fine order as any in the island. When I say 'fine order,' I do not mean that it is laid out like the Bois de Boulogne, nor is there quite as much picturesqueness in a level plain of sugar canes as in the trees and shrubbery of the gardens of Versailles; but it is a rich and well-cultivated estate of some fourteen hundred acres, gradually rising for two

or three miles from the sea-shore to the mountains, including some of them, and stretching into the valleys between them."

His visit to Porto Rico was a most delightful one to him in many ways, and I shall have more to say of it further on, but I digress for a moment to speak of two events which occurred just at this time, and which showed him that, even in this land of *dolce far niente*, he could not escape the griefs and cares which are common to all mankind.

Mr. Kendall, in a letter of February 20, announces the death of one of his early associates: "I presume you will have heard before this reaches you of the death of Alfred Vail. He had sold most of his telegraph stocks and told me when I last saw him that it was with difficulty he could procure the means of comfort for his family."

Morse had heard of this melancholy event, for, in a letter to Mr. Shaffner of February 22, he says: "Poor Vail! alas, he is gone. I only heard of the event on Saturday last. This death, and the death of many friends besides, has made me feel sad. Vail ought to have a proper notice. He was an upright man, and, although some ways of his made him unpopular with those with whom he came in contact, yet I believe his intentions were good, and his faults were the result more of ill-health, a dyspeptic habit, than of his heart."

He refers to this also in a letter to his brother Sidney of February 23: "Poor Vail is gone. He was the innocent cause of the original difficulty with the sensitive Henry, he all the time earnestly desirous of doing him honor."

And on March 30, he answers Mr. Kendall's letter:

"I regret to learn that poor Vail was so straitened in his circumstances at his death. I intend paying a visit to his father and family on my return. I may be able to relieve them in some degree."

This intention he fulfilled, as we shall see later on, and I wish to call special attention to the tone of these letters because, as I have said before, Morse has been accused of gross ingratitude and injustice towards Alfred Vail, whereas a careful and impartial study of all the circumstances of their connection proves quite the contrary. Vail's advocates, in loudly claiming for him much more than the evidence shows he was entitled to, have not hesitated to employ gross personal abuse of Morse in their newspaper articles, letters, etc., even down to the present day. This has made my task rather difficult, for, while earnestly desirous of giving every possible credit to Vail, I have been compelled to introduce much evidence, which I should have preferred to omit, to show the essential weakness of his character; he seems to have been foredoomed to failure. He undoubtedly was of great assistance in the early stages of the invention, and for this Morse always cheerfully gave him full credit, but I have proved that he did not invent the dot-and-dash alphabet, which has been so insistently claimed for him, and that his services as a mechanic were soon dispensed with in favor of more skilful men. I have also shown that he practically left Morse to his fate in the darkest years of the struggle to bring the telegraph into public use, and that, by his morbid suspicions, he hampered the efforts of Mr. Kendall to harmonize conflicting interests. For all this Morse never bore him any ill-will, but endeavored in

every way to foster and safeguard his interests. That he did not succeed was no fault of his.

Another reminder that he was but human, and that he could not expect to sail serenely along on the calm seas of popular favor without an occasional squall, was given to him just at this time. Professor Joseph Henry had requested the Regents of the Smithsonian Institute to enquire into the rights and wrongs of the controversy between himself and Morse, which had its origin in Henry's testimony in the telegraph suits, tinged as this testimony was with bitterness on account of the omissions in Vail's book, and which was fanned into a flame by Morse's "Defense." The latter resented the fact that all these proceedings had taken place while he was out of the country, and without giving him an opportunity to present his side of the case. However, he shows his willingness to do what is right in the letter to Colonel Shaffner of February 22, from which I have already quoted: —

"Well, it has taken him four years to fire off his gun, and perhaps I am killed. When I return I shall examine my wounds and see if they are mortal, and, if so, shall endeavor to die becomingly. Seriously, however, if there are any new facts which go to exculpate Henry for his attack upon me before the courts at a moment when I was struggling against those who, from whatever motive, wished to deprive me of my rights, and even of my character, I shall be most happy to learn them, and, if I have unwittingly done him injustice, shall also be most happy to make proper amends. But as all this is for the future, as I know of no facts which alter the case, and as I am wholly unconscious of having done

him any injustice, I must wait to see what he has put forth."

In a letter to his brother Sidney, of February 23, he philosophizes as follows: —

"I cannot avoid noticing a singular coincidence of events in my experience of life, especially in that part of it devoted to the invention of the Telegraph, to wit, that, when any special and marked honor has been conferred upon me, there has immediately succeeded some event of the envious or sordid character seemingly as a set-off, the tendency of which has been invariably to prevent any excess of exultation on my part. Can this be accident? Is it not rather the wise ordering of events by infinite wisdom and goodness to draw me away from repose in earthly honor to the more substantial and enduring honor that comes only from God? . . . I pray for wisdom to direct in such trials, and in any answer I may find it necessary to give to Henry or others, I desire most of all to be mindful of that charity which 'suffereth long, which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, hopeth all things, thinketh no evil.'"

This check to self-laudation came at an appropriate moment, as he said, for just at this time honors were being plentifully showered upon him. It was then that he was first notified of the bestowal of the Spanish decoration, and of the probability of Portugal's following suit. Perhaps even more gratifying still was his election as a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Sweden, for this was a recognition of his merits as a scientist, and not as a mere promoter, as he had been contemptuously called. On the Island of Porto Rico

too he was being honored and fêted. On March 2, he writes: —

“I have just completed with success the construction and organization of the short telegraph line, the first on this island, initiating the great enterprise of the Southern Telegraph route to Europe from our shores, so far as to interest the Porto Ricans in the value of the invention.

“Yesterday was a day of great excitement here for this small place. The principal inhabitants of this place and Guayama determined to celebrate the completion of this little line, in which they take a great pride as being the first in the island, and so they complimented me with a public breakfast which was presided over by the lieutenant-colonel commandant of Guayama.

“The commandant and alcalde, the collector and captain of the port, with all the officials of the place, and the clergy of Guayama and Arroyo, and gentlemen planters and merchants of the two towns, numbering in all about forty, were present. We sat down at one o’clock to a very handsome breakfast, and the greatest enthusiasm and kind and generous feeling were manifested. My portrait was behind me upon the wall draped with the Spanish and American flags. I gave them a short address of thanks, and took the opportunity to interest them in the great Telegraph line which will give them communication with the whole world. I presume accounts will be published in the United States from the Porto Rico papers. Thus step by step (shall I not rather say *stride* by *stride*?) the Telegraph is compassing the world.

• “My accounts from Madrid assure me that the gov-

ernment will soon have all the papers prepared for granting the concession to Mr. Perry, our former secretary of legation at Madrid, in connection with Sir James Carmichael, Mr. John W. Brett, the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, and others. The recent consolidation plan in the United States has removed the only hesitation I had in sustaining this new enterprise, for I feared that I might unwittingly injure, by a counter plan, those it was my duty to support. Being now in harmony with the American Company and the Newfoundland Company, I presume all my other companies will derive benefit rather than injury from the success of this new and grand enterprise. At any rate I feel impelled to support all plans that manifestly tend to the complete circumvention of the globe, and the bringing into telegraphic connection all the nations of the earth, and this when I am not fully assured that present personal interests may not temporarily suffer. I am glad to know that harmonious arrangements are made between the various companies in the United States, although I have been so ill-used. I will have no litigation if I can avoid it. Even Henry may have the field in quiet, unless he has presented a case too flagrantly unjust to leave unanswered."

The short line of telegraph was from his son-in-law's house to his place of business on the bay, about two miles, and the building of it gave rise to the legend on the island that Morse conducted some of his first electrical experiments in Porto Rico, which, of course, is not true.

There is much correspondence concerning the proposed cable from Spain or Portugal by various routes to

the West Indies and thence to the United States, but nothing came of it.

The rest of their stay in Porto Rico was greatly enjoyed by all in spite of certain drawbacks incidental to the tropics, to one of which he alludes in a letter to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Goodrich, who was then in Europe. Speaking of his wife he says: "She is dreadfully troubled with a plague which, if you have been in Italy, I am sure you are no stranger to. '*Pulci, pulci.*' If you have not had a colony of them settled upon you, and quartered, and giving you no quarter, you have been an exception to travellers in Italy. Well, I will pit any two *pulci* of Porto Rico against any ten you can bring from Italy, and I should be sure to see them bite the dust before the bites of our Porto Rico breed."

His letters are filled with apothegms and reflections on life in general and his own in particular, and they alone would almost fill a book. In a letter to Mr. Kendall, of March 30, we find the following: —

"I had hoped to return from honors abroad to enjoy a little rest from litigation at home, but, if I must take up arms, I hope to be able to use them efficiently in self-defense, and in a chivalrous manner as becometh a '*Knight.*' I have no reason to complain of my position abroad, but I suppose, as I am not yet under the ground, honors to a living inventor must have their offset in the attacks of envy and avarice.

"'Wrath is cruel, but who can stand before envy?'" says the wise man. The contest with the envious is indeed an annoyance, but, if one's spirit is under the right guidance and revenge does not actuate the strife, victory is very certain. My position is now such before the

world that I shall use it rather to correct my own temper than to make it a means of arrogant exultation."

He and his family left the island in the middle of April, 1859, and in due time reached their Poughkeepsie home. The "Daily Press" of that city gave the following account of the homecoming: —

"For some time previous to the hour at which the train was to arrive hundreds of people were seen flocking from all directions to the railroad depot, both in carriages and on foot, and when the train did arrive, and the familiar and loved form of Professor Morse was recognized on the platform of the car, the air was rent with the cheers of the assembled multitude. As soon as the cheers subsided Professor Morse was approached by the committee of reception and welcomed to the country of his birth and to the home of his adoption.

"A great procession was then formed composed of the carriages of citizens. The sidewalks were crowded with people on foot, the children of the public schools, which had been dismissed for the occasion, being quite conspicuous among them. Amid the ringing of bells, the waving of flags, and the gratulations of the people, the procession proceeded through a few of the principal streets, and then drove to the beautiful residence of Professor Morse, the band playing, as they entered the grounds, 'Sweet Home' and then 'Auld Lang Syne.'

"The gateways at the entrance had been arched with evergreens and wreathed with flowers. As the carriage containing their loved proprietor drove along the gravelled roads we noticed that several of the domestics, unable to restrain their welcomes, ran to his carriage and gave and received salutations. After a free

interchange of salutations and a general 'shake-hands,' the people withdrew and left their honored guest to the retirement of his own beautiful home.

"So the world reverences its great men, and so it ought. In Professor Morse we find those simple elements of greatness which elevate him infinitely above the hero of any of the world's sanguinary conflicts, or any of the most successful aspirants after political power. He has benefited not only America and the world, but has dignified and benefited the whole race."

His friends and neighbors desired to honor him still further by a public reception, but this he felt obliged to decline, and in his letter of regret he expresses the following sentiments: "If, during my late absence abroad, I have received unprecedented honors from European nations, convened in special congress for the purpose, and have also received marks of honor from individual Sovereigns and from Scientific bodies, all which have gratified me quite as much for the honor reflected by them upon my country as upon myself, there are none of these testimonials, be assured, which have so strongly touched my heart as this your beautiful tribute of kindly feeling from esteemed neighbors and fellow-citizens."

Among the letters which had accumulated during his absence, Morse found one, written some time previously, from a Mr. Reibart, who had published his name as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. In courteously declining this honor Morse drily adds: "There are hundreds, nay thousands, more able (not to say millions more willing) to take any office they can obtain, and perform its functions more faithfully and

with more benefit to the country. While this is the case I do not feel that the country will suffer should one like myself, wearied with the struggles and litigations of half a century, desire to be excused from encountering the annoyances and misapprehensions inseparable from political life."

Thanks to the successful efforts of his good friend, Mr. Kendall, he was now financially independent, so much so that he felt justified in purchasing, in the fall of the year 1859, the property at 5 West Twenty-second Street, New York, where the winters of the remaining years of his life were passed, except when he was abroad. This house has now been replaced by a commercial structure, but a bronze tablet marks the spot where once stood the old-fashioned brown stone mansion.

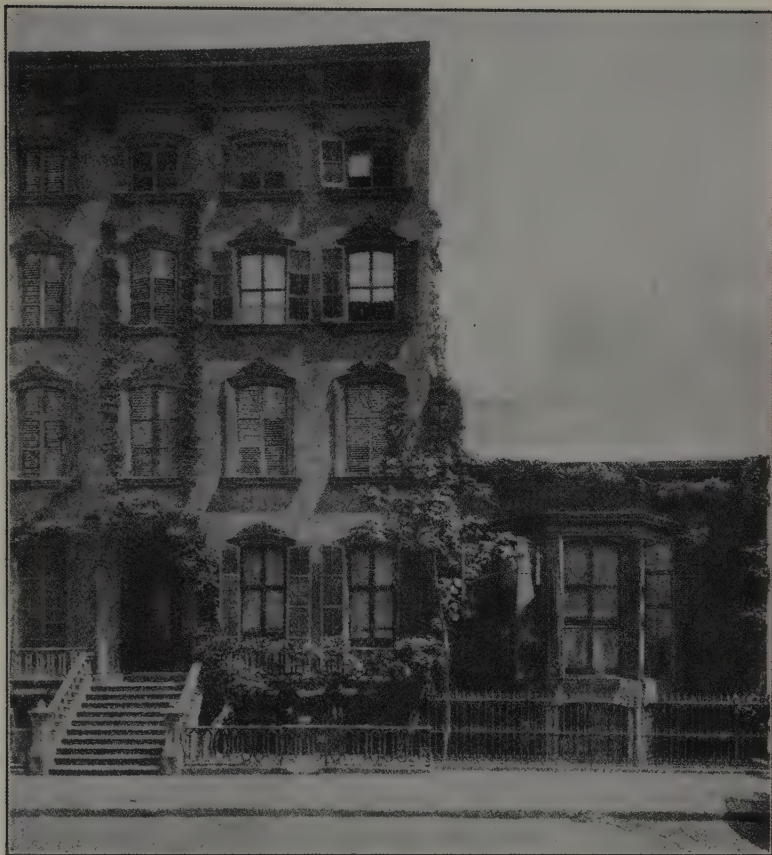
While his mind was comparatively at rest regarding money matters, he was not yet free from vexatious litigation, and his opinion of lawyers is tersely expressed in a letter to Mr. Kendall of December 27, 1859: "I have not lost my respect for law but I have for its administrators; not so much for any premeditated dishonesty as for their stupidity and want of just insight into a case."

It was not long before he had a practical proof of the truth of this aphorism, for his "thorn in the flesh" never ceased from rankling, and now gave a new instance of the depths to which an unscrupulous man could descend. On June 9, 1860, Morse writes to his legal adviser, Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, of Boston: "You may remember that Smith, just before I sailed for Europe in 1858, intimated that he should demand of me a portion of the Honorary Gratuity voted to me by

the congress of ten powers at Paris. I procured your opinion, as you know, and I had hoped that he would not insist on so preposterous a claim. I am, however, disappointed; he has recently renewed it. I have had some correspondence with him on the subject utterly denying any claim on his part. He proposes a reference, but I have not yet encouraged him to think I would assent. I wish your advice before I answer him."

It is difficult to conceive of a meaner case of extortion than this. As Morse says in a letter to Mr. Kendall, of August 3, 1860, after he had consented to a reference of the matter to three persons: "I have no apprehensions of the result except that I may be entrapped by some legal technicalities. Look at the case in an equitable point of view and, it appears to me, no intelligent, just men could give a judgment against me or in his favor. Smith's purchase into the telegraph, the consideration he gave, was his efforts to obtain a property in the invention abroad by letters patent or otherwise. In *such* property he was to share. No such property was created there. What can he then claim? The monies that he hazarded (taking his own estimate) were to the amount of some seven thousand dollars; and this was an advance, virtually a loan, to be paid back to him if he had created the property abroad. But his efforts being fruitless for that purpose, and of no value whatever to me, yet procured him one fourth patent interest in the United States, for which we know he has obtained at least \$300,000. Is he not paid amply without claiming a portion of honorary gifts to me? Well, we shall see how legal men look at the matter."

One legal man of great brilliance gave his opinion



HOUSE AND LIBRARY AT 5 WEST 22^d ST., NEW YORK

SMITH GETS PART OF GRATUITY 411

without hesitation, as we learn from a letter of Morse's to Mr. Curtis, of July 14: "I had, a day or two since, my cousin Judge Breese, late Senator of the United States from Illinois, on a visit to me. I made him acquainted with the points, after which he scouted the idea that any court of legal character could for a moment sustain Smith's claim. He thought my argument unanswerable, and playfully said: 'I will insure you against any claim from Smith for a bottle of champagne.'"

It is a pity that Morse did not close with the offer of the learned judge, for, in spite of his opinion, in spite of the opinion of most men of intelligence, in defiance of the perfectly obvious and proven fact that Smith had utterly failed in fulfilling his part of the contract, and that the award had been made to Morse "as a reward altogether personal" (*toute personnelle*), the referees decided in Smith's favor. And on what did they base this remarkable decision? On the ground that in the contract of 1838 with Smith the word "otherwise" occurs. Property in Europe was to be obtained by "letters patent" or "otherwise." Of course no actual property had been obtained, and Smith had had no hand in securing the honorary gratuity, and it is difficult to follow the reasoning of these sapient referees. They were, on Smith's part, Judge Upham of New Hampshire; on Morse's, Mr. Hilliard, of Boston; and Judge Sprague, of the Circuit Court, Boston, chairman.

However, the decision was made, and Morse, with characteristic large-heartedness, submitted gracefully. On October 15, he writes to Mr. Curtis: "I ought, perhaps, with my experience to learn for the first time that

Law and *Justice* are not synonyms, but, with all deference to the opinion of the excellent referees, for each of whom I have the highest personal respect, I still think that they have not given a decision in strict conformity with Law. . . . I submit, however, to law with kindly feelings to all, and now bend my attention to repair my losses as best I may."

As remarked before, earlier in this volume, Morse, in his correspondence with Smith, always wrote in that courteous manner which becomes a gentleman, and he expresses his dissent from the verdict in this manner in a letter of November 20, in answer to one of Smith's, quibbling over the allowance to Morse by the referees of certain expenses: "Throwing aside as of no avail any discussion in regard to the equity of the decision of the referees, especially in the view of a conscientious and high-minded man, I now deal with the decision as it has been made, since, according to the technicalities of the law, it has been pronounced by honorable and honest men in accordance with their construction of the language of the deed in your favor. But 'He that's convinced against his will is of the same opinion still,' and in regard to the intrinsic injustice of being compelled, by the strict construction of a general word, to pay over to you any portion of that which was expressly given to me as a personal and honorary *gratuity* by the European governments, my opinion is always as it has been, an opinion sustained by the sympathy of every intelligent and honorable man who has studied the merits of the case."

He was hard hit for a time by this unjust decision, and his correspondence shows that he regretted it most because it prevented him from bestowing as much in

good works as he desired. He was obliged to refuse many requests which strongly appealed to him. His daily mail contained numerous requests for assistance in sums "from twenty thousand dollars to fifty cents," and it was always with great reluctance that he refused anybody anything.

However, as is usual in this life, the gay was mingled with the grave, and we find that he was one of the committee of prominent men to arrange for the entertainment of the Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII, on his visit to this country. I have already referred to one incident of this visit when Morse, in an address to the Prince at the University of the City of New York, referred to the kindness shown him in London by the Earl of Lincoln, who was now the Duke of Newcastle and was in the suite of the Prince. Morse had hoped that he might have the privilege of entertaining H.R.H. at his country place on the Hudson, but the Duke of Newcastle, in a letter of October 8, 1860, regrets that this cannot be managed: —

I assure you I have not forgotten the circumstances which gave me the pleasure of your acquaintance in 1839, and I am very desirous of seeing you again during my short visit to this continent. I fear however that a visit by the Prince of Wales to your home, however I might wish it, is quite impracticable, although on our journey up the Hudson we shall pass so near you. Every hour of our time is fully engaged.

Is there any chance of seeing you in New York, or, if not, is there any better hope in Boston? If you should be in either during our stay, I hope you will be kind

enough to call upon me. Pray let me have a line on Thursday at New York. I have lately been much interested in some electro-telegraphic inventions of yours which are new to me.

I am

Yours very truly,

NEWCASTLE.

Referring to another function in honor of the Prince, Morse says, in a letter to Mr. Kendall: "I did not see you after the so-styled Ball in New York, which was not a *ball* but a *levee* and a great jam. I hope you and yours suffered no inconvenience from it."

The war clouds in his beloved country were now lowering most ominously, and, true to his convictions, he exclaims in a letter to a friend of January 12, 1861:—

"Our politicians are playing with edged tools. It is easy to raise a storm by those who cannot control it. If I trusted at all in them I should despair of the country, but an Almighty arm makes the wrath of man to praise him, and he will restrain the rest. There is something so unnatural and abhorrent in this outcry of *arms* in one great family that I cannot believe it will come to a decision by the sword. Such counsels of force are in the court of passion, not of reason. Imagine such a conflict, imagine a victory, no matter by which side. Can the victors rejoice in the blood of brethren shed in a family brawl? Whose heart will thrill with pride at such success? No, no. I should as soon think of rejoicing that one of my sons had killed the other in a brawl.

"But I have not time to add. I hope for the best, and even can see beyond the clouds of the hour a brighter

day. God bless the whole family, North, South, East and West. I will never divide them in my heart however they may be politically or geographically divided."

His hopes of a peaceful solution of the questions at issue between the North and the South were, of course, destined to be cruelly dashed, and he suffered much during the next few years, both in his feelings and in his purse, on account of the war. I have already shown that he, with many other pious men, believed that slavery was a divine institution and that, therefore, the abolitionists were entirely in the wrong; but that, at the same time, he was unalterably opposed to secession. Holding these views, he was misjudged in both sections of the country. Those at the North accused him of being a secessionist because he was not an abolitionist, and many at the South held that he must be an abolitionist because he lived at the North and did not believe in the doctrine of secession. Many pages of his letter-books are filled with vehement arguments upholding his point of view, and he, together with many other eminent men at the North, strove without success to avert the war. His former pastor at Poughkeepsie, the Reverend H. G. Ludlow, in long letters, with many Bible quotations, called upon him to repent him of his sins and join the cause of righteousness. He, in still longer letters, indignantly repelled the accusation of error, and quoted chapter and verse in support of his views. He was made the president of The American Society for promoting National Unity, and in one of his letters to Mr. Ludlow he uses forceful language: —

"The tone of your letter calls for extraordinary drafts on Christian charity. Your criticism upon and denun-

ciation of a society planned in the interests of peace and good will to all, inaugurated by such men as Bishops McIlvaine and Hopkins, Drs. Krebs and Hutton, and Winslow, and Bliss, and Van Dyke, and Hawks, and Seabury, and Lord and Adams of Boston, and Wilson the missionary, and Styles and Boorman, and Professor Owen, and President Woods, and Dr. Parker, and my brothers, and many others as warm-hearted, praying, conscientious Christians as ever assembled to devise means for promoting peace — denunciations of these and such as these cannot but be painful in the highest degree. . . . I lay no stress upon these names other than to show that conscience in this matter has moved some Christians quite as strongly to view *Abolitionism* as a sin of the deepest dye, as it has other Christian minds to view Slavery as a sin, and so to condemn slaveholders to excommunication, and simply for being slaveholders.

“Who is to decide in a conflict of consciences? If the Bible be the umpire, as I hold it to be, then it is the Abolitionist that is denounced as worthy of excommunication; it is the Abolitionist from whom we are commanded to withdraw ourselves, while not a syllable of reproof do I find in the sacred volume administered to those who maintain, in the spirit of the gospel, the relation of *Masters and Slaves*. If you have been more successful, please point out chapter and verse. . . . I have no justification to offer for Southern *secession*; I have always considered it a remedy for nothing. It is, indeed, an expression of a sense of wrong, but, in turn, is itself a wrong, and two wrongs do not make a right.”

I have quoted thus at some length from one of his

many polemics to show the absolute and fearless sincerity of the man, mistaken though he may have been in his major premise.

I shall quote from other letters on this subject as they appear in chronological order, but as no person of any mental caliber thinks and acts continuously along one line of endeavor, so will it be necessary in a truthful biography to change from one subject of activity to another, and then back again, in order to portray in their proper sequence the thoughts and actions of a man which go to make up his personality. For instance, while the outspoken views which Morse held on the subjects of slavery and secession made him many enemies, he was still held in high esteem, for it was in the year 1861 that the members of the National Academy of Design urged him so strongly to become their president again that he yielded, but on condition that it should be for one year only. And the following letter to Matthew Vassar, of Poughkeepsie, dated February 1, 1861, shows that he was actively interested in the foundation of the first college for women in this country: "Your favor of the 24th ulto. is received, and so far as I can further your magnificent and most generous enterprise, I will do so. I will endeavor to attend the meeting at the Gregory House on the 26th of the present month. May you long live to see your noble design in successful operation."

In spite of his deep anxiety for the welfare of his country, and in spite of the other cares which weighed him down, he could not resist the temptation to indulge in humor when the occasion offered. This humor is tinged with sarcasm in a letter of July 13, 1861, to

Mr. A. B. Griswold, his wife's brother, a prominent citizen of New Orleans. After assuring him of his undiminished affection, he adds: —

“And now see what a risk I have run by saying thus much, for, according to modern application of the definition of *treason*, it would not be difficult to prove me a traitor, and therefore amenable to the halter.

“For instance — treason is giving aid and comfort to the enemy; everybody south of a certain geographical line is an enemy; you live south of that line, ergo you are an enemy; I send you my love, you being an enemy; this gives you *comfort*; ergo, I have given comfort to the enemy; ergo, I am a traitor; ergo, I must be hanged.”

As the war progressed he continued to express himself in forcible language against what he called the “twin heresies” — abolitionism and secession. He had done his best to avert the war. He describes his efforts in a letter of April 2, 1862, to Mr. George L. Douglas, of Louisville, Kentucky, who at that time was prominently connected with the Southern lines of the telegraph, and who had loyally done all in his power to safeguard Morse's interests in those lines: —

“You are correct in saying, in your answer as *gar-nishee*, that I have been an active and decided friend of Peace. In the early stages of the troubles, when the Southern Commissioners were in Washington, I devoted my time and influence and property, subscribing and paying in the outset five hundred dollars, to set on foot measures for preserving peace honorable to all parties. The attack on Fort Sumter struck down all these efforts (so far as my associates were concerned), but I was not

personally discouraged, and I again addressed myself to the work of the Peacemaker, determining to visit *personally* both sections of the country, the Government at Washington, and the Government of the Confederates at Richmond, to ascertain if there were, by possibility, any means of averting war. And when, from physical inability and age, I was unable to undertake the duty personally, I defrayed from my own pocket the expenses of a friend in his performance of the same duties for me, who actually visited both Washington and Richmond and conferred with the Presidents and chiefs of each section on the subject. True his efforts were unsuccessful, and so nothing remained for me but to retire to the quiet of my own study and watch the vicissitudes of the awful storm which I was powerless to avert, and descry the first signs of any clearing up, ready to take advantage of the earliest glimmerings of light through the clouds."

He had no doubts as to the ultimate issue of the conflict, for, in a letter to his wife's sister, Mrs. Goodrich, of May 2, 1862, he reduces it to mathematics: —

"Sober men could calculate, and did calculate, the *military* issue, for it was a problem of mathematics and not at all of individual or comparative courage. A force of equal quality is to be divided and the two parts to be set in opposition to each other. If equally divided, they will be at rest; if one part equals 3 and the other 9, it does not require much knowledge of mathematics to decide which part will overcome the force of the other.

"Now this is the case here just now. Two thirds of the physical and material force of the country are at the North, and on this account *military* success, other

things being equal, must be on the side of the North. Courage, justness of the cause, right, have nothing to do with it. War in our days is a game of chess. Two players being equal, if one begins the game with dispensing with a third of his best pieces, the other wins as a matter of course."

He was firmly of the opinion that England and other European nations had fomented, if they had not originated, the bad feeling between the North and the South, and at times he gave way to the most gloomy forebodings, as in a letter of July 23, 1862, to Mr. Kendall, who shared his views on the main questions at issue: —

"I am much depressed. There is no light in the political skies. Rabid abolitionism, with its intense, infernal hate, intensified by the same hate from secession quarters, is fast gaining the ascendancy. Our country is dead. God only can resuscitate it from its tomb. I see no hope of union. We are two countries, and, what is most deplorable, two hostile countries. Oh! how the nations, with England at their head, crow over us. It is the hour of her triumph; she has conquered by her arts that which she failed to do by her arms. If there was a corner of the world where I could hide myself, and I could consult the welfare of my family, I would sacrifice all my interests here and go at once. May God save us with his salvation. I have no heart to write or to do anything. Without a country! Without a country!"

He went even further, in one respect, in a letter to Mr. Walker, of Utica, of October 27, but his ordinarily keen prophetic vision was at fault: "Have you made up your mind to be under a future monarch, English or

French, or some scion of a European stock of kings? I shall not live to see it, I hope, but you may and your children will. I leave you this prophecy in black and white."

In spite of his occasional fits of pessimism he still strove with all his might, by letters and published pamphlets, to rescue his beloved country from what he believed were the machinations of foreign enemies. At the same time he did not neglect his more immediate concerns, and his letter-books are filled with loving admonitions to his children, instructions to his farmer, answers to inventors seeking his advice, or to those asking for money for various causes, etc.

He and his two brothers had united in causing a monument to be erected to the memory of their father and mother in the cemetery at New Haven, and he insisted on bearing the lion's share of the expense, as we learn from a letter written to his nephew, Sidney E. Morse, Jr., on October 10, 1862: —

"Above you have my check on Broadway Bank, New York, for five hundred dollars towards Mr. Ritter's bill.

"Tell your dear father and Uncle Sidney that this is the portion of the bill for the monument which I choose to assume. Tell them I have still a good memory of past years, when I was poor and received from them the kind attentions of affectionate brothers. I am now, through the loving kindness and bounty of our Heavenly Father, in such circumstances that I can afford this small testimonial to their former fraternal kindness, and I know no better occasion to manifest the long pent-up feelings of my heart towards them than by

lightening, under the embarrassments of the times, the pecuniary burden of our united testimonial to the best of fathers and mothers."

This monument, a tall column surmounted by a terrestrial globe, symbolical of the fact that the elder Morse was the first American geographer, is still to be seen in the New Haven cemetery.

Another instance of the inventor's desire to show his gratitude towards those who had befriended him in his days of poverty and struggle is shown in a letter of November 17, 1862, to the widow of Alfred Vail:—

"You are aware that a sum of money was voted me by a special Congress, convened at Paris for the purpose, as a personal, honorary gratuity as the Inventor of the Telegraph. . . . Notwithstanding, however, that the Congress had put the sum voted me on the ground of a personal, honorary gratuity, I made up my mind in the very outset that I would divide to your good husband just that proportion of what I might receive (after due allowance and deduction of my heavy expenses in carrying through the transaction) as would have been his if the money so voted by the Congress had been the purchase money of patent rights. This design I early intimated to Mr. Vail, and I am happy in having already fulfilled in part my promise to him, when I had received the gratuity only in part. It was only the last spring that the whole sum, promised in four annual instalments (after the various deductions in Europe) has been remitted to me. . . . I wrote to Mr. Cobb [one of Alfred Vail's executors] some months ago, while he was in Washington, requesting an early interview to pay over the balance for you, but have

never received an answer. . . . Could you not come to town this week, either with or without Mr. Cobb, as is most agreeable to you, prepared to settle this matter in full? If so, please drop me a line stating the day and hour you will come, and I will make it a point to be at home at the time."

In this connection I shall quote from a letter to Mr. George Vail, written much earlier in the year, on May 19:—

"It will give me much pleasure to aid you in your project of disposing of the '*original wire*' of the Telegraph, and if my certificate to its genuineness will be of service, you shall cheerfully have it. I am not at this moment aware that there is any quantity of this wire anywhere else, except it may be in the helices of the big magnets which I have at Poughkeepsie. These shall not interfere with your design.

"I make only one modification of your proposal, and that is, if any profits are realized, please substitute for my name the name of your brother Alfred's amiable widow."

Although the malign animosity of F. O. J. Smith followed him to his grave, and even afterwards, he was, in this year of 1862, relieved from one source of annoyance from him, as we learn from a letter of May 19 to Mr. Kendall: "I have had a settlement with Smith in full on the award of the Referees in regard to the 'Honorary Gratuity,' and with less difficulty than I expected."

Morse had now passed the Scriptural age allotted to man; he was seventy-one years old, and, in a letter of August 22, he remarks rather sorrowfully: "I feel

that I am no longer young, that my career, whether for good or evil, is near its end, but I wish to give the energy and influence that remain to me to my country, to save it, if possible, to those who come after me."

All through the year 1863 he labored to this end, with alternations of hope and despair. On February 9, 1863, he writes to his cousin, Judge Sidney Breese: "A movement is commenced in the formation of a society here which promises good. It is for the purpose of Diffusing Useful Political Knowledge. It is backed up by millionaires, so far as funds go, who have assured us that funds shall not be wanting for this object. They have made me its president."

Through the agency of this society he worked to bring about "Peace with Honor," but, as one of their cardinal principles was the abandonment of abolitionism, he worked in vain. He bitterly denounced the Emancipation Proclamation, and President Lincoln came in for many hard words from his pen, being considered by him weak and vacillating. Mistaken though I think his attitude was in this, his opinions were shared by many prominent men of the day, and we must admit that for those who believed in a literal interpretation of the Bible there was much excuse. For instance, in a letter of September 21, 1863, to Martin Hauser, Esq., of Newbern, Indiana, he goes rather deeply into the subject:—

"Your letter of the 23d of last month I have just received, and I was gratified to see the evidences of an upright, honest dependence upon the only standard of right to which man can appeal pervading your whole letter. There is no other standard than the Bible, but

our translation, though so excellent, is defective sometimes in giving the true meaning of the original languages in which the two Testaments are written; the Old Testament in Hebrew, the New Testament in Greek. Therefore it is that in words in the English translation about which there is a variety of opinion, it is necessary to examine the original Hebrew or Greek to know what was the meaning attached to these words by the writers of the original Bible. . . . I make these observations to introduce a remark of yours that the Bible does not contain anything like slavery in it because the words 'slave' and 'slavery' are not used in it (except the former twice) but that the word 'servant' is used.

"Now the words translated 'servant' in hundreds of instances are, in the original, 'slave,' and the very passage you quote, Noah's words — 'Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren' — in the original Hebrew means exactly this — 'Cursed be Canaan, a *slave* of *slaves* shall he be.' The Hebrew word is '*ebed*,' which means a bond slave, and the words '*ebed ebadim*' translated 'slave of slaves,' means strictly *the most abject of slaves*.

"In the New Testament too the word translated 'servant' from the Greek is '*doulos*,' which is the same as '*ebed*' in the Hebrew, and always means a bond slave. Our word 'servant' formerly meant the same, but time and custom have changed its meaning with us, but the Bible word '*doulos*' remains the same, 'a slave.'"

It seems strange that a man of such a gentle, kindly disposition should have upheld the outworn institution of slavery, but he honestly believed, not only that

it was ordained of God, but that it was calculated to benefit the enslaved race. To Professor Christy, of Cincinnati, he gives, on September 12, his reasons for this belief: —

“You have exposed in a masterly manner the fallacies of Abolitionism. There is a complete coincidence of views between us. My ‘Argument,’ which is nearly ready for the press, supports the same view of the necessity of slavery to the christianization and civilization of a barbarous race. My argument for the benevolence of the relation of master and slave, drawn from the four relations ordained of God for the organization of the social system (the fourth being the servile relation, or the relation of master and slave) leads conclusively to the recognition of some great benevolent design in its establishment.

“But you have demonstrated in an unanswerable manner by your statistics this benevolent design, bringing out clearly, from the workings of his Providence, the absolute necessity of this relation in accomplishing his gracious designs towards even the lowest type of humanity.”

CHAPTER XXXVIII

FEBRUARY 26, 1864 — NOVEMBER 8, 1867

Sanitary Commission. — Letter to Dr. Bellows. — Letter on "loyalty." — His brother Richard upholds Lincoln. — Letters of brotherly reproof. — Introduces McClellan at preëlection parade. — Lincoln reëlected. — Anxiety as to future of country. — Unsuccessful effort to take up art again. — Letter to his sons. — Gratification at rapid progress of telegraph. — Letter to George Wood on two great mysteries of life. — Presents portrait of Allston to the National Academy of Design. — Endows lectureship in Union Theological Seminary. — Refuses to attend fifty-fifth reunion of his class. — Statue to him proposed. — Ezra Cornell's benefaction. — American Asiatic Society. — Amalgamation of telegraph companies. — Protest against stock manipulations. — Approves of President Andrew Johnson. — Sails with family for Europe. — Paris Exposition of 1867. — Descriptions of festivities. — Cyrus W. Field. — Incident in early life of Napoleon III. — Made Honorary Commissioner to Exposition. — Attempt on life of Czar. — Ball at Hôtel de Ville. — Isle of Wight. — England and Scotland. — The "Sunder." — Returns to Paris.

ALL the differences of those terrible years of fratricidal strife, all the heart-burnings, the bitter animosities, the family divisions, have been smoothed over by the soothing hand of time. I have neither the wish nor the ability to enter into a discussion of the rights and the wrongs of the causes underlying that now historic conflict, nor is it germane to such a work as this. While Morse took a prominent part in the political movements of the time, while he was fearless and outspoken in his views, his name is not now associated historically with those epoch-making events. It has seemed necessary, however, to make some mention of his convictions in order to make the portrait a true one. He continued to oppose the measures of the Administration; he did all in his power to hasten the coming of peace; he worked and voted for the election of McClellan to the Presidency,

and when he and the other eminent men who believed as he did were outvoted, he bowed to the will of the majority with many misgivings as to the future. Although he was opposed to the war his heart bled for the wounded on both sides, and he took a prominent part in the National Sanitary Commission. He expresses himself warmly in a letter of February 26, 1864, to its president, Rev. Dr. Bellows: —

“There are some who are sufferers, great sufferers, whom we can reach and relieve without endangering political or military plans, and in the spirit of Him who ignored the petty political distinctions of Jew and Samaritan, and regarded both as entitled to His sympathy and relief, I cannot but think it is within the scope and interest of the great Sanitary Commission to extend a portion of their Christian regard to the unfortunate sufferers from this dreadful war, the prisoners in our fortresses, and to those who dwell upon the borders of the contending sections.”

In a letter of March 23, to William L. Ransom, Esq., of Litchfield, Connecticut, he, perhaps unconsciously, enunciates one of the fundamental beliefs of that great president whom he so bitterly opposed: —

“I hardly know how to comply with your request to have a ‘short, pithy, Democratic sentiment.’ In glancing at the thousand mystifications which have befogged so many in our presumed intelligent community, I note one in relation to the new-fangled application of a common foreign word imported from the monarchies of Europe. I mean the word ‘loyalty,’ upon which the changes are daily and hourly sung *ad nauseam*.

“I have no objection, however, to the word if it be

rightly applied. It signifies 'fidelity to a prince or sovereign.' Now if *loyalty* is required of us, it should be to the *Sovereign*. Where is this Sovereign? He is not the President, nor his Cabinet, nor Congress, nor the Judiciary, nor any nor all of the Administration together. Our Sovereign is on a throne above all these. He is the *People*, or *Peoples* of the States. He has issued his decree, not to private individuals only, but to his servant the President and to all his subordinate servants, and this sovereign decree is the Constitution. He who adheres faithfully to this written will of the Sovereign is *loyal*. He who violates the Constitution, this embodiment of the will of the Sovereign, is *disloyal*, whether he be a President, a Secretary, a member of Congress or of the Judiciary, or a simple citizen."

As a firm believer in the Democratic doctrine of States' Rights Morse, with many others, held that Lincoln had overridden the Constitution in his Emancipation Proclamation.

It was a source of grief to him just at this time that his brother Richard had changed his political faith, and had announced his intention of voting for the reelection of President Lincoln. In a long letter of September 24, 1864, gently chiding him for thus going over to the Abolitionists, the elder brother again states his reasons for remaining firm in his faith: —

"I supposed, dear brother, that on that subject you were on the same platform with Sidney and myself. Have there been any new lights, any new aspects of it, which have rendered it less odious, less the 'child of Satan' than when you and Sidney edited the New York Observer before Lincoln was President? I have seen

no reason to change my views respecting abolition. You well know I have ever considered it the logical progeny of Unitarianism and Infidelity. It is characterized by subtlety, hypocrisy and pharisaism, and one of the most melancholy marks of its speciousness is its influence in benumbing the gracious sensibilities of many Christian hearts, and blinding their eyes to their sad defection from the truths of the Bible.

"I know, indeed, the influences by which you are surrounded, but they are neither stronger nor more artful than those which our brave father manfully withstood in combating the monster in the cradle. I hope there is enough of father's firmness and courage in battling with error, however specious, to keep you, through God's grace, from falling into the embrace of the body-and-soul-destroying heresy of Abolitionism."

In another long letter to his brother Richard, of November 5, he firmly but gently upholds his view that the Constitution has been violated by Lincoln's action, and that the manner of amending the Constitution was provided for in that instrument itself, and that: "If that change is made in accordance with its provisions, no one will complain"; and then he adds: —

"But it is too late to give you the reasons of the political faith that I hold. When the excitement of the election is over, let it result as it may, I may be able to show you that my opinions are formed from deep study and observation. Now I can only announce them comparatively unsustained by the reasons for forming them.

"I am interrupted by a call from the committee requesting me to conduct General McClellan to the bal-

cony of the Fifth Avenue Hotel this evening, to review the McClellan Legion and the procession. After my return I will continue my letter.

"*12 o'clock, midnight.* I have just returned, and never have I witnessed in any gathering of the people, either in Europe or in this country, such a magnificent and enthusiastic display. I conducted the General to the front of the balcony and presented him to the assemblage (a dense mass of heads as far as the eye could reach in every direction), and such a shout, which continued for many minutes, I never heard before, except it may have been at the reception in London of Blücher and Platoff after the battle of Waterloo. I leave the papers to give you the details. The procession was passing from nine o'clock to a quarter to twelve midnight, and such was the denseness of the crowd within the hotel, every entry and passageway jammed with people, that we were near being crushed. Three policemen before me could scarcely open a way for the General, who held my arm, to pass only a few yards to our room.

"After taking my leave I succeeded with difficulty in pressing my way through the crowd within and without the hotel, and have just got into my quiet library and must now retire, for I am too fatigued to do anything but sleep. Good-night."

A short time after this the election was held, and this enthusiastic advocate of what he considered the right learned the bitter lesson that crowds, and shouting, and surface enthusiasm do not carry an election. The voice of that Sovereign to whom he had sworn loyalty spoke in no uncertain tones, and Lincoln was overwhelmingly chosen by the votes of the People.

Morse was outvoted but not convinced, and I shall make but one quotation from a letter of November 9, to his brother Richard, who had also remained firm in spite of his brother's pleading: "My consolation is in looking up, and I pray you may be so enlightened that you may be delivered from the delusions which have ensnared you, and from the judgments which I cannot but feel are in store for this section of the country. When I can believe that my Bible reads '*cursed*' instead of '*blessed*' are the 'peacemakers,' I also shall cease to be a peace man. But while they remain, as they do, in the category of those that are blessed, I cannot be frightened at the names of 'copperhead' and 'traitor' so lavishly bestowed, with threats of hanging etc., by those whom you have assisted into power."

In a letter of Mr. George Wood's, of June 26, 1865, I find the following sentences: "I have to acknowledge your very carefully written letter on the divine origin of Slavery. . . . I hope you have kept a copy of this letter, for the time will come when you will have a biography written, and the defense you have made of your position, taken in your pamphlet, is unquestionably far better than he (your biographer) will make for you."

The letter to which Mr. Wood refers was begun on March 5, 1865, but finished some time afterwards. It is very long, too long to be included here, but in justice to myself, that future biographer, I wish to state that I have already given the main arguments brought forward in that letter, in quotations from previous letters, and that I have attempted no defense further than to emphasize the fact that, right or wrong, Morse was

intensely sincere, and that he had the courage of his opinions.

Returning to an earlier date, and turning from matters political to the gentler arts of peace, we find that the one-time artist had always hoped that some day he could resume his brush, which the labors incident to the invention of the telegraph had compelled him to drop. But it seems that his hand, through long disuse, had lost its cunning. He bewails the fact in a letter of January 20, 1864, to N. Jocelyn, Esq.: —

“I have many yearnings towards painting and sculpture, but that rigid faculty called reason, so opposed often to imagination, reads me a lecture to which I am compelled to bow. To explain: I made the attempt to draw a short time ago; everything in the drawing seemed properly proportioned, but, upon putting it in another light, I perceived that every perpendicular line was awry. In other words I found that I could place no confidence in my eyes.

“No, I have made the sacrifice of my profession to establish an invention which is doing mankind a great service. I pursued it long enough to found an institution which, I trust, is to flourish long after I am gone, and be the means of educating a noble class of men in Art, to be an honor and praise to our beloved country when peace shall once more bless us throughout all our borders in one grand brotherhood of States.”

The many letters to his children are models of patient exhortation and cheerful optimism, when sometimes the temptation to indulge in pessimism was strong. I shall give, as an example, one written on

May 9, 1864, to two of his sons who had returned to school at Newport: —

“Now we hope to have good reports of your progress in your studies. In spring, you know, the farmers sow their seed which is to give them their harvest at the close of the summer. If they were not careful to put the seed in the ground, thinking it would do just as well about August or September, or if they put in very little seed, you can see that they cannot expect to reap a good or abundant crop.

“Now it is just so in regard to your life. You are in the springtime of life. It is seed time. You must sow now or you will reap nothing by-and-by, or, if anything, only weeds. Your teachers are giving you the seed in your various studies. You cannot at present understand the use of them, but you must take them on trust; you must believe that your parents and teachers have had experience, and they know what will be for your good hereafter, what studies will be most useful to you in after life. Therefore buckle down to your studies diligently and very soon you will get to love your studies, and then it will be a pleasure and not a task to learn your lessons.

“We miss your *noise*, but, although agreeable quiet has come in place of it, we should be willing to have the noise if we could have our dear boys near us. You are, indeed, troublesome pleasures, but, after all, pleasant troubles. When you are settled in life and have a family around you, you will better understand what I mean.”

In spite of the disorganization of business caused by the war, the value of telegraphic property was rapidly increasing, and new lines were being constantly built or

proposed. Morse refers to this in a letter of June 25, 1864, to his old friend George Wood: —

“To you, as well as to myself, the rapid progress of the Telegraph throughout the world must seem wonderful, and with me you will, doubtless, often recur to our friend Annie’s inspired message — ‘What hath God wrought.’ It is, indeed, his marvellous work, and to Him be the glory.

“Early in the history of the invention, in forecasting its future, I was accustomed to predict with confidence, ‘It is destined to go round the world,’ but I confess I did not expect to live to see the prediction fulfilled. It is quite as wonderful to me also that, with the thousand attempts to improve my system, with the mechanical skill of the world concentrated upon improving the mechanism, the result has been beautiful complications and great ingenuity, but no improvement. I have the gratification of knowing that my system, everywhere known as the ‘Morse system,’ is universally adopted throughout the world, because of its simplicity and its adaptedness to universality.”

This remains true to the present day, and is one of the remarkable features of this great invention. The germ of the “Morse system,” as jotted down in the 1832 sketch-book, is the basic principle of the universal telegraph of to-day.

In another letter to Mr. Wood, of September 11, 1864, referring to the sad death of the son of a mutual friend, he touches on two of the great enigmas of life which have puzzled many other minds: —

“It is one of those mysteries of Providence, one of those deep things of God to be unfolded in eternity, with

the perfect vindication of God's wisdom and justice, that children of pious parents, children of daily anxiety and prayer, dedicated to God from their birth and trained to all human appearance 'in the way they should go,' should yet seem to falsify the promise that 'they should not depart from it.' It is a subject too deep to fathom.

"... It is my daily, I may say hourly, thought, certainly my constant wakeful thought at night, how to resolve the question: 'Why has God seen fit so abundantly to shower his earthly blessings upon me in my latter days, to bless me with every desirable comfort, while so many so much more deserving (in human eyes at least) are deprived of all comfort and have heaped upon them sufferings and troubles in every shape?'"

The memory of his student days in London was always dear to him, and on January 4, 1865, he writes to William Cullen Bryant: —

"I have this moment received a printed circular respecting the proposed purchase of the portrait of Allston by Leslie to be presented to the National Academy of Design.

"There are associations in my mind with those two eminent and beloved names which appeal too strongly to me to be resisted. Now I have a favor to ask which I hope will not be denied. It is that I may be allowed to present to the Academy that portrait in my own name. You can appreciate the arguments which have influenced my wishes in this respect. Allston was more than any other person my master in art. Leslie was my life-long cherished friend and fellow pupil, whom I loved as a brother. We all lived together for years in the

closest intimacy and in the same house. Is there not then a fitness that the portrait of the master by one distinguished pupil should be presented by the surviving pupil to the Academy over which he presided in its infancy, as well as assisted in its birth, and, although divorced from Art, cannot so easily be divorced from the memories of an intercourse with these distinguished friends, an intercourse which never for one moment suffered interruption, even from a shadow of estrangement?"

It is needless to say that this generous offer was accepted, and Morse at the same time presented to the Academy the brush which Allston was using when stricken with his fatal illness.

As his means permitted he made generous donations to charities and to educational institutions, and on May 20, 1865, he endowed by the gift of \$10,000 a lectureship in the Union Theological Seminary, making the following request in the letter which accompanied it: —

"If it be thought advisable that the name of the lectureship, as was suggested, should be the Morse Lectureship, I wish it to be distinctly understood that it is so named in honor of my venerated and distinguished father, whose zealous labors in the cause of theological education, and in various benevolent enterprises, as well as of geographical science, entitle his memory to preservation in connection with the efforts to diffuse the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and his gospel throughout the world."

Curiously enough I find no reference in the letters of the year 1865 to the assassination of President Lincoln, but I well remember being taken, a boy of eight, to our

stable on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, from the second-floor windows of which we watched the imposing funeral cortège pass up the avenue.

The fifty-fifth reunion of his class of 1810 took place in this year, and Morse reluctantly decided to absent himself. The reasons why he felt that he could not go are given in a long letter of August 11 to his cousin, Professor E. S. Salisbury, and it is such a clear statement of his convictions that I am tempted to give it almost in its entirety: —

“I should have been most happy on many personal accounts to have been at the periodical meeting of my surviving classmates of 1810, and also to have renewed my social intercourse with many esteemed friends and relations in New Haven. But as I could not conscientiously take part in the proposed martial sectional glorification of those of the family who fell in the late lamentable family strife, and could not in any brief way or time explain the discriminations that were necessary between that which I approve and that which I most unqualifiedly condemn, without the risk of misapprehension, I preferred the only alternative left me, to absent myself altogether.

“You well know I never approved of the late war. I have ever believed, and still believe, if the warnings of far-seeing statesmen (Washington, Clay, and Webster among them) had been heeded, if, during the last thirty years of persistent stirring up of strife by angry words, the calm and Christian counsels of intelligent patriots had been followed at the North, and a strict observance of the letter and spirit of the Constitution

had been sustained as the supreme law, instead of the insidious violations of its provisions, especially by New England, we should have had no war.

“As I contributed nothing to the war, so now I see no reason specially to exult in the display of brave qualities in an isolated portion of the family, qualities which no true American ever doubted were possessed by both sections of our country in an equal degree. Why then discriminate between alumni from the North and alumni from the South at a gathering in which alumni from both sections are expected to meet? . . . No, my dear cousin, the whole era of the war is one I wish not to remember. I would have no other memorial than a black cross, like those over the graves of murdered travellers, to cause a shudder whenever it is seen. It would be well if History could blot from its pages all record of the past four years. There is no glory in them for victors or vanquished. The only event in which I rejoice is the restoration of Peace, which never should have been interrupted. . . .

“I have no doubt that they who originated the recent demonstration honestly believed it to be *patriotic*, for every movement nowadays must take that shape to satisfy the morbid appetite of the popular mind. I cannot think it either in good taste or in conformity with sound policy for our collegiate institutions to foster this depraved appetite. Surely there is enough of this in the political harangues of the day for those who require such aids to patriotism without its being administered to by our colleges. That patriotism is of rather a suspicious character which needs such props. I love to see my children well clad and taking a proper pride

in their attire, but I should not think them well instructed if I found them everywhere boasting of their fine clothes. A true nobleman is not forever boasting of his nobility for fear that his rank may not be recognized. The loudest boasts of patriotism do not come from the true possessors of the genuine spirit. Patriotism is not sectional nor local, it comprehends in its grasp the whole country. . . .

“I have said the demonstration at Commencement was in bad taste. Why? you will say. Because Commencement day brings together the alumni of the college from all parts of the Union, from the South as well as the North. They are to meet on some common ground, and that common ground is the love that all are supposed to bear to the old Alma Mater, cherished by memories of past friendships in their college associations. The late Commencement was one of peculiar note. It was the first after the return of peace. The country had been sundered; the ties of friendship and of kindred had been broken; the bonds of college affection were weakened if not destroyed. What an opportunity for inaugurating the healing process! What an occasion for the display of magnanimity, of mollifying the pain of humiliation, of throwing a veil of oblivion over the past, of watering the perishing roots of fraternal affection and fostering the spirit of genuine union! But no. The Southern alumnus may come, but he comes to be humiliated still further. Can he join in the plaudits of those by whom he has been humbled? You may applaud, but do not ask him to join in your acclamations. He may be mourning the death of father, brother, yes, of mother and sister, by the very hands of

those you are glorifying. Do not aggravate his sorrow by requiring him to join you in such a demonstration.

"No, my dear cousin, it was in *bad taste* to say the least of it, and it was equally *impolitic* to intercalate such a demonstration into the usual and appropriate exercises of the week. You expect, I presume, to have pupils from the South as heretofore; will such a sectional display be likely to attract them or to repel them? If they can go elsewhere they will not come to you. They will not be attracted by a perpetual memento before their eyes of your triumph over them. It was not politic. It is no improvement for Christian America to show less humanity than heathen Rome. The Romans never made demonstrations of triumph over the defeat of their countrymen in a civil war. It is no proof of superior civilization that we refuse to follow Roman example in such cases.

"My dear cousin, I have written you very frankly, but I trust you will not misunderstand me as having any personal reproaches to make for the part you have taken in the matter. We undoubtedly view the field from different standpoints. I concede to you conscientious motives in what you do. You are sustained by those around you, men of intellect, men of character. I respect them while I differ from them. I appeal, however, to a higher law, and that, I think, sustains me."

His strong and outspoken stand for what he believed to be the right made him many enemies, and he was called hard names by the majority of those by whom he was surrounded at the North; and yet the very fearlessness with which he advocated an unpopular point of view undoubtedly compelled increased respect for

him. A proof of this is given in a letter to his daughter, Mrs. Lind, of December 28, 1865: —

“I also send you some clippings from the papers giving you an account of some of the doings respecting a statue proposed to me by the Common Council. The Mayor, who is a personal friend of mine, you see has vetoed the resolutions, not from a disapproval of their character, but because he did not like the locality proposed. He proposes the Central Park, and in this opinion all my friends concur.

“I doubt if they will carry the project through while I am alive, and it would really seem most proper to wait until I was gone before they put up my monument. I have nothing, however, to say on the subject. I am gratified, of course, to see the manifestation of kindly feeling, but, as the tinder of vainglory is in every human heart, I rather shrink from such a proposed demonstration lest a spark of flattery should kindle that tinder to an unseemly and destructive flame. I am not blind to the popularity, world-wide, of the Telegraph, and a sober forecast of the future foreshadows such a statue in some place. If ever erected I hope the prominent mottoes upon the pedestal will be: *‘Not unto us, not unto us, but to God be the glory,’* and the first message or telegram: *‘What hath God wrought.’*”

He says very much the same thing in a letter to his friend George Wood, of January 15, 1866, and he also says in this letter, referring to some instance of benevolent generosity by Mr. Kendall: —

“Is it not a noticeable fact that the wealth acquired by the Telegraph has in so many conspicuous instances been devoted to benevolent purposes? Mr. Kendall is

prominent in his expenditures for great Christian enterprises, and think of Cornell, always esteemed by me as an ingenious and shrewd man, when employed by me to set the posts and put up the wire for the first line of Telegraphs between Washington and Baltimore, yet thought to be rather close and narrow-minded by those around him. But see, when his wealth had increased by his acquisition of Telegraph stock to millions (it is said), what enlarged and noble plans of public benefit were conceived and brought forth by him. I have viewed his course with great gratification as the evidence of God's blessing on *what He hath wrought*."

It has been made plain, I think, that Morse was essentially a leader in every movement in which he took an interest, whether it was artistic, scientific, religious, or political. This is emphasized by the number of requests made to him to assume the presidency of all sorts of organizations, and these requests multiplied as he advanced in years. Most of them he felt compelled to decline, for, as he says in a letter of March 13, 1866, declining the presidency of the Geographical and Statistical Society: "I am at an age when I find it necessary rather to be relieved from the cares and responsibilities already resting upon me, than to take upon me additional ones."

In many other cases he allowed his name to be used as vice-president or member, when he considered the object of the organization a worthy one, and his benefactions were only limited by his means.

He did, however, accept the presidency of one association just at this time, the American Asiatic Society, in which were interested such men as Gorham Abbott,

Dr. Forsyth, E. H. Champlin, Thomas Harrison, and Morse's brother-in-law, William M. Goodrich. The aims of this society were rather vast, including an International Congress to be called by the Emperor Napoleon III, for the purpose of opening up and controlling the great highways from the East to the West through the Isthmus of Suez and that of Panama; also the colonization of Palestine by the Jews, and other commercial and philanthropic schemes. I cannot find that anything of lasting importance was accomplished by this society, so I shall make no further mention of it, although there is much correspondence about it.

The following, from a letter to Mr. Kendall of March 19, 1866, explains itself: "If I understand the position of our Telegraph interests, they are now very much as you and I wished them to be in the outset, not cut up in O'Reilly fashion into irresponsible parts, but making one grand whole like the Post-Office system. It is becoming, doubtless, a *monopoly*, but no more so than the Post-Office system, and its unity is in reality a public advantage if properly and uprightly managed, and this, of course, will depend on the character of the managers. Confidence must be reposed somewhere, and why not in upright and responsible men who are impelled as well by their own interest to have their matters conducted with fairness and with liberality."

As a curious commentary on his misplaced faith in the integrity of others, I shall quote from a letter of January 4, 1867, to E. S. Sanford, Esq., which also shows his abhorrence of anything like crooked dealing in financial matters: —

"I wish when you again write me you would give me,

in confidence, the names of those in the Board of the Western Union who are acting in so dishonorable and tricky a manner. I think I ought to know them in order

*Jepp. Hoyt. Esq. Superintendent,
Halifax
Nova Scotia*
*All my patents expire on the eleventh
(11th) day of April eighteen hundred and
Sixty seven. (1867)* — *Saml. F. B. Morse.*



TELEGRAM SHOWING MORSE'S CHARACTERISTIC DEADHEAD, WHICH HE ALWAYS USED TO FRANK HIS MESSAGES

to avoid them, and resist them in the public interest. It is a shame that an enterprise which, honestly conducted, is more than usually profitable, should be conducted on the principles of sharpers and tricksters.

"So far as the Russian Extension is concerned, I should judge from your representation that, as a stockholder in that enterprise to the amount of \$30,000, the plan would conduce to my immediate pecuniary benefit. But so would the *robbery of the safe of a bank*. If wealth can be obtained only by such swindles, I prefer poverty. You have my proxy and I have the utmost confidence in your management. Do by me as you would do for yourself, and I shall be satisfied. . . . In regard to any honorable propositions made in the Board be conciliatory and compromising, but any scheme to

oppress the smaller stockholders for the benefit of the larger resist to the death. I prefer to sacrifice all my stock rather than have such a stigma on my character as such mean, and I will add villainous, conduct would be sure to bring upon all who engaged in it."

In this connection I shall also quote from another letter to Mr. Sanford, of February 15, 1867: "If Government thinks seriously of purchasing the Telegraph, and at this late day adopting my early suggestion that it ought to belong to the Post-Office Department, be it so if they will now pay for it. They must now pay millions for that which I offered to them for one hundred thousand dollars, and gave them a year for consideration ere they adopted it."

There are but few references to politics in the letters of this period, but I find the following in a letter of March 20, 1866, to a cousin: "You ask my opinion of our President. I did not vote for him, but I am agreeably surprised at his masterly statesmanship, and hope, by his firmness in resisting the extreme radicals, he will preserve the Union against now the greatest enemies we have to contend against. I mean those who call themselves Abolitionists. . . . President Johnson deserves the support of all true patriots, and he will have it against all the 'traitors' in the country, by whatever soft names of loyalty they endeavor to shield themselves."

Appeals of all kinds kept pouring in on him, and, in courteously refusing one, on April 17, he uses the following language: "I am unable to aid you. I cannot, indeed, answer a fiftieth part of the hundreds of applications made to me from every section of the country

daily — I might say *hourly* — for yours is the third this morning and it is not yet 12 o'clock."

After settling his affairs at home in his usual methodical manner, Morse sailed with his wife and his four young children, and Colonel John R. Leslie their tutor, for Europe on the 23d of June, 1866, prepared for an extended stay. He wished to give his children the advantages of travel and study in Europe, and he was very desirous of being in Paris during the Universal Exposition of 1867.

There is a gap in the letter-books until October, 1866, but from the few letters to members of the family which have been preserved, and from my own recollections, we know that the summer of 1866 was most delightfully spent in journeying through France, Germany, and Switzerland. The children were now old enough not to be the nuisances they seem to have been in 1858, for we find no note of complaint on that account.

In September he returned with his wife, his daughter, and his youngest son to Paris, leaving his two older sons with their tutor in Geneva. As he wished to make Paris his headquarters for nearly a year, he sought and found a furnished apartment at No. 10 Avenue du Roi de Rome (now the Avenue du Trocadero), and he writes to his mother-in-law on September 22: "We are fortunate in having apartments in a new building, or rather one newly and completely repaired throughout. All the apartments are newly furnished with elegant furniture, we having the first use of it. We have ample rooms, not large, but promising more comfort for winter residence than if they were larger. The situation is on a wide avenue and central for many purposes; close to the

Champs Elysées, near also to the Bois de Boulogne, and within a few minutes walk of the Champ de Mars, so that we shall be most eligibly situated to visit the great Exposition when it opens in April."

His wife's sister, Mrs. Goodrich, with her husband and daughters, occupied an apartment in the same building; his grandson Charles Lind was also in Paris studying painting, and before the summer of the next year other members of his family came to Paris, so that at one time eighteen of those related to him by blood or marriage were around him. To a man of Morse's affectionate nature and loyalty to family this was a source of peculiar joy, and those Parisian days were some of the happiest of his life. The rest of the autumn and early winter were spent in sight-seeing and in settling his children in their various studies.

The brilliance of the court of Napoleon III just before the *débâcle* of 1870 is a matter of history, and it reached its high-water mark during the Exposition year of 1867, when emperors, kings, and princes journeyed to Paris to do homage to the man of the hour. Court balls, receptions, gala performances at opera and theatre, and military reviews followed each other in bewildering but well-ordered confusion, and Morse, as a man of world-wide celebrity, took part in all of them. He and his wife and his young daughter, a girl of sixteen, were presented at court, and were fêted everywhere. In a letter to his mother-in-law he gives a description of his court costume on the occasion of his first presentation, when he was accompanied only by his brother-in-law, Mr. Goodrich:—

"We received our cards inviting us to the soirée and to pass the evening with their majesties on the

16th of January (Wednesday evening). '*En uniforme*' was stamped upon the card, so we had to procure court dresses. Mr. Goodrich, as is the custom in most cases, hired his; I had a full suit made for me. A *chapeau bras*, with gold lace loop, a blue coat, with standing collar, single breasted, richly embroidered with gold lace, the American eagle button, white silk lining, vest light cashmere with gilt buttons, pantaloons with a broad stripe of gold lace on the outside seams, a small sword, and patent-leather shoes or boots completed the dress of ordinary mortals like Brother Goodrich, but for *extraordinary* mortals, like my humble republican self, I was bedizened with all my orders, seven decorations, covering my left breast. If thus accoutred I should be seen on Broadway, I should undoubtedly have a numerous escort of a character not the most agreeable, but, as it was, I found myself in very good and numerous company, none of whom could consistently laugh at his neighbors."

After describing the ceremony of presentation he continues: —

"Occasionally both the emperor and empress said a few words to particular individuals. When my name was mentioned the emperor said to me, 'Your name, sir, is well known here,' for which I thanked him; and the empress afterwards said to me, when my name was mentioned, 'We are greatly indebted to you, sir, for the Telegraph,' or to that effect. Afterwards Mr. Bennett, the winner of the yacht race, engaged for a moment their particular regards. . . . [I wonder if the modest inventor appreciated the irony of this juxtaposition.] After the dancers were fully engaged, the refreshment-

room, the Salon of Diana, was opened, and, as in our less aristocratic country, the tables attracted a great crowd, so that the doors were guarded so as to admit the company by instalments. I had in vain for some time endeavored to gain admittance, and was waiting patiently quite at a distance from the door, which was thronged with ladies and high dignitaries, when a gentleman who guarded the door, and who had his breast covered with orders, addressed me by name, asking me if I was not Professor Morse. Upon replying in the affirmative, quite to my surprise, he made way for me to the door and, opening it, admitted me before all the rest. I cannot yet divine why this special favor was shown to me.

“The tables were richly furnished. I looked for bonbons to carry home to the children, but when I saw some tempting looking almonds and candies and mottoes, to my surprise I found they were all composed of fish put up in this form, and the mottoes were of salad.”

It is good to know that Morse, ever willing to forgive and forget, was again on terms of friendly intercourse with Cyrus W. Field, who was then in London, as the following letter to him, dated March 1, 1867, will show: —

“Singular as it may seem, I was in the midst of your speech before the Chamber of Commerce reception to you in New York, perusing it with deep interest, when my valet handed me your letter of the 27th ulto.

“I regret exceedingly that I shall not have the great pleasure I had anticipated, with other friends here, who were prepared to receive you in Paris with the welcome



MORSE IN OLD AGE

you so richly deserve. You invite me to London. I have the matter under consideration. March winds and that boisterous channel have some weight in my decision, but I so long to take you by the hand and to get posted upon Telegraph matters at home, that I feel disposed to make the attempt. But without positively saying 'yes,' I will see if in a few days I can so arrange my affairs as to have a few hours with you before you sail on the 20th.

"I send you by book post the proceedings of the banquet given to our late Minister, Bigelow, in which you will see my remarks on the great enterprise with which your name will forever be so honorably associated and justly immortalized."

It will be remembered that the Atlantic cable was finally successfully laid on July 27, 1866, and that to Cyrus Field, more than to any other man, was this wonderful achievement due.

In a letter of March 4, 1867, to John S. C. Abbott, Esq., Morse gives the following interesting incident in the life of Napoleon III: —

"In 1837, I was one of a club of gentlemen in New York who were associated for social and informal intellectual converse, which held weekly meetings at each other's houses in rotation. Most of these distinguished men are now deceased. The club consisted of such men as Chancellor Kent, Albert Gallatin, Peter Augustus Jay, Reporter Johnson, Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Wainwright, the President and Professors of Columbia College, the Chancellor and Professors of the New York City University, Dr. Augustus Smith, Messrs. Goodhue and De Rham of the mercantile class, and John C.

Hamilton, Esq. and ex-Governor W. B. Lawrence from the literary ranks.

“Among the rules of the club was one permitting any member to introduce to the meetings distinguished strangers visiting the city. At one of the reunions of the club the place of meeting was at Chancellor Kent’s. On assembling the chancellor introduced to us Louis Napoleon, a son of the ex-King of Holland, a young man pale and contemplative, somewhat reserved. This reserve we generally attributed to a supposed imperfect acquaintance with our language. At supper he sat on the right of the Chancellor at the head of the table. Mr. Gallatin was opposite the Chancellor at the foot of the table, and I was on his right.

“In the course of the evening, while the conversation was general, I drew the attention of Mr. Gallatin to the stranger, observing that I did not trace any resemblance in his features to his world-renowned uncle, yet that his forehead indicated great intellect. ‘Yes,’ replied Mr. Gallatin, ‘there is a great deal in that head of his, but he has a strange fancy. Can you believe it, he has the impression that he will one day be the Emperor of the French; can you conceive of anything more ridiculous?’

“Certainly at that period, even to the sagacious eye of Mr. Gallatin, such an idea would naturally seem too improbable to be entertained for a moment, but, in the light of later events, and the actual state of things at present, does not the fact show that, even in his darkest hours, there was in this extraordinary man that unabated faith in his future which was a harbinger of success; a faith which pierced the dark clouds which

surrounded him, and realized to him in marvellous prophetic vision that which we see at this day and hour fully accomplished?"

Morse must have penned these words with peculiar satisfaction, for they epitomized his own sublime faith in his future. In 1837 he also was passing through some of his darkest hours, but he too had had faith, and now, thirty years afterwards, his dreams of glory had been triumphantly realized, he was an honored guest of that other man of destiny, and his name was forever immortalized.

The spring and early summer of 1867 were enjoyed to the full by the now venerable inventor and his family. The Exposition was a source of never-ending joy to him, and he says of it in a letter to his son-in-law, Edward Lind: —

"You will hear all sorts of stories about the Exposition. The English papers (some of them), in John Bull style, call it a humbug. Let me tell you that, imperfect as it is in its present condition, going on rapidly to completion, it may without exaggeration be pronounced the eighth wonder of the world. It is the world in epitome. I came over with my children to give them the advantage of thus studying the world in anticipation of what I now see, and I can say that the two days only in which I have been able to glance through parts of its vast extent, have amply repaid me for my voyage here. I believe my children will learn more of the condition of the arts, agriculture, customs, manufactures and mineral and vegetable products of the world in five weeks than they could by books at home in five years, and as many years' travel."

He was made an Honorary Commissioner of the United States to the Exposition, and he prepared an elaborate and careful report on the electrical department, for which he received a bronze medal from the French Government. Writing of this report to his brother Sidney, he says: "This keeps me so busy that I have no time to write, and I have so many irons in the fire that I fear some must burn. But father's motto was — 'Better wear out than rust out,' — so I keep at work."

In a letter to his friend, the Honorable John Thompson, of Poughkeepsie, he describes one of his dissipations: —

"Paris now is the great centre of the world. Such an assemblage of sovereigns was never before gathered, and I and mine are in the midst of the great scenes and fêtes. We were honored, a few evenings ago, with cards to a very select fête given by the emperor and empress at the Tuilleries to the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, to the Queen of Portugal, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, sister of the late Emperor Nicholas, a noble looking woman, the Princess Metternich of Austria, and many others.

"The display was gorgeous, and as the number of guests was limited (only one thousand!) there was more space for locomotion than at the former gatherings at the Palace, where we were wedged in with some four thousand. There was dancing and my daughter was solicited by one of the gentlemen for a set in which Prince Alfred and the Turkish Ambassador danced, the latter with an American belle, one of the Miss Beckwiths. I

allowed her to dance in this set once. The Empress is truly a beautiful woman and of unaffected manners."

In a long letter to his brother Sidney, of June 8, he describes some of their doings. At the Grand Review of sixty thousand troops he and his wife and eldest son were given seats in the Imperial Tribune, a little way behind the emperor and the King of Prussia, who were so soon to wage a deadly war with each other. On the way back from the review the following incident occurred: —

"After the review was over we took our carriage to return home. The carriages and cortège of the imperial personages took the right of the Cascade (which you know is in full view from the hippodrome of Long-champs). We took the left side and were attracted by the report of firearms on our left, which proceeded from persons shooting at pigeons from a trap. Soon after we heard a loud report on our right from a pistol, which attracted no further attention from us than the remark which I made that I did not know that persons were allowed to use firearms in the Bois. We passed on to our home, and in the evening were informed of the atrocious attempt upon the Emperor of Russia's life. The pistol report which I heard was that of the pistol of the assassin."

Farther on in this letter he describes the grand fête given by the City of Paris to the visiting sovereigns at the Hotel de Ville. There were thirty-five thousand applications for tickets, but only eight thousand could be granted. Of these Morse was gratified to receive three: —

"Well, the great fête of Saturday the 8th is over. I

despair of any attempt properly to describe its magnificence. I send you the papers. . . . Such a blaze of splendor cannot be conceived or described but in the descriptions of the Arabian Nights. We did not see half the display, for the immense series of gorgeous halls, lighted by seventy thousand candles, with fountains and flowers at every turn, made one giddy to see even for a moment. We had a good opportunity to scan the features of the emperors, the King of Prussia and the renowned Bismarck, with those of the beautiful empress and the princesses and princes and other distinguished persons of their suite.

"I must tell you (for family use only) that the Emperor Napoleon made to me a marked recognition as he passed along. Sarah and I were standing upon two chairs overlooking the front rank of those ranged on each side. The emperor gave his usual bow on each side, but, as he came near us, he gave an unusual and special bow to me, which I returned, and he then, with a smile, gave me a second bow so marked as to draw the attention of those around, who at once turned to see to whom this courtesy was shown. I should not mention this but that Sarah and others observed it as an unusual mark of courtesy."

Feeling the need of rest after all the gayety and excitement of Paris, Morse and part of his family retired to Shanklin, on the Isle of Wight, where in a neat little furnished cottage — Florence Villa — they spent part of two happy months. Then with his wife and daughter and youngest son he journeyed in leisurely fashion through England and Scotland, returning to Paris in October. Here he spent some time in working on his

report to the United States Government as Commissioner to the Exposition.

Among his notes I find the following, which seems to me worthy of record: —

“*The Sounder*. Mr. Prescott, I perceive, is quoted as an authority. He is not reliable on many points and his work should be used with caution. His work was originally written in the interest of those opposing my patents, and his statements are, many of them, grossly unjust and strongly colored with prejudice. Were he now to reprint his work I am convinced he would find it necessary, for the sake of his reputation, to expunge a great deal, and to correct much that he has misstated and misapprehended.

“He manifests the most unpardonable ignorance or wilful prejudice in regard to the *Sounder*, now so-called. The possibility of reading by sound was among the earliest modes noticed in the first instrument of 1835, and it was in consequence of observing this fact that, in my first patent specifications drawn up in 1837–1838, I distinctly specify these *sounds* of the signs, and they were secured in my letters patent. Yet Mr. Prescott makes it an accidental discovery, and in 1860 (the date of his publication) he wholly ignores my agency in this mode. The sounder is but the pen-lever deprived of the pen. In everything else it is the same. The sound of the letter is given with and without the pen.”

On November 8, 1867, he writes from Paris to his friend, the Honorable John Thompson: —

“I am still held in Paris for the completion of my labors, but hope in a few days to be relieved so that we may leave for Dresden, where my boys are pursuing

their studies in the German language. . . . I am yet doubtful how long a sojourn we may make in Dresden, and whether I shall winter there or in Paris, but I am inclined to the latter. We wish to visit Italy, but I am not satisfied that it will be pleasant or even safe to be there just now. The Garibaldian inroad upon the Pontifical States is, indeed, for the moment suppressed, but the end is not yet.

“Alas for poor Italy! How hard to rid herself of evils that have become chronic. Why cannot statesmen of the Old World learn the great truth that most of their perplexities in settling the questions of international peace arise from the unnatural union of Church and State? He who said ‘My kingdom is not of this world’ uttered a truth pregnant with consequences. The attempt to rule the State by the Church or the Church by the State is equally at war with his teachings, and until these are made the rule of conduct, whether for political bodies or religious bodies, there will be the sword and not peace.

“I see by the papers that the reaction I have long expected and hoped for has commenced in our country. It is hailed here by intelligent and cool-headed citizens as a good omen for the future. The Radicals have had their way, and the people, disgusted, have at length given their command — ‘Thus far and no farther.’”

CHAPTER XXXIX¹

NOVEMBER 28, 1867 — JUNE 10, 1871

Goes to Dresden. — Trials financial and personal. — Humorous letter to E. S. Sanford. — Berlin. — The telegraph in the war of 1866. — Paris. — Returns to America. — Death of his brother Richard. — Banquet in New York. — Addresses of Chief Justice Chase, Morse, and Daniel Huntington. — Report as Commissioner finished. — Professor W. P. Blake's letter urging recognition of Professor Henry. — Morse complies. — Henry refuses to be reconciled. — Reading by sound. — Morse breaks his leg. — Deaths of Amos Kendall and George Wood. — Statue in Central Park. — Addresses of Governor Hoffman and William Cullen Bryant. — Ceremonies at Academy of Music. — Morse bids farewell to his children of the telegraph.

It will not be necessary to record in detail the happenings of the remainder of this last visit to Europe. Three months were spent in Dresden, with his children and his sister-in-law's family around him. The same honors were paid to him here as elsewhere on the continent. He was received in special audience by the King and Queen of Saxony, and men of note in the scientific world eagerly sought his counsel and advice. But, apart from so much that was gratifying to him, he was just then called upon to bear many trials and afflictions of various kinds and degrees, and it is marvellous, in reading his letters, to note with what great serenity and Christian fortitude, yet withal, with what solicitude, he endeavored to bear his cross and solve his problems. As he advanced in years an increasing number of those near and dear to him were taken from him by death, and his letters of Christian sympathy fill many pages of the letter books. There were trials of a domestic nature, too intimate to be revealed, which caused him deep sorrow,

but which he bravely and optimistically strove to meet. Clouds, too, obscured his financial horizon; investments in certain mining ventures, entered into with high hopes, turned out a dead loss; the repayment of loans, cheerfully made to friends and relatives, was either delayed or entirely defaulted; and, to cap the climax, the Western Union Telegraph Company, in which most of his fortune was invested, passed one dividend and threatened to pass another. He had provided for this contingency by a deposit of surplus funds before his departure for Europe, but he was fearful of the future.

In spite of all this he could not refrain from treating the matter lightly and humorously in a letter to Mr. E. S. Sanford of November 28, 1867, written from Dresden: "Your letter gave me both pleasure and pain. I was glad to hear some particulars of the condition of my '*basket*,' but was pained to learn that the *hens*' eggs instead of swelling to *goose* eggs, and even to *ostrich* eggs (as some that laid them so enthusiastically anticipated when they were so closely packed), have shrunk to *pigeons*' eggs, if not to the diminutive *sparrows*'. To keep up the figure, I am thankful there are any left not addled."

He was all the time absorbed in the preparation of his report as Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, and it was, of course, a source of great gratification to him to learn from the answers to his questions sent to the telegraph officers of the whole world, that the Morse system was practically the only one in general use. As one of his correspondents put it — "The cry is, 'Give us the Morse.'"

The necessity for the completion of this work, and

his desire to give his children every advantage of study, kept him longer in Europe than he had expected, and he writes to his brother Sidney on December 1, 1867: "I long to return, for age creeps on apace, and I wish to put my house in order for a longer and better journey to a better home."

In the early part of February, 1868, he and his wife and daughter and youngest son left Dresden for Paris, stopping, however, a few days in Berlin. Mr. George Bancroft was our minister at the Prussian court, and he did all that courtesy could suggest to make the stay of his distinguished countryman a pleasant one. He urged him to stay longer, so that he might have the pleasure of presenting him at court, but this honor Morse felt obliged to decline. The inventor did, however, find time to visit the government telegraph office, of which Colonel (afterwards General) von Chauvin was the head, and here he received an ovation from all the operators, several hundred in number, who were seated at their instruments in what was then the largest operating-room in the world.

Another incident of his visit to Berlin I shall give in the words of Mr. Prime: —

"Not to recount the many tributes of esteem and respect paid him by Dr. Siemens, and other gentlemen eminent in the specialty of telegraphy, one other unexpected compliment may be mentioned. The Professor was presented to the accomplished General Director of the Posts of the North German Bund, Privy Councillor von Phillipsborn, in whose department the telegraph had been comprised before Prussia became so great and the centre of a powerful confederation.

“At the time of their visit the Director was so engaged, and that, too, in another part of the Post-Amt, that the porter said it was useless to trouble him with the cards. The names had not been long sent up, however, before the Director himself came hurriedly down the corridor into the antechamber, and, scarcely waiting for the hastiest of introductions, enthusiastically grasped both the Professor’s hands in his own, asking whether he had ‘the honor of speaking to Dr. Morse,’ or, as he pronounced it ‘Morzey.’

“When, after a brief conversation, Mr. Morse rose to go, the Director said that he had just left a conference over a new post and telegraph treaty in negotiation between Belgium and the Bund, and that it would afford him great pleasure to be permitted to present his guest to the assembled gentlemen, including the Belgian Envoy and the Belgian Postmaster-General. There followed, accordingly, a formal presentation with an introductory address by the Director, who, in excellent English, thanked Mr. Morse in the name of Prussia and of all Germany for his great services, and speeches by the principal persons present — the Belgian envoy, Baron de Nothomb, very felicitously complimenting the Professor in French.

“Succeeding the hand-shaking the Director spoke again, and, in reply, Mr. Morse gratefully acknowledged the courtesy shown to him, adding: ‘It is very gratifying to me to hear you say that the Telegraph has been and is a means of promoting peace among men. Believe me, gentlemen, my remaining days shall be devoted to this great object.’ . . .

“The Director then led his visitors into a small, cosily

furnished room, saying as they entered: 'Here I have so often thought of you, Mr. Morse, but I never thought I should have the honor of receiving you in my own private room.'

"After they were seated the host, tapping upon a small table, continued: 'Over this passed the important telegrams of the war of 1866.' Then, approaching a large telegraph map on the wall, he added: 'Upon this you can see how invaluable was the telegraph in the war. Here,' — pointing with the forefinger of his right hand, — 'here the Crown Prince came down through Silesia. This,' indicating with the other forefinger a passage through Bohemia, 'was the line of march of Prince Friedrich Carl. From this station the Crown Prince telegraphed Prince Friedrich Carl, always over Berlin, "Where are you?" The answer from this station reached him, also over Berlin. The Austrians were here,' placing the thumb on the map below and between the two fingers. 'The next day Prince Friedrich Carl comes here,' — the left forefinger joined the thumb, — 'and telegraphs the fact, always over Berlin, to the Crown Prince, who hurries forward here.' The forefinger of the right hand slipped quickly under the thumb as if to pinch something, and the narrator looked up significantly.

"Perhaps the patriotic Director thought of the July afternoon when, eagerly listening at the little mahogany-topped table, over which passed so many momentous messages, he learned that the royal cousins had effected a junction at Königgrätz, a junction that decided the fate of Germany and secured Prussia its present proud position, a junction which but for his modest visitor's

invention, the telegraph, 'always over Berlin,' would have been impossible."

Returning to Paris with his family, he spent some months at the Hôtel de la Place du Palais Royal, principally in collecting all the data necessary to the completion of his report, which had been much delayed owing to the dilatoriness of those to whom he had applied for facts and statistics. On April 14, 1868, he says in a letter to the Honorable John Thompson: "Pleasant as has been our European visit, with its advantages in certain branches of education, our hearts yearn for our American home. We can appreciate, I hope, the good in European countries, be grateful for European hospitality, and yet be thorough Americans, as we all profess to be notwithstanding the display of so many defects which tend to disgrace us in the eyes of the world."

On May 18 he writes to Senator Michel Chevalier: "And now, my dear sir, farewell. I leave beautiful Paris the day after to-morrow for my home on the other side of the Atlantic, more deeply impressed than ever with the grandeur of France, and the liberality and hospitality of her courteous people, so kindly manifested to me and mine. I leave Paris with many regrets, for my age admonishes me that, in all probability, I shall never again visit Europe."

Sailing from Havre on the St. Laurent, on May 22, he and his family reached, without untoward incident, the home on the Hudson, and on June 21 he writes to his son Arthur, who had remained abroad with his tutor:—

"You see by the date where we all are. Once more

I am seated at my table in the half octagon study under the south verandah. Never did the Grove look more charming. Its general features the same, but the growth of the trees and shrubbery greatly increased. Faithful Thomas Devoy has proved himself to be a truly honest and efficient overseer. The whole farm is in fine condition. . . .

“On Thursday last I was much gratified with Mr. Leslie’s letter from Copenhagen, with his account of your reception by the King of Denmark. How gratifying to me that the portrait of Thorwaldsen has given such pleasure to the king, and that he regards it as the best likeness of the great sculptor.”

The story of Morse’s presentation to the King of Denmark of the portrait, painted in Rome in 1831, has already been told in the first volume of this work. The King, as we learn from the above quotation, was greatly pleased with it, and in token of his gratification raised Morse to the rank of Knight Commander of the Dannebrog, the rank of Knight having been already conferred on the inventor by the King’s predecessor on the throne.

In another letter to Colonel Leslie, of November 2, 1868, brief reference is made to matters political: —

“To-morrow is the important day for deciding our next four years’ rulers. I am glad our Continental brethren cannot read our newspapers of the present day, otherwise they must infer that our choice of rulers is made from a class more fitted for the state’s prison than the state thrones, and elevation to a scaffold were more suited to the characters of the individual candidates than elevation to office. But in a few days matters

will calm down, and the business of the nation will assume its wonted aspect.

“I have not engaged in this warfare. As a citizen I have my own views, and give my vote on general principles, but am prepared to learn that my vote is on the defeated side. I presume that Grant will be the president, and I shall defer to the decision like a peaceable citizen. The day after to-morrow you will know as well as we shall the probable result. The Telegraph is telling upon the world, and its effect upon human affairs is yet but faintly appreciated.”

In this letter he also speaks of the death of his youngest brother, Richard C. Morse, who died at Kissingen on September 22, 1868, and in a letter to his son Arthur, of October 11, he again refers to it, and adds: “It is a sad blow to all of us but particularly to the large circle of his children. Your two uncles and your father were a three-fold cord, strongly united in affection. It is now sundered. The youngest is taken first, and we that remain must soon follow him in the natural course of things.”

Farther on in this letter he says: “I attended the funeral of Mr. L—— a few weeks ago. I am told that he died of a broken heart from the conduct of his graceless son Frank, and I can easily understand that the course he has pursued, and his drunken habits, may have killed his father with as much certainty as if he had shot him. Children have little conception of the effect of their conduct upon their parents. They never know fully these anxieties until they are parents themselves.”

• But his skies were not all grey, for in addition to his

satisfaction in being once more at home in his own beloved country, and in his quiet retreat on the Hudson, he was soon to be the recipient of a signal mark of respect and esteem by his own countrymen, which proved that this prophet was not without honor even in his own country.

NEW YORK, November 30th, 1868.

PROFESSOR S. F. B. MORSE, LL.D.

SIR, — Many of your countrymen and numerous personal friends desire to give definite expression to the fact that this country is in full accord with European nations in acknowledging your title to the position of father of Modern Telegraphy, and at the same time in a fitting manner to welcome you to your home.

They, therefore, request that you will name a day on which you will favor them with your company at a public banquet.

With great respect we remain,

Very truly your friends.

Here follow the names of practically every man of prominence in New York at that time.

Morse replied on December 4: —

To the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Hon. John T. Hoffman, Hon. Wm. Dennison, Hon. A. G. Curtin, Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, Peter Cooper, Esq., Daniel Huntington, Esq., Wm. Orton, Esq., A. A. Low, Esq., James Brown, Esq., Cyrus W. Field, Esq., John J. Cisco, Esq., and others.

GENTLEMEN, — I have received your flattering request of the 30th November, proposing the compliment

of a public banquet to me, and asking me to appoint a day on which it would be convenient for me to meet you.

Did your proposal intend simply a personal compliment I should feel no hesitation in thanking you cordially for this evidence of your personal regard, while I declined your proffered honor; but I cannot fail to perceive that there is a paramount patriotic duty connected with your proposal which forbids me to decline your invitation.

In accepting it, therefore, I would name (in view of some personal arrangements) Wednesday the 30th inst. as the day which would be most agreeable to me.

Accept, Gentlemen, the assurance of the respect of

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

The banquet was given at Delmonico's, which was then on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and was presided over by Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, who had been the leading counsel *against* Morse in his first great lawsuit, but who now cheerfully acknowledged that to Morse and America the great invention of the telegraph was due. About two hundred men sat down at the tables, among them some of the most eminent in the country. Morse sat at the right of Chief Justice Chase, and Sir Edward Thornton, British Ambassador, on his left. When the time for speechmaking came, Cyrus Field read letters from President Andrew Johnson; from General Grant, President-elect; from Speaker Colfax, Admiral Farragut, and many others. He also read a telegram from Governor Alexander H.

Bullock of Massachusetts: "Massachusetts honors her two sons — Franklin and Morse. The one conducted the lightning safely from the sky; the other conducts it beneath the ocean from continent to continent. The one tamed the lightning; the other makes it minister to human wants and human progress."

From London came another message: —

"CYRUS W. FIELD, New York. The members of the joint committee of the Anglo-American and Atlantic Telegraph Companies hear with pleasure of the banquet to be given this evening to Professor Morse, and desire to greet that distinguished telegraphist, and wish him all the compliments of the season."

Mr. Field added: "This telegram was sent from London at four o'clock this afternoon, and was delivered into the hands of your committee at 12.50." This, naturally, elicited much applause and laughter.

Speeches then followed by other men prominent in various walks of life. Sir Edward Thornton said that he "had great satisfaction in being able to contribute his mite of that admiration and esteem for Professor Morse which must be felt by all for so great a benefactor of his fellow creatures and of posterity."

Chief Justice Chase introduced the guest of the evening in the following graceful words: —

"Many shining names will at once occur to any one at all familiar with the history of the Telegraph. Among them I can pause to mention only those of Volta, the Italian, to whose discoveries the battery is due; Oersted, the Dane, who first discovered the magnetic properties of the electric current; Ampere and Arago, the Frenchmen, who prosecuted still further and most successfully

similar researches; then Sturgeon, the Englishman, who may be said to have made the first electro-magnet; next, and not least illustrious among these illustrious men, our countryman Henry, who first showed the practicability of producing electro-magnetic effects by means of the galvanic current at distances infinitely great; and finally Steinheil, the German, who, after the invention of the Telegraph in all its material parts was complete, taught, in 1837, the use of the ground as part of the circuit. These are some of those searchers for truth whose names will be long held in grateful memory, and not among the least of their titles to gratitude and remembrance will be the discoveries which contributed to the possibility of the modern Telegraph.

“But these discoveries only made the Telegraph possible. They offered the brilliant opportunity. There was needed a man to bring into being the new art and the new interest to which they pointed, and it is the providential distinction and splendid honor of the eminent American, who is our guest to-night, that, happily prepared by previous acquirements and pursuits, he was quick to seize the opportunity and give to the world the first recording Telegraph.

“Fortunate man! thus to link his name forever with the greatest wonder and the greatest benefit of the age! [great applause] . . . I give you ‘Our guest, Professor S. F. B. Morse, the man of science who explored the laws of nature, wrested electricity from her embrace, and made it a missionary in the cause of human progress.’”

As the venerable inventor rose from his chair, overcome with profound emotion which was almost too

great to be controlled, the whole assembly rose with him, and cheer after cheer resounded through the hall for many minutes. When at last quiet was restored, he addressed the company at length, giving a resumé of his struggles and paying tribute to those who had befriended and assisted him in his time of need — to Amos Kendall, who sat at the board with him and whose name called forth more cheers, to Alfred Vail, to Leonard Gale, and, in the largeness of his heart, to F. O. J. Smith. It will not be necessary to give his remarks in full, as the history of the invention has already been given in detail in the course of this work, but his concluding remarks are worthy of record: —

“In casting my eyes around I am most agreeably greeted by faces that carry me back in memory to the days of my art struggles in this city, the early days of the National Academy of Design.

“Brothers (for you are yet brothers), if I left your ranks you well know it cost me a pang. I did not leave you until I saw you well established and entering on that career of prosperity due to your own just appreciation of the important duties belonging to your profession. You have an institution which now holds and, if true to yourselves, will continue to hold a high position in the estimation of this appreciative community. If I have stepped aside from Art to tread what seems another path, there is a good precedent for it in the lives of artists. Science and Art are not opposed. Leonardo da Vinci could find congenial relaxation in scientific researches and invention, and our own Fulton was a painter whose scientific studies resulted in steam navigation. It may not be generally known that the

important invention of the *percussion cap* is due to the scientific recreations of the English painter Shaw.

“But I must not detain you from more instructive speech. One word only in closing. I have claimed for America the origination of the modern Telegraph System of the world. Impartial history, I think, will support that claim. Do not misunderstand me as disparaging or disregarding the labors and ingenious modifications of others in various countries employed in the same field of invention. Gladly, did time permit, would I descant upon their great and varied merits. Yet in tracing the birth and pedigree of the modern Telegraph, ‘American’ is not the highest term of the series that connects the past with the present; there is at least one higher term, the highest of all, which cannot and must not be ignored. If not a sparrow falls to the ground without a definite purpose in the plans of infinite wisdom, can the creation of an instrumentality so vitally affecting the interests of the whole human race have an origin less humble than the Father of every good and perfect gift?

“I am sure I have the sympathy of such an assembly as is here gathered if, in all humility and in the sincerity of a grateful heart, I use the words of inspiration in ascribing honor and praise to Him to whom first of all and most of all it is preëminently due. ‘Not unto us, not unto us, but to God be all the glory.’ Not what hath man, but ‘What hath God wrought?’”

More applause followed as Morse took his seat, and other speeches were made by such men as Professor Goldwin Smith, the Honorable William M. Evarts, A. A. Low, William Cullen Bryant, William Orton, David

Dudley Field, the Honorable William E. Dodge, Sir Hugh Allan, Daniel Huntington, and Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania.

While many of these speeches were most eloquent and appropriate, I shall quote from only one, giving as an excuse the words of James D. Reid in his excellent work "The Telegraph in America": "As Mr. Huntington's address contains some special thoughts showing the relationship of the painter to invention, and is, besides, a most affectionate and interesting tribute to his beloved master, Mr. Morse, it is deemed no discourtesy to the other distinguished speakers to give it nearly entire."

I shall, however, omit some portions which Mr. Reid included.

"In fact, however, every studio is more or less a laboratory. The painter is a chemist delving into the secrets of pigments, varnishes, mixtures of tints and mysterious preparations of grounds and overlaying of colors; occult arts by which the inward light is made to gleam from the canvas, and the warm flesh to glow and palpitate.

"The studio of my beloved master, in whose honor we have met to-night, was indeed a laboratory. Vigorous, life-like portraits, poetic and historic groups, occasionally grew upon his easel; but there were many hours — yes, days — when absorbed in study among galvanic batteries and mysterious lines of wires, he seemed to us like an alchemist of the middle ages in search of the philosopher's stone.

"I can never forget the occasion when he called his pupils together to witness one of the first, if not the

first, successful experiment with the electric telegraph. It was in the winter of 1835-36. I can see now that rude instrument, constructed with an old stretching-frame, a wooden clock, a home-made battery and the wire stretched many times around the walls of the studio. With eager interest we gathered about it as our master explained its operation while, with a click, click, the pencil, by a succession of dots and lines, recorded the message in cypher. The idea was born. The words circled that upper chamber as they do now the globe.

“But we had little faith. To us it seemed the dream of enthusiasm. We grieved to see the sketch upon the canvas untouched. We longed to see him again calling into life events in our country’s history. But it was not to be; God’s purposes were being accomplished, and now the world is witness to his triumph. Yet the love of art still lives in some inner corner of his heart, and I know he can never enter the studio of a painter and see the artist silently bringing from the canvas forms of life and beauty, but he feels a tender twinge, as one who catches a glimpse of the beautiful girl he loved in his youth whom another has snatched away.

“Finally, my dear master and father in art, allow me in this moment of your triumph in the field of discovery, to greet you in the name of your brother artists with ‘All hail.’ As an artist you might have spent life worthily in turning God’s blessed daylight into sweet hues of rainbow colors, and into breathing forms for the delight and consolation of men, but it has been His will that you should train the lightnings, the sharp arrows of his anger, into the swift yet gentle messengers of Peace and Love.”

Morse's wife and his daughter and other ladies had been present during the speeches, but they began to take their leave after Mr. Huntington's address, although the toastmaster arose to announce the last toast, which was "The Ladies." So he said: "This is the most inspiring theme of all, but the theme itself seems to be vanishing from us. Indeed [after a pause], has already vanished. [After another pause and a glance around the room.] And the gentleman who was to have responded seems also to have vanished with his theme. I may assume, therefore, that the duties of the evening are performed, and its enjoyments are at an end."

The unsought honor of this public banquet, in his own country, organized by the most eminent men of the day, calling forth eulogies of him in the public press of the whole world, was justly esteemed by Morse as one of the crowning events of his long career; but an even greater honor was still in store for him, which will be described in due season.

The early months of 1869 were almost entirely devoted to his report as Commissioner, which was finally completed and sent to the Department of State in the latter part of March. In this work he received great assistance from Professor W. P. Blake, who was "In charge of publication," and who writes to him on March 29: "I have had only a short time to glance at it as it was delivered towards the close of the day, but I am most impressed by the amount of labor and care you have so evidently bestowed upon it."

Professor Blake wrote another letter on August 21, which I am tempted to give almost in its entirety:—

"I feel it to be my duty to write to you upon another

point regarding your report, upon which I know that you are sensitive, but, as I think you will see that my motives are good, and that I sincerely express them, I believe you will not be offended with me although my views and opinions may not coincide exactly with yours. I allude to the mention which you make of some of the eminent physicists who have contributed by their discoveries and experiments to our knowledge of the phenomena of electro-magnetism.

“On page 9 of the manuscript you observe: ‘The application of the electro-magnet, the invention of Arago and Sturgeon (first combined and employed by Morse in the construction of the generic telegraph) to the purposes also of the semaphore, etc.’

“Frankly, I am pained not to see the name of Henry there associated with those of Arago and Sturgeon, for it is known and generally conceded among men of science that his researches and experiments and the results which he reached were of radical importance and value, and that they deservedly rank with those of Ampere, Arago and Sturgeon.

“I am aware that, by some unfortunate combination of circumstances, the personal relations of yourself and Professor Henry are not pleasant. I deplore this, and it would be an intense satisfaction to me if I could be the humble means of bringing about a harmonious and honorable adjustment of the differences which separate you. I write this without conference with Professor Henry or his friends. I do it impartially, first, in the line of my duty as editor (but not now officially); second, as a lover of science; third, with a patriotic desire to secure as much as justly can be for the scientific reputa-

tion of the country; and fourth, with a desire to promote harmony between all who are concerned in increasing and disseminating knowledge, and particularly between such sincere lovers of truth and justice as I believe both yourself and Professor Henry to be.

“I do not find that Professor Henry anywhere makes a claim which trenches upon your claim of first using the electro-magnet for writing or printing at a distance — the telegraph as distinguished from the semaphore. This he cannot claim, for he acknowledges it to be yours. You, on the other hand, do not claim the semaphoric use of electricity. I therefore do not see any obstacle to an honorable adjustment of the differences which separate you, and which, perhaps, make you disinclined to freely associate Professor Henry’s name with those of other promoters of electrical science.

“Your report presents a fitting opportunity to effect this result. A magnanimous recognition by you of Professor Henry’s important contributions to the science of electro-magnetism appears to me to be all that is necessary. They can be most appropriately and gracefully acknowledged in your report, and you will gain rather than lose by so doing. Such action on your part would do more than anything else could to secure for you the good will of all men of science, and to hasten a universal and generous accord of all the credit for your great gift to civilization that you can properly desire.

“Now, my dear sir, with this frank statement of my views on this point, I accept your invitation, and will go to see you at your house to talk with you upon this point and others, perhaps more agreeable, but if, after this expression of my inclinations, you will not deem me

a welcome guest, telegraph me not to come — I will not take it unkindly.”

To this Morse replied on August 23: “Your most acceptable letter, with the tone and spirit of which I am most gratified, is just received, for which accept my thanks. I shall be most happy to see you and freely to communicate with you on the subject mentioned, and with the sincere desire of a satisfactory result.”

The visit was paid, but the details of the conversation have not been preserved. However, we find in Morse’s report, on page 10, the following: “In 1825, Mr. Sturgeon, of England, made the first electro-magnet in the horseshoe form by loosely winding a piece of iron wire with a spiral of copper wire. In the United States, as early as 1831, the experimental researches of Professor Joseph Henry were of great importance in advancing the science of electro-magnetism. He may be said to have carried the electro-magnet, in its lifting powers, to its greatest perfection. Reflecting upon the principle of Professor Schweigger’s galvanometer, he constructed magnets in which great power could be developed by a very small galvanic element. His published paper in 1831 shows that he experimented with wires of different lengths, and he noted the amount of magnetism which could be induced through them at various lengths by means of batteries composed of a single element, and also of many elements. He states that the magnetic action of ‘a current from a trough composed of many pairs is at least not sensibly diminished by passing through a long wire,’ and he incidentally noted the bearing of this fact upon the project of an electro-magnetic telegraph [semaphore?].

“In more recent papers, first published in 1857, it appears that Professor Henry demonstrated before his pupils the practicability of ringing a bell, by means of electro-magnetism, at a distance.”

Whether Professor Blake was satisfied with this change from the original manuscript is not recorded. Morse evidently thought that he had made the *amende honorable*, but Henry, coldly proud man that he was, still held aloof from a reconciliation, for I have been informed that he even refused to be present at the memorial services held in Washington after the death of Morse.

In a letter of May 10, 1869, to Dr. Leonard Gale, some interesting facts concerning the reading by sound are given: —

“The fact that the lever action of the earliest instrument of 1835 by its click gave the sound of the numerals, as embodied in the original type, is well known, nor is there anything so remarkable in that result. . . . When you first saw the instrument in 1836 this was so obvious that it scarcely excited more than a passing remark, but, after the adaptation of the dot and space, with the addition of the line or dash, in forming the alphabetic signs (which, as well as I can remember, was about the same date, late in 1835 or early in 1836) then I noticed that the different letters had each their own individual sounds, and could also be distinguished from each other by the sound. The fact did not then appear to me to be of any great importance, seeming to be more curious than useful, yet, in reflecting upon it, it seemed desirable to secure this result by specifying it in my letters patent, lest it might be used as an *evasion*

in indicating my novel alphabet without recording it. Hence the *sounds* as well as the imprinted signs were specified in my letters patent.

“As to the time when these sounds were *practically* used, I am unable to give a precise date. I have a distinct recollection of one case, and proximately the date of it. The time of the incident was soon after the line was extended from Philadelphia to Washington, having a way station at Wilmington, Delaware. The Washington office was in the old post-office, in the room above it. I was in the operating room. The instruments were for a moment silent. I was standing at some distance near the fire-place conversing with Mr. Washington, the operator, who was by my side. Presently one of the instruments commenced writing and Mr. Washington listened and smiled. I asked him why he smiled. ‘Oh!’ said he, ‘that is Zantzinger of the Philadelphia office, but he is operating from Wilmington.’ ‘How do you know that?’ ‘Oh! I know his touch, but I must ask him why he is in Wilmington.’ He then went to the instrument and telegraphed to Zantzinger at Wilmington, and the reply was that he had been sent from Philadelphia to regulate the relay magnet for the Wilmington operator, who was inexperienced in operating. . . .

“I give this instance, not because it was the *first*, but because it is one which I had specially treasured in my memory and frequently related as illustrative of the practicality of reading by *sound* as well as by the written record. This must have occurred about the year 1846.”

A serious accident befell the aged inventor, now seventy-nine years old, in July, 1869. He slipped on the stairs of his country house and fell with all his weight

on his left leg, which was broken in two places. This mishap confined him to his bed for three months, and many feared that, owing to his advanced age, it would be fatal. But, thanks to his vigorous constitution and his temperate life, he recovered completely. He bore this affliction with Christian fortitude. In a letter to his brother Sidney, of August 14, he says: "The healing process in my leg is very slow. The doctor, who has just left me, condemns me to a fortnight more of close confinement. I have other troubles, for they come not singly, but all is for the best."

Troubles, indeed, came not singly, for, in addition to sorrows of a domestic nature, his friends one by one were taken from him by death, and on November 12, 1869, he writes to William Stickney, Esq., son-in-law of Amos Kendall: —

"Although prepared by recent notices in the papers to expect the sad news, which a telegram this moment received announces to me, of the death of my excellent, long-tried friend Mr. Kendall, I confess that the intelligence has come with a shock which has quite unnerved me. I feel the loss as of a *father* rather than of a brother in age, for he was one in whom I confided as a father, so sure was I of affectionate and sound advice. . . .

"I need not tell you how deeply I feel this sad bereavement. I am truly and severely bereaved in the loss of such a friend, a friend, indeed, upon whose faithfulness and unswerving integrity I have ever reposed with perfect confidence, a confidence which has never been betrayed, and a friend to whose energy and skill, in the conduct of the agency which I had confided to him, I owe (under God) the comparative comfort which a kind

Providence has permitted me to enjoy in my advanced age."

In the following year he was called upon to mourn the death of still another of his good friends, for, on August 24, 1870, George Wood died very suddenly at Saratoga.

While much of sadness and sorrow clouded the evening of the life of this truly great man, the sun, ere it sank to rest, tinged the clouds with a glory seldom vouchsafed to a mortal, for he was to see a statue erected to him while he was yet living. Of many men it has been said that — "Wanting bread they receive only a stone, and not even that until long after they have been starved to death." It was Morse's good fortune not only to see the child of his brain grow to a sturdy manhood, but to be honored during his lifetime to a truly remarkable degree.

The project of a memorial of some sort to the Inventor of the Telegraph was first broached by Robert B. Hoover, manager of the Western Union Telegraph office, Allegheny City, Pennsylvania. The idea once started spread with the rapidity of the electric fluid itself, and, under the able management of James D. Reid, a fund was raised, partly by dollar subscriptions largely made by telegraph operators all over the country, including Canada, and it was decided that the testimonial should take the form of a bronze statue to be erected in Central Park, New York. Byron M. Pickett was chosen as the sculptor, and the Park Commission readily granted permission to place the statue in the park.

It was at first hoped that the unveiling might take place on the 27th of April, 1871, Morse's eightieth

birthday; but unavoidable delays arose, and it was not until the 10th of June that everything was in readiness. It was a perfect June day and the hundreds of telegraphers from all parts of the country, with their families, spent the forenoon in a steamboat excursion around the city. In the afternoon crowds flocked to the park where, near what is now called the "Inventor's Gate," the statue stood in the angle between two platforms for the invited guests. Morse himself refused to attend the ceremonies of the unveiling of his counterfeit presentment, as being too great a strain on his innate modesty. Some persons and some papers said that he was present, but, as Mr. James D. Reid says in his "Telegraph in America," "Mr. Morse was incapable of such an indelicacy. . . . Men of refinement and modesty would justly have marvelled had they seen him in such a place."

At about four o'clock the Governor of New York, John T. Hoffman, delivered the opening address, saying, in the course of his speech: "In our day a new era has dawned. Again, for the second time in the history of the world, the power of language is increased by human agency. Thanks to Samuel F. B. Morse men speak to one another now, though separated by the width of the earth, with the lightning's speed and as if standing face to face. If the inventor of the alphabet be deserving of the highest honors, so is he whose great achievement marks this epoch in the history of language — the inventor of the Electric Telegraph. We intend, so far as in us lies, that the men who come after us shall be at no loss to discover his name for want of recorded testimony."

Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, and William

Orton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, then drew aside the drapery amidst the cheers and applause of the multitude, while the Governor's Island band played the "Star-Spangled Banner."

William Cullen Bryant, who was an early friend of the inventor, then presented the statue to the city in an eloquent address, from which I shall quote the following words: —

"It may be said, I know, that the civilized world is already full of memorials which speak the merit of our friend and the grandeur and utility of his invention. Every telegraphic station is such a memorial. Every message sent from one of these stations to another may be counted among the honors paid to his name. Every telegraphic wire strung from post to post, as it hums in the wind, murmurs his eulogy. Every sheaf of wires laid down in the deep sea, occupying the bottom of soundless abysses to which human sight has never penetrated, and carrying the electric pulse, charged with the burden of human thought, from continent to continent, from the Old World to the New, is a testimonial to his greatness. . . . The Latin inscription in the church of St. Paul's in London, referring to Sir Christopher Wren, its architect, — 'If you would behold his monument, look around you,' — may be applied in a far more comprehensive sense to our friend, since the great globe itself has become his monument."

The Mayor of New York, A. Oakey Hall, accepted the statue in a short speech, and, after a prayer by the Reverend Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., the assembled multitude joined in singing the doxology, and the ceremonies at the park were ended.

But other honors still awaited the venerable inventor, for, on the evening of that day, the old Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street was packed with a dense throng gathered together to listen to eulogies on this benefactor of his race, and to hear him bid farewell to his children of the Telegraph. A table was placed in the centre of the stage on which was the original instrument used on the first line from Washington to Baltimore. This was connected with all the lines of telegraph extending to all parts of the world. The Honorable William Orton presided, and, after the Reverend Howard Crosby had opened the ceremonies with prayer, speeches were delivered by Mr. Orton, Dr. George B. Loring, of Salem, and the Reverend Dr. George W. Samson.

At nine o'clock Mr. Orton announced that all lines were clear for the farewell message of the inventor to his children; that this message would be flashed to thousands of waiting operators all over the world, and that answers would be received during the course of the evening. The pleasant task of sending the message had been delegated to Miss Sadie E. Cornwell, a skilful young operator of attractive personality, and Morse himself was to manipulate the key which sent his name, in the dots and dashes of his own alphabet, over the wires.

The vast audience was hushed into absolute silence as Miss Cornwell clicked off the message which Morse had composed for the occasion: "Greeting and thanks to the Telegraph fraternity throughout the world. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."

As Mr. Orton escorted Morse to the table a tremendous burst of applause broke out, but was silenced by a gesture from the presiding officer, and again the great audience was still. Slowly the inventor spelled out the letters of his name, the click of the instrument being clearly heard in every part of the house, and as clearly understood by the hundreds of telegraphers present, so that without waiting for the final dot, which typified the letter e, the whole vast assembly rose amid deafening cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs.

It was an inspiring moment, and the venerable man was almost overcome by his emotions, and sat for some time with his head buried in his hands, striving to regain his self-control.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided, Mr. Orton said: "Thus the Father of the Telegraph bids farewell to his children."

The current was then switched to an instrument behind the scenes, and answers came pouring in, first from near-by towns and cities, and then from New Orleans, Quebec, San Francisco, Halifax, Havana, and finally from Hongkong, Bombay, and Singapore.

Mr. Reid has given a detailed account of these messages in his "Telegraph in America," but I shall not pause to reproduce them here; neither shall I quote from the eloquent speeches which followed, delivered by General N. P. Banks, the Reverend H. M. Gallagher, G. K. Walcott, and James D. Reid. After Miss Antoinette Sterling had sung "Auld Lang Syne," to the great delight of the audience, who recalled her several times, Chief Justice Charles P. Daly introduced Professor Morse in an appropriate address.

As the white-haired inventor, in whose honor this great demonstration had been organized, stepped forward to deliver his valedictory, he was greeted with another round of cheering and applause. At first almost overcome by emotion, he soon recovered his self-control, and he read his address in a clear, resonant voice which carried to every part of the house. The address was a long one, and as most of it is but a recapitulation of what has been already given, I shall only quote from it in part: —

“FRIENDS AND CHILDREN OF THE TELEGRAPH, — When I was solicited to be present this evening, in compliance with the wishes of those who, with such zeal and success, responded to the suggestion of one of your number that a commemorative statue should be erected in our unrivaled Park, and which has this day been placed in position and unveiled, I hesitated to comply. Not that I did not feel a wish in person to return to you my heartfelt thanks for this unique proof of your personal regard, but truly from a fear that I could use no terms which would adequately express my appreciation of your kindness. Whatever I say must fall short of expressing the grateful feelings or conflicting emotions which agitate me on an occasion so unexampled in the history of invention. Gladly would I have shrunk from this public demonstration were it not that my absence to-night, under the circumstances, might be construed into an apathy which I do not feel, and which your overpowering kindness would justly rebuke. . . .

“You have chosen to impersonate in my humble effigy an invention which, cradled upon the ocean, had

its birth in an American ship. It was nursed and cherished not so much from personal as from patriotic motives. Forecasting its future, even at its birth, my most powerful stimulus to perseverance through all the perils and trials of its early days — and they were neither few nor insignificant — was the thought that it must inevitably be world-wide in its application, and, moreover, that it would everywhere be hailed as a grateful American gift to the nations. It is in this aspect of the present occasion that I look upon your proceedings as intended, not so much as homage to an individual, as to the invention, ‘whose lines [from America] have gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.’

“In the carrying-out of any plan of improvement, however grand or feasible, no single individual could possibly accomplish it without the aid of others. We are none of us so powerful that we can dispense with the assistance, in various departments of the work, of those whose experience and knowledge must supply the needed aid of their expertness. It is not sufficient that a brilliant project be proposed, that its modes of accomplishment are foreseen and properly devised; there are, in every part of the enterprise, other minds and other agencies to be consulted for information and counsel to perfect the whole plan. The Chief Justice, in delivering the decision of the Supreme Court, says: ‘It can make no difference whether he [the inventor] derives his information from books or from conversation with men skilled in the science.’ And: ‘The fact that Morse sought and obtained the necessary information and counsel from the best sources, and acted upon

it, neither impairs his rights as an inventor nor detracts from his merits.'

"The inventor must seek and employ the skilled mechanic in his workshop to put the invention into practical form, and for this purpose some pecuniary means are required as well as mechanical skill. Both these were at hand. Alfred Vail, of Morristown, New Jersey, with his father and brother, came to the help of the unclothed infant, and with their funds and mechanical skill put it into a condition to appear before the Congress of the nation. To these New Jersey friends is due the first important aid in the progress of the invention. Aided also by the talent and scientific skill of Professor Gale, my esteemed colleague in the University, the Telegraph appeared in Washington in 1838, a suppliant for the means to demonstrate its power. To the Honorable F. O. J. Smith, then chairman of the House Committee of Commerce, belongs the credit of a just appreciation of the new invention, and of a zealous advocacy of an experimental essay, and the inditing of an admirably written report in its favor, signed by every member of the committee. . . . To Ezra Cornell, whose noble benefactions to his state and the country have placed his name by the side of Cooper and Peabody high on the roll of public benefactors, is due the credit of early and effective aid in the superintendence and erection of the first public line of telegraph ever established."

After paying tribute to the names of Amos Kendall, Cyrus Field, Volta, Oersted, Arago, Schweigger, Gauss and Weber, Steinheil, Daniell, Grove, Cooke, Dana, Henry, and others, he continued: —

“There is not a name I have mentioned, and many whom I have not mentioned, whose career in science or experience in mechanical and engineering and nautical tactics, or in financial practice, might not be the theme of volumes rather than of brief mention in an ephemeral address.

“To-night you have before you a sublime proof of the grand progress of the Telegraph in its march round the globe. It is but a few days since that our veritable antipodes became telegraphically united to us. We can speak to and receive an answer in a few seconds of time from Hongkong in China, where ten o'clock to-night here is ten o'clock in the day there, and it is, perhaps, a debatable question whether their ten o'clock is ten to-day or ten to-morrow. China and New York are in interlocutory communication. We know the fact, but can imagination realize the fact?

“But I must not further trespass on your patience at this late hour. I cannot close without the expression of my cordial thanks to my long-known, long-tried and honored friend Reid, whose unwearied labors early contributed so effectively to the establishment of telegraph lines, and who, in a special manner as chairman of your Memorial Fund, has so faithfully, and successfully, and admirably carried to completion your flattering design. To the eminent Governors of this state and the state of Massachusetts, who have given to this demonstration their honored presence; to my excellent friend the distinguished orator of the day; to the Mayor and city authorities of New York; to the Park Commissioners; to the officers and managers of the various, and even rival, telegraph companies, who have so cordially

united on this occasion; to the numerous citizens, ladies and gentlemen; and, though last not least, to every one of my large and increasing family of telegraph children who have honored me with the proud title of Father, I tender my cordial thanks."

CHAPTER XL

JUNE 14, 1871 — APRIL 16, 1872

Nearing the end. — Estimate of the Reverend F. B. Wheeler. — Early poem. — Leaves "Locust Grove" for last time. — Death of his brother Sidney. — Letter to Cyrus Field on neutrality of telegraph. — Letter of F. O. J. Smith to H. J. Rogers. — Reply by Professor Gale. — Vicious attack by F. O. J. Smith. — Death prevents reply by Morse. — Unveils statue of Franklin in last public appearance. — Last hours. — Death. — Tributes of James D. Reid, New York "Evening Post," New York "Herald," and Louisville "Courier-Journal." — Funeral. — Monument in Greenwood Cemetery. — Memorial services in House of Representatives, Washington. — Address of James G. Blaine. — Other memorial services. — Mr. Prime's review of Morse's character. — Epilogue.

THE excitement caused by all these enthusiastic demonstrations in his honor told upon the inventor both physically and mentally, as we learn from a letter of June 14, 1871, to his daughter Mrs. Lind and her husband: —

"So fatigued that I can scarcely keep my eyes open, I nevertheless, before retiring to my bed, must drop you a line of enquiry to know what is your condition. We have only heard of your arrival and of your first unfavorable impressions. I hope these latter are removed, and that you are both benefiting by change of air and the waters of the Clifton Springs.

"You know how, in the last few days, we have all been overwhelmed with unusual cares. The grand ceremonies of the Park and the Academy of Music are over, but have left me in a good-for-nothing condition. Everything went off splendidly, indeed, as you will learn from the papers. . . . I find it more difficult to bear up with the overwhelming praise that is poured out

without measure, than with the trials of my former life. There is something so remarkable in this universal laudation that the effect on me, strange as it may seem, is rather depressing than exhilarating.

“When I review my past life and see the way in which I have been led, I am so convinced of the faithfulness of God in answer to the prayers of faith, which I have been enabled in times of trial to offer to Him, that I find the temper of my mind is to constant praise. ‘Bless the Lord, Oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits!’ is ever recurring to me. It is doubtless this continued referring all to Him that prevents this universal demonstration of kindly feeling from puffing me up with the false notion that I am anything but the feeblest of instruments. I cannot give you any idea of the peculiar feelings which gratify and yet oppress me.”

He had planned to cross the ocean once more, partly as a delegate to Russia from the Evangelical Alliance, and partly to see whether it would not be possible to induce Prussia and Switzerland and other European nations, from whom he had as yet received no pecuniary remuneration, to do him simple justice. But, for various reasons, this trip was abandoned, and from those nations he never received anything but medals and praise.

So the last summer of the aged inventor's life was spent at his beloved Locust Grove, not free from care and anxiety, as he so well deserved, but nevertheless, thanks to his Christian philosophy, in comparative serenity and happiness. His pastor in Poughkeepsie, the Reverend F. B. Wheeler, says of him in a letter to Mr. Prime: “In his whole character and in all his relations he was one of the most remarkable men of his age. He

was one who drew all who came in contact with him to his heart, disarming all prejudices, silencing all cavil. In his family he was light, life, and love; with those in his employ he was ever considerate and kind, never exacting and harsh, but honorable and just, seeking the good of every dependent; in the community he was a pillar of strength and beauty, commanding the homage of universal respect; in the Church he walked with God and men."

That he was a man of great versatility has been shown in the recital of his activities as artist, inventor, and writer; that he had no mean ability as a poet is also on record. On January 6, 1872, he says in a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Thomas R. Walker: "Some years ago, when both of us were younger, I remember addressing to you a trifle entitled 'The Serenade,' which, on being shown to Mr. Verplanck, was requested for publication in the 'Talisman,' edited and conducted by him and Mr. Sands. I have not seen a copy of that work for many years, and have preserved no copy of 'The Serenade.' If you have a copy I should be pleased to have it."

He was delicately discreet in saying "some years ago," for this poem was written in 1827 as the result of a wager between Morse and his young cousin, he having asserted that he could write poetry as well as paint pictures, and requesting her to give him a theme. It seems that the young lady had been paid the compliment of a serenade a few nights previously, but she had, most unromantically, slept through it all, so she gave as her theme "The Serenade," and the next day Morse produced the following poem: —

THE SERENADE

Haste! 't is the stillest hour of night,
The Moon sheds down her palest light,
And sleep has chained the lake and hill,
The wood, the plain, the babbling rill;
And where yon ivied lattice shows
My fair one slumbers in repose.
Come, ye that know the lovely maid,
And help prepare the serenade.
Hither, before the night is flown,
Bring instruments of every tone.
But lest with noise ye wake, not lull,
Her dreaming fancy, ye must cull
Such only as shall soothe the mind
And leave the harshest all behind.
Bring not the thundering drum, nor yet
The harshly-shrieking clarionet,
Nor screaming hautboy, trumpet shrill,
Nor clanging cymbals; but, with skill,
Exclude each one that would disturb
The fairy architects, or curb
The wild creations of their mirth,
All that would wake the soul to earth.
Choose ye the softly-breathing flute,
The mellow horn, the loving lute;
The viol you must not forget,
And take the sprightly flageolet
And grave bassoon; choose too the fife,
Whose warblings in the tuneful strife,
Mingling in mystery with the words,
May seem like notes of blithest birds.

Are ye prepared? Now lightly tread
As if by elfin minstrels led,
And fling no sound upon the air
Shall rudely wake my slumbering fair.
Softly! Now breathe the symphony,
So gently breathe the tones may vie
In softness with the magic notes
In visions heard; music that floats
So buoyant that it well may seem,
With strains ethereal in her dream,
One song of such mysterious birth
She doubts it comes from heaven or earth.

Play on! My loved one slumbers still.
Play on! She wakes not with the thrill
Of joy produced by strains so mild,
But fancy moulds them gay and wild.
Now, as the music low declines,
'T is sighing of the forest pines;
Or 't is the fitful, varied war
Of distant falls or troubled shore.
Now, as the tone grows full or sharp,
'T is whispering of the Æolian harp.
The viol swells, now low, now loud,
'T is spirits chanting on a cloud
That passes by. It dies away;
So gently dies she scarce can say
'T is gone; listens; 't is lost she fears;
Listens, and thinks again she hears.
As dew drops mingling in a stream
To her 't is all one blissful dream,
A song of angels throned in light.
Softly! Away! Fair one, good-night.

In the autumn of 1871 Morse returned with his family to New York, and it is recorded that, with an apparent premonition that he should never see his beloved Locust Grove again, he ordered the carriage to stop as he drove out of the gate, and, standing up, looked long and lovingly at the familiar scene before telling the coachman to drive on. And as he passed the rural cemetery on the way to the station he exclaimed: "Beautiful! beautiful! but I shall not lie there. I have prepared a place elsewhere."

Not long after his return to the city death once more laid its heavy hand upon him in the loss of his sole surviving brother, Sidney. While this was a crushing blow, for these two brothers had been peculiarly attached to each other, he bore it with Christian resignation, confident that the separation would be for a short time only — "We must soon follow, I also

am over eighty years, and am waiting till my change comes."

But his mind was active to the very end, and he never ceased to do all in his power for the welfare of mankind. One of the last letters written by him on a subject of public importance was sent on December 4, 1871, to Cyrus Field, who was then attending an important telegraphic convention in Rome: —

"Excuse my delay in writing you. The excitement occasioned by the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis has but just ceased, and I have been wholly engrossed by the various duties connected with his presence. I have wished for a few calm moments to put on paper some thoughts respecting the doings of the great Telegraphic Convention to which you are a delegate.

"The Telegraph has now assumed such a marvellous position in human affairs throughout the world, its influences are so great and important in all the varied concerns of nations, that its efficient protection from injury has become a necessity. It is a powerful advocate for universal peace. Not that of itself it can command a 'Peace, be still!' to the angry waves of human passions, but that, by its rapid interchange of thought and opinion, it gives the opportunity of explanations to acts and to laws which, in their ordinary wording, often create doubt and suspicion. Were there no means of quick explanation it is readily seen that doubt and suspicion, working on the susceptibilities of the public mind, would engender misconception, hatred and strife. How important then that, in the intercourse of nations, there should be the ready means at hand for prompt correction and explanation.

“Could there not be passed in the great International Convention some resolution to the effect that, in whatever condition, whether of Peace or War between the nations, the Telegraph should be deemed a sacred thing, to be by common consent effectually protected both on the land and beneath the waters?

“In the interest of human happiness, of that ‘Peace on Earth’ which, in announcing the advent of the Saviour, the angels proclaimed with ‘good will to men,’ I hope that the convention will not adjourn without adopting a resolution asking of the nations their united, effective protection to this great agent of civilization.”

Richly as he deserved that his sun should set in an unclouded sky, this was not to be. Sorrows of a most intimate nature crowded upon him. He was also made the victim of a conscienceless swindler who fleeced him of many thousand dollars, and, to crown all, his old and indefatigable enemy, F. O. J. Smith, administered a cowardly thrust in the back when his weakening powers prevented him from defending himself with his old-time vigor. From a very long letter written by Smith on December 11, 1871, to Henry J. Rogers in Washington, I shall quote only the first sentences: —

DEAR SIR, — In my absence your letter of the 11th ult. was received here, with the printed circular of the National Monumental Society, in reply to which I feel constrained to say if that highly laudable association resolves “to erect at the national capital of the United States a memorial monument” to symbolize in statutory of colossal proportions the “history of the electromagnetic telegraph,” before that history has been au-

thetically written, it is my conviction that the statue most worthy to stand upon the pedestal of such monument would be that of the man of true science, who explored the laws of nature ahead of all other men, and was "the first to wrest electro-magnetism from Nature's embrace and make it a missionary to the cause of human progress," and that man is Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution.

Professor Morse and his early coadjutors would more appropriately occupy, in groups of high relief, the sides of that pedestal, symbolizing, by their established merits and coöperative works, the grandeur of the researches and resulting discoveries of their leader and chief, who was the first to announce and to demonstrate to a despairing world, by actual mechanical agencies, the practicability of an electro-magnetic telegraph through any distances.

Much more of the same flatulent bombast follows which it will not be necessary to introduce here. While Morse himself naturally felt some delicacy in noticing such an attack as this, he found a willing and efficient champion in his old friend (and the friend of Henry as well) Professor Leonard D. Gale, who writes to him on January 22, 1872: —

"I have lately seen a mean, unfair, and villainous letter of F. O. J. Smith, addressed to H. J. Rogers (officer of the Morse Monumental Association), alleging that the place on the monument designed to be occupied by the statue of Morse, should be awarded to Henry; that Morse was not a scientific man, etc., etc. It was written in his own peculiar style. The allega-

tions were so outrageous that I felt it my duty to reply to it without delay. As Smith's letter was to Rogers, as an officer of the Association, I sent my reply to the same person. I enclose a copy herewith.

"Mrs. Gale suggests an additional figure to the group on the monument — a serpent with the face of F. O. J. S., biting the heel of Morse, but with the fangs extracted."

Professor Gale's letter to Henry J. Rogers is worthy of being quoted in full: —

"I have just read a letter from F. O. J. Smith, dated December 11, 1871, addressed to you, and designed to throw discredit on Morse's invention of the Telegraph, the burden of which seems to be rebuke to the designer of the monument, for elevating Morse to the apex of the monument and claiming for Professor J. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, that high distinction.

"The first question of an impartial inquirer is: 'To which of these gentlemen is the honor due?' To ascertain this we will ask a second question: 'Was the subject of the invention a *machine*, or was it a *new fact in science*?' The answer is: 'It was a *machine*.' The first was Morse's, the latter was Henry's. Henry stated that electric currents might be sent through long distances applicable to telegraphic purposes. Morse took the facts as they then existed, invented a machine, harnessed the steed therein, and set the creature to work. There is honor due to Henry for his great discovery of the scientific principle; there is honor also due to Morse for his invention of the ingenious machine which accomplishes the work.

"Men of science regard the discovery of a new fact in science as a higher attainment than the application of it to useful purposes, while the world at large regards

the *application* of the principle or fact in science to the useful arts as of paramount importance. All honor to the discoverer of a new fact in science; equal honor to him who utilizes that fact for the benefit of mankind.

“Has the world forgotten what Robert Fulton did for the navigation of the waters by steamboats? It was he who first applied steam to propel a vessel and navigated the Hudson for the first time with steam and paddle-wheels and vessel in 1807. Do not we honor him as the Father of steamboats? Yet Fulton did not invent steam, nor the steam-engine, nor paddle-wheels, nor the vessel. He merely adapted a steam-engine to a vessel armed with paddle-wheels. The combination was his invention.

“There is another example on record. Cyrus H. McCormick, the Father of the Reaping and Mowing Machine, took out the first successful patent in 1837, and is justly acknowledged the world over as the inventor of this great machine. Although one hundred and forty-six patents were granted in England previous to McCormick’s time, they are but so many unsuccessful efforts to perfect a practical machine. The cutting apparatus, the device to raise and lower the cutters, the levers, the platform, the wheels, the framework, had all been used before McCormick’s time. But McCormick was the first genius able to put these separate devices together in a practical, harmonious operation. The combination was his invention.

“Morse did more. He invented the form of the various parts of his machine as well as their combination; he was the first to put such a machine into practical operation; and for such a purpose who can question his title as the Inventor of the Electric Telegraph?”

To the letter of Professor Gale, Morse replied on January 25: —

“Thank you sincerely for your effective interference in my favor in the recent, but not unexpected, attack of F. O. J. S. I will, so soon as I can free myself from some very pressing matters, write you more fully on the subject. Yet I can add nothing to your perfectly clear exposition of the difference between a discovery of a principle in science and its application to a useful purpose. . . . As for Smith’s suggestion of putting Henry on the top of the proposed monument, I can hardly suppose Professor H. would feel much gratification on learning the character of his zealous advocate. It is simply a matter of spite; carrying out his intense and smothered antipathy to me, and not for any particular regard for Professor H.

“As I have had nothing to do with the proposed monument, I have no feeling on the subject. If they who have the direction of that monument think the putting of Professor H. on the apex will meet the applause of the public, including the expressed opinion of the entire world, by all means put him there. I certainly shall make no complaint.”

The monument was never erected, and this effort of Smith’s to humiliate Morse proved abortive. But his spite did not end there, as we learn from the following letter written by Morse on February 26, 1872, to the Reverend Aspinwall Hodge, of Hartford, Connecticut, the husband of one of his nieces: —

“Some unknown person has sent me the advance sheets of a work (the pages between 1233 and 1249) publishing in Hartford, the title of which is not given,

but I think is something like 'The Great Industries of the United States.' The pages sent me are entitled 'The American Magnetic Telegraph.' They contain the most atrocious and vile attack upon me which has ever appeared in print. I shall be glad to learn who are the publishers of this work, what are the characters of the publishers, and whether they will give me the name or names of the author or authors of this diatribe, and whether they vouch for the character of those who furnished the article for their work.

"I know well enough, indeed, who the libellers are and their motives, which arise from pure spite and revenge for having been legally defeated parties in cases relating to the Telegraph before the courts. To you I can say the concocters of this tirade are F. O. J. Smith, of bad notoriety, and Henry O'Reilly.

"Are the publishers responsible men, and are they aware of the character of those who have given them that article, particularly the moral character of Smith, notorious for his debaucheries and condemned in court for subornation of perjury, and one of the most revengeful men, who has artfully got up this tirade because my agent, the late Honorable Amos Kendall, was compelled to resist his unrighteous claim upon me for some \$25,000 which, after repeated trials lasting some twelve years, was at length, by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, decided against him, and he was adjudged to owe me some \$14,000?

"Mr. Kendall, previous to his decease, managed the case which has thus resulted. The necessity of seizing some property of his in the city of Williamsburg, through the course of the legal proceedings, has aroused

his revengeful feelings, and he has openly threatened that he would be revenged upon me for it, and he has for two or three years past with O'Reilly been concocting this mode of revenge.

"If the publishers are respectable men, I think they will regret that they have been the dupes of these arch conspirators. If not too late to suppress that article I should be glad of an interview with them, in which I will satisfy them that they have been most egregiously imposed upon."

This was the last flash of that old fire which, when he was sufficiently aroused by righteous indignation at unjust attacks, had enabled him to strike out vigorously in self-defense, and had won him many a victory. He was now nearing the end of his physical resources. He had fought the good fight and he had no misgivings as to the verdict of posterity on his achievements. He could fight no more, willing and mentally able though he was to confound his enemies again. He must leave it to others to defend his fame and good name in the future. The last letter which was copied into his letter-press book was written on March 14, not three weeks before the last summons came to him, and it refers to his old enemy who thus pursued him even to the brink of the grave. It is addressed to F. J. Mead, Esq.: —

"Although forbidden to read or write by my physician, who finds me prostrate with a severe attack of neuralgia in the head, I yet must thank you for your kind letter of the 12th inst.

"I should be much gratified to know what part Professor Henry has taken, if any, in this atrocious and absurd attack of F. O. J. S. I have no fears of the result,

but no desire either to suspect any agency on the part of Professor Henry. It is difficult for me to conceive that a man in his position should not see the true position of the matter."

This vicious attack had no effect upon his fame. Dying as soon as it was born, choked by its own venom, it was overwhelmed by the wave of sorrow and sympathy which swept over the earth at the announcement of the death of the great inventor.

His last public appearance was on January 17, 1872, when he, in company with Horace Greeley, unveiled the statue of Benjamin Franklin in Printing House Square, New York. It was a very cold day, but, against the advice of his physician and his family, he insisted on being present. As he drove up in his carriage and, escorted by the committee, ascended to the platform, he was loudly cheered by the multitude which had assembled. Standing uncovered in the biting air, he delivered the following short address: —

"MR. DE GROOT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS, — I esteem it one of my highest honors that I should have been designated to perform the office of unveiling this day the fine statue of our illustrious and immortal Franklin. When requested to accept this duty I was confined to my bed, but I could not refuse, and I said: 'Yes, if I have to be lifted to the spot!'

"Franklin needs no eulogy from me. No one has more reason to venerate his name than myself. May his illustrious example of devotion to the interest of universal humanity be the seed of further fruit for the good of the world."

Morse was to have been an honored guest at the

banquet in the evening, where in the speeches his name was coupled with that of Franklin as one of the great benefactors of mankind; but, yielding to the wishes of his family, he remained at home. He had all his life been a sufferer from severe headaches, and now these neuralgic pains increased in severity, no doubt aggravated by his exposure at the unveiling. When the paroxysms were upon him he walked the floor in agony, pressing his hands to his temples; but these seizures were, mercifully, not continuous, and he still wrote voluminous letters, and tried to solve the problems which were thrust upon him, even to the end.

One of the last acts of his life was to go down town with his youngest son, whose birthday was the 29th of March, to purchase for him his first gold watch, and that watch the son still carries, a precious memento of his father.

Gradually the pains in the head grew less severe, but great weakness followed, and he was compelled to keep to his bed, sinking into a peaceful, painless unconsciousness relieved by an occasional flash of his old vigor. To his pastor, Reverend Dr. William Adams, he expressed his gratitude for the goodness of God to him, but added: "The best is yet to come." He roused himself on the 29th of March, the birthday of his son, kissing him and gazing with pleasure on a drawing sent to the boy by his cousin, Mary Goodrich, pronouncing it excellent.

Shortly before the end pneumonia set in, and one of the attending physicians, tapping on his chest, said "This is the way we doctors telegraph"; and the dying man, with a momentary gleam of the old humor light-

ing up his fading eyes, whispered, "Very good." These were the last words spoken by him.

From a letter written by one who was present at his bedside to another member of the family I shall quote a few words: "He is fast passing away. It is touching to see him so still, so unconscious of all that is passing, waiting for death. He has suffered much with neuralgia of the head, increased of late by a miserable pamphlet by F. O. J. S. Poor dear man! Strange that they could not leave him in peace in his old age. But now all sorrow is forgotten. He lies like a quiet infant. Heaven is opening to him with its peace and perfect rest. The doctor calls his sickness 'exhaustion of the brain.' He looks very handsome; the light of Heaven seems shining on his beautiful eyes."

On April 1, consciousness returned for a few moments and he recognized his wife and those around him with a smile, but without being able to speak. Then he gradually sank to sleep and on the next day he gently breathed his last.

His faithful and loving friend, James D. Reid, in the *Journal of the Telegraph*, of which he was editor, paid tribute to his memory in the following touching words:—

"In the ripeness and mellow sunshine of the end of an honored and protracted life Professor Morse, the father of the American Telegraph system, our own beloved friend and father, has gone to his rest. The telegraph, the child of his own brain, has long since whispered to every home in all the civilized world that the great inventor has passed away. Men, as they pass each other on the street, say, with the subdued voice of

personal sorrow, 'Morse is dead.' Yet to us he lives. If he is dead it is only to those who did not know him.

"It is not the habit of ardent affection to be garrulous in the excitement of such an occasion as this. It would fain gaze on the dead face in silence. The pen, conscious of its weakness, hesitates in its work of endeavoring to reveal that which the heart can alone interpret in a language sacred to itself, and by tears no eye may ever see. For such reason we, who have so much enjoyed the sweetness of the presence of this venerable man, now so calm in his last sacred sleep, to whom he often came, with his cheerful and gentle ways, as to a son, so confiding of his heart's tenderest thoughts, so free in the expression of his hopes of the life beyond, find difficulty in making the necessary record of his decease. We can only tell what the world has already known by the everywhere present wires, that, on the evening of Tuesday, April 2, Professor Morse, in the beautiful serenity of Christian hope, after a life extended beyond fourscore years, folded his hands upon his breast and bade the earth, and generation, and nation he had honored, farewell."

In the "Evening Post," probably from the pen of his old friend William Cullen Bryant, was the following: —

"The name of Morse will always stand in the foremost rank of the great inventors, each of whom has changed the face of society and given a new direction to the growth of civilization by the application to the arts of one great thought. It will always be read side by side with those of Gutenberg and Schoeffer, or Watt and Fulton. This eminence he fairly earned by one splendid invention. But none who knew the man will be satis-

fied to let this world-wide and forever growing monument be the sole record of his greatness.

"Had he never thought of the telegraph he would still receive, in death, the highest honors friendship and admiration can offer to distinguished and varied abilities, associated with a noble character. In early life he showed the genius of a truly great artist. In after years he exercised all the powers of a masterly scientific investigator. Throughout his career he was eminent for the loftiness of his aims, for his resolute faith in the strength of truth, for his capacity to endure and to wait, and for his fidelity alike to his convictions and to his friends.

"His intellectual eminence was limited to no one branch of human effort, but, in the judgment of men who knew him best, he had endowments which might have made him, had he not been the chief of inventors, the most powerful of advocates, the boldest and most effective of artists, the most discerning of scientific physicians, or an administrative officer worthy of the highest place and of the best days in American history."

The New York "Herald" said: —

"Morse was, perhaps, the most illustrious American of his age. Looking over the expanse of the ages, we think more earnestly and lovingly of Cadmus, who gave us the alphabet; of Archimedes, who invented the lever; of Euclid, with his demonstrations in geometry; of Faust, who taught us how to print; of Watt, with his development of steam, than of the resonant orators who inflamed the passions of mankind, and the gallant chieftains who led mankind to war. We decorate history with our Napoleons and Wellingtons, but it was

better for the world that steam was demonstrated to be an active, manageable force, than that a French Emperor and his army should win the battle of Austerlitz. And when a Napoleon of peace, like the dead Morse, has passed away, and we come to sum up his life, we gladly see that the world is better, society more generous and enlarged, and mankind nearer the ultimate fulfillment of its earthly mission because he lived and did the work that was in him."

The Louisville "Courier-Journal" went even higher in its praise: —

"If it is legitimate to measure a man by the magnitude of his achievements, the greatest man of the nineteenth century is dead. Some days ago the electric current brought us the intelligence that S. F. B. Morse was smitten with paralysis. Since then it has brought us the bulletins of his condition as promptly as if we had been living in the same square, entertaining us with hopes which the mournful sequel has proven to be delusive, for the magic wires have just thrilled with the tidings to all nations that the father of telegraphy has passed to the eternal world. Almost as quietly as the all-seeing eye saw the soul depart from that venerable form, mortal men, thousands of miles distant, are apprised of the same fact by the swift messenger which he won from the unknown — speaking, as it goes around its world-wide circuit, in all the languages of earth.

"Professor Morse took no royal road to this discovery. Indeed it is never a characteristic of genius to seek such roads. He was dependent, necessarily, upon facts and principles brought to light by similar diligent, patient minds which had gone before him. Volta, Galvani,

Morcel, Grove, Faraday, Franklin, and a host of others had laid a basis of laws and theories upon which he humbly and reverently mounted and arranged his great problem for the hoped-for solution. But to him was reserved the sole, undivided glory of discovering the priceless gem, 'richer than all its tribe,' which lay just beneath the surface, and around which so many *savans* had blindly groped.

"He is dead, but his mission was fully completed. It has been no man's fortune to leave behind him a more magnificent legacy to earth, or a more absolute title to a glorious immortality. To the honor of being one of the most distinguished benefactors of the human race, he added the personal and social graces and virtues of a true gentleman and a Christian philosopher. The memory of his private worth will be kept green amid the immortelles of sorrowing friendship for a lifetime only, but his life monument will endure among men as long as the human race exists upon earth."

The funeral services were held on Friday, April 5, at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. At eleven o'clock the long procession entered the church in the following order:—

Rev. Wm. Adams, D.D., Rev. F. B. Wheeler, D.D.

COFFIN.

PALL-BEARERS.

William Orton,	Cyrus W. Field,
Daniel Huntington,	Charles Butler,
Peter Cooper,	John A. Dix,
Cambridge Livingston,	Ezra Cornell.

The Family.

Governor Hoffman and Staff.
Members of the Legislature.

Directors of the New York, Newfoundland and London
Telegraph Company.

Directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company
and officers and operators.

Members of the National Academy of Design.

Members of the Evangelical Alliance.

Members of the Chamber of Commerce.

Members of the Association for the Advancement of
Science and Art.

Members of the New York Stock Exchange.

Delegations from the Common Councils of New York,
Brooklyn and Poughkeepsie and many of the
Yale Alumni.

The Legislative Committee: Messrs. James W. Husted,
L. Bradford Prince, Samuel J. Tilden, Severn D. Moulton
and John Simpson.

The funeral address, delivered by Dr. Adams, was long and eloquent, and near the conclusion he said: —

“To-day we part forever with all that is mortal of that man who has done so much in the cause of Christian civilization. Less than one year ago his fellow-citizens, chiefly telegraphic operators, who loved him as children love a father, raised his statue in Central Park. To-day all we can give him is a grave. That venerable form, that face so saintly in its purity and refinement, we shall see no more. How much we shall miss him in our homes, our churches, in public gatherings, in the streets and in society which he adorned and blessed. But his life has been so useful, so happy and so complete that, for him, nothing remains to be wished. Congratulate the man who, leaving to his family, friends and country a name spotless, untarnished, beloved of nations, to be repeated in foreign tongues and by sparkling seas, has died in the bright and blessed hope of everlasting life.

“Farewell, beloved friend, honored citizen, public benefactor, good and faithful servant!”

The three Morse brothers were united in death as they had been in life. In Greenwood Cemetery a little hill had been purchased by the brothers and divided into three equal portions. On the summit of the hill there now stands a beautiful three-sided monument, and at its base reposes all that is mortal of these three upright men, each surrounded by those whom they had loved on earth, and who have now joined them in their last resting place.

Resolutions of sympathy came to the family from all over the world, and from bodies political, scientific, artistic, and mercantile, and letters of condolence from friends and from strangers.

In the House of Representatives, in Washington, the Honorable S. S. Cox offered a concurrent resolution, declaring that Congress has heard — “with profound regret of the death of Professor Morse, whose distinguished and varied abilities have contributed more than those of any other person to the development and progress of the practical arts, and that his purity of private life, his loftiness of scientific aims, and his resolute faith in truth, render it highly proper that the Representatives and Senators should solemnly testify to his worth and greatness.”

This was unanimously agreed to. The Honorable Fernando Wood, after a brief history of the legislation which resulted in the grant of \$30,000 to enable Morse to test his invention, added that he was proud to say that his name had been recorded in the affirmative on that historic occasion, and that he was then the only living member of either house who had so voted.

Similar resolutions were passed in the Senate, and a committee was appointed by both houses to arrange for

a suitable memorial service, and, on April 9, the following letter was sent to Mrs. Morse by A. S. Solomons, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements: —

DEAR MADAM, — Congress and the citizens of Washington purpose holding memorial services in honor of your late respected husband in the Hall of the House of Representatives, on Tuesday evening next, the 16th of April, and have directed me to request that yourself and family become the guests of the nation on that truly solemn occasion. If agreeable, be good enough to inform me when you will likely be here.

The widow was not able to accept this graceful invitation, but members of the family were present.

The Hall was crowded with a representative audience. James G. Blaine, Speaker of the House, presided, assisted by Vice-President Colfax. President Grant and his Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court, Governors of States, and other dignitaries were present in person or by proxy. In front of the main gallery an oil portrait of Morse had been placed, and around the frame was inscribed the historic first message: "What hath God wrought."

After the opening prayer by Dr. William Adams, Speaker Blaine said: —

"Less than thirty years ago a man of genius and learning was an earnest petitioner before Congress for a small pecuniary aid that enabled him to test certain occult theories of science which he had laboriously evolved. To-night the representatives of forty million people assemble in their legislative hall to do homage and honor to the name of 'Morse.' Great discoverers

and inventors rarely live to witness the full development and perfection of their mighty conceptions, but to him whose death we now mourn, and whose fame we celebrate, it was, in God's good providence, vouchsafed otherwise. The little thread of wire, placed as a timid experiment between the national capital and a neighboring city, grew and lengthened and multiplied with almost the rapidity of the electric current that darted along its iron nerves, until, within his own lifetime, continent was bound unto continent, hemisphere answered through ocean's depths unto hemisphere, and an encircled globe flashed forth his eulogy in the unmatched elements of a grand achievement.

"Charged by the House of Representatives with the agreeable and honorable duty of presiding here, and of announcing the various participants in the exercises of the evening, I welcome to this hall those who join with us in this expressive tribute to the memory and to the merit of a great man."

After Mr. Blaine had concluded his remarks the exercises were conducted as follows:—

Resolutions by the Honorable C. C. Cox, M.D., of Washington, D.C.

Address by the Honorable J. W. Patterson, of New Hampshire.

Address by the Honorable Fernando Wood, of New York.

Vocal music by the Choral Society of Washington.

Address by the Honorable J. A. Garfield, of Ohio.

Address by the Honorable S. S. Cox, of New York.

Address by the Honorable N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts.

Vocal music by the Choral Society of Washington.

Benediction by the Reverend Dr. Wheeler of Poughkeepsie.

Once again the invention which made him famous paid marvellous tribute to the man of science. While less than a year before, joyous messages of congratulation had flashed over the wires from the four quarters of the globe, to greet the living inventor, now came words of sorrow and condolence from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America mourning that inventor dead, and again were they read to a wondering audience by that other man of indomitable perseverance, Cyrus W. Field.

On the same evening memorial services were held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, at which the mayor of the city presided, and addresses were made by Josiah Quincy, Professor E. N. Horsford, the Honorable Richard H. Dana, and others.

Other cities all over the country, and in foreign lands, held commemorative services, and every telegraph office in the country was draped in mourning, in sad remembrance of him whom all delighted to call "Father."

Mr. Prime, in his closing review of Morse's character, uses the following words: —

"It is not given to mortals to leave a perfect example for the admiration and imitation of posterity, but it is safe to say that the life and character of few men, whose history is left on record, afford less opportunity for criticism than is found in the conspicuous career of the Inventor of the Telegraph.

“Having followed him step by step from the birth to the grave, in public, social and private relations; in struggles with poverty, enemies and wrongs; in courts of law, the press and halls of science; having seen him tempted, assailed, defeated, and again in victory, honor and renown; having read thousands of his private letters, his essays and pamphlets, and volumes in which his claims are canvassed, his merits discussed and his character reviewed; having had access to his most private papers and confidential correspondence, in which all that is most secret and sacred in the life of man is hid — it is right to say that, in this mass of testimony by friends and foes, there is not a line that requires to be erased or changed to preserve the lustre of his name. . . .

“It was the device and purpose of those who sought to rob him of his honors and his rights to depreciate his intellectual ability and his scientific attainments. But among all the men of science and of learning in the law, there was not one who was a match for him when he gave his mind to a subject which required his perfect mastery. . . .

“He drew up the brief with his own hand for one of the distinguished counsel in a great lawsuit involving his patent rights, and his lawyer said it was the argument that carried conviction to every unprejudiced mind.

“Such was the versatility and variety of his mental endowments that he would have been great in any department of human pursuits. His wonderful rapidity of thought was associated with patient, plodding perseverance, a combination rare but mightily effective.

He leaped to a possible conclusion, and then slowly developed the successive steps by which the end was gained and the result made secure. He covered thousands of pages with his pencil notes, annotated large and numerous volumes, filled huge folios with valuable excerpts from newspapers, illustrated processes of thought with diagrams, and was thus fortified and enriched with stores of knowledge and masses of facts, so digested, combined and arranged, that he had them at his easy command to defend the past or to help him onward to fresh conquests in the fields of truth. Yet such was his modesty and reticence in regard to himself that none outside of his household were aware of his resources, and his attainments were only known when displayed in self-defense. Then they never failed to be ample for the occasion, as every opponent had reason to remember.

“Yet he was gentle as he was great. Many thought him weak because he was simple, childlike and unworldly. Often he suffered wrong rather than resist, and this disposition to yield was frequently his loss. The firmness, tenacity and perseverance with which he fought his foes were the fruits of his integrity, principle and profound convictions of right and duty. . . . His nature was a rare combination of solid intellect and delicate sensibility. Thoughtful, sober and quiet, he readily entered into the enjoyments of domestic and social life, indulging in sallies of humor, and readily appreciating and greatly enjoying the wit of others. Dignified in his intercourse with men, courteous and affable with the gentler sex, he was a good husband, a judicious father, a generous and faithful friend.

“He had the misfortune to incur the hostility of men

who would deprive him of his merit and the reward of his labors. But this is the common fate of great inventors. He lived until his rights were vindicated by every tribunal to which they could be referred, and acknowledged by all civilized nations, and he died leaving to his children a spotless and illustrious name, and to his country the honor of having given birth to the only Electro-Magnetic Recording Telegraph whose line is gone out through all the earth, and its words to the end of the world."

And now my pleasant task is ended. After the lapse of so many years it has been possible for me to introduce much more evidence of a personal nature, to reveal the character of those with whom Morse had to contend, than would have been discreet or judicious during the lifetime of some of the actors in the drama. Many attempts have been made since the death of the inventor to minimize his fame, and to exalt others at his expense, but, while these attempts have seemed to triumph for a time, while they may have influenced a few minds and caused erroneous attributions to be made in some publications, their effect is ephemeral, for "Truth is mighty and will prevail," and the more carefully and exhaustively this complicated subject is studied, the more apparent will it be that Morse never claimed more than was his due; that his upright, truth-loving character, as revealed in his intimate correspondence and in the testimony of his contemporaries, forbade his ever stooping to deceit or wilful appropriation of the ideas of others.

A summary, in as few words as possible, of what

Morse actually invented or discovered may be, at this point, appropriate.

In 1832, he conceived the idea of a true electric telegraph — a writing at a distance by means of the electro-magnet. The use of the electro-magnet for this purpose was original with him; it was entirely different from any form of telegraph devised by others, and he was not aware, at the time, that any other person had even combined the words “electric” and “telegraph.”

The mechanism to produce the desired result, roughly drawn in the 1832 sketch-book, was elaborated and made by Morse alone, and produced actual results in 1835, 1836, and 1837. Still further perfected by him, with the legitimate assistance of others, it became the universal telegraph of to-day, holding its own and successfully contending with all other plans of telegraphs devised by others.

He devised and perfected the dot-and-dash alphabet.

In 1836, he discovered the principle of the relay.

In 1838, he received a French patent for a system of railway telegraph, which also embodies the principle of the police and fire-alarm telegraph. At the same time he suggested a practical form of military telegraph.

In 1842, he laid the first subaqueous cable.

In 1842, he discovered, with Dr. Fisher, the principle of duplex telegraphy, and he was also the first to experiment with wireless telegraphy.

In addition to his electrical inventions and discoveries he was the first to experiment with the Daguerreotype in America, and, with Professor Draper, was the first in the world to take portraits by this means, Daguerre himself not thinking it possible.

The verdict of the world, as pronounced at the time of his death, has been strengthened with the lapse of years. He was one of the first to be immortalized in the Hall of Fame. His name, like those of Volta, Galvani, Ampere, and others, has been incorporated into everyday speech, and is now used to symbolize the language of that simple but marvellous invention which brings the whole world into intimate touch.

THE END

INDEX

- Abbott, Gorham, American Asiatic Society, 2, 443.
- Abbott, J. S. C., from M. (1867) on Louis Napoleon in New York, 2, 451.
- Abdul Mejid, decorates M., 2, 297.
- Abernethy, John, personality, 1, 98, 99.
- Abolitionism, M.'s antagonism, 2, 390, 415, 416, 418, 420, 430, 446.
- Accidents to M., runaway (1828), 1, 293-295; in 1844, 2, 232; fall (1846), 268; during laying of Atlantic cable (1857), 376, 377, 383; breaks leg (1869), 480.
- Acton, —, and M. at Peterhoff (1856), 2, 363.
- Adams, J. Q., and election to Presidency, Jackson's congratulations, 1, 263; and M.'s failure to get commission for painting for Capitol, 2, 28-30.
- Adams, John, portrait by M., 1, 196.
- Adams, Nehemiah, and Civil War, 2, 416.
- Adams, William, and M.'s last illness, 2, 506; at M.'s funeral, address, 511, 512; at memorial services, 514.
- Agamemnon, and laying of first Atlantic cable, 2, 378.
- Agate, F. S., pupil of M., 1, 257, 275; and origin of Academy of Design, 280.
- Albany, M. as portrait painter at (1823), 1, 245-249.
- Alexander I of Russia, in London (1814), appearance, anecdotes, 1, 142-146.
- Alexander II of Russia, M. on presentation to (1856), 2, 356-364; attempt on life at Paris (1867), 455.
- Allan, Sir Hugh, at banquet to M., 2, 473.
- Allegorical painting, M. on, 1, 318.
- Allegri, Gregorio, M. on *Miserere*, 1, 345.
- Allston, Washington, M. desires to study under, 1, 21; M. accompanies to England (1811), 31, 33; journey to London, 36, 38; on M. as artist, 46, 55, 56, 131; and Leslie, 59, 156, and death of wife, Coleridge's prescription, 59, 168; and M., interest, influence and criticism, 74, 75, 83, 85, 104, 162, 197-199, 436; and War of 1812, 89; at premier of Coleridge's *Remorse*, 96; illness, 96; and Dr. Abernethy, 98, 99; M. on, as artist, 102, 105; M. on character, 105, 108; Dead Man restored to Life, 105, 122, 124, 148, 197, 199; poems, 110; on French school of art, 114; at Bristol (1814), 142, 153, 156, 171; painting for steamer, 289; Uriel in the Sun, 307; compliment to, 308; M. and death, 2, 207, 208; brush of, 207; M. presents portrait and brush to Academy of Design, 436, 437.
- Letters: to M. (1814) on Dead Man, Blücher, 1, 147; with M. (1816) on sale of Dead Man, personal relations, 197, 198; from M. (1819) on work at Charleston, Allston as R. A., 221; to M. (1837) on rejection for government painting, 2, 32; from M. (1839) on daguerreotype and art, 143; with M. (1843) on telegraph act, illness, painting, 202.
- Allston, Mrs. Washington, journey to England, 1, 33, 35; in England, health, 33; death, 168.
- Alphabet. See Dot-and-dash.
- Alston, J. A., and M., 1, 208, 214, 215, 233; to M. (1818-19) on portraits, 214, 224, 225.
- Amalfi, M. at (1830), 1, 364-367.
- American Academy of Art, condition (1825), 1, 276, 277; and union with Academy of Design, 2, 23.
- American Asiatic Society, 2, 443.
- American Society for promoting National Unity, 2, 415.
- Americans, M. on Cooper's patriotism (1832), 1, 426-428; on European criticism, 428, 429.
- Amyot, —, and M.'s telegraph, 2, 122, 147.
- Anderson, Alexander, and origin of Academy of Design, 1, 280.
- Andrews, Solomon, from M. (1849) on aviation, 2, 299.
- Angoulême, Duchesse d', in London (1814), 1, 138.
- Annunciation, M. on feast at Rome (1830), 1, 341.
- Arabia, transatlantic steamer (1857), 2, 384.
- Arago, D. F., and M.'s telegraph, 2, 104, 107, 108, 255.
- Art, conditions in America (1813), 1, 100, 101; Boston and (1816), 197. See also Painting.
- Atlantic cable, M. prophesies (1843), 2, 208, 209; organization of company, 341-343; M. as electrician, 343, 347; M.'s enthusiasm, 344; attempt to lay cable across Gulf of St. Lawrence (1855), 345; experiments of M. and Whitehouse, 348, 366; Kendall's caution to M. on company, 372; M.'s account of laying of

- first, 374-382; parting of first, 382; delay, offer to purchase remainder of first, 383; M.'s forced resignation from company, 384; M. on first message over completed (1858), his prediction of cessation, 386, 387; proposed, between Spain and West Indies, 404-406; M. on final success, 451; greeting of company to M. (1868), 469.
- "Attention the Universe" message, 2, 75.
- Australia, M.'s telegraph in, 2, 321.
- Austria, testimonials to M., 2, 392.
- Austro-Prussian War, influence of telegraph, 2, 463.
- Aviation, M. on (1849), 2, 300, 301.
- Avignon, M. at (1830), 1, 324, 325.
- Aycrigg, J. B., and telegraph, 2, 187, 189; from M. (1844) on ground circuit, 221.
- Aylmer, Lord, and M.'s telegraph, 2, 124.
- Bain, Alexander, and telegraph, 2, 242, 304, and ground circuit, 243.
- Ball, Mrs. —, M.'s portrait and trouble with, letters from M. (1820), 1, 231-234.
- Balloon ascension at London (1811), 1, 49.
- Baltic*, transatlantic steamer (1856), 2, 347.
- Baltimore, construction of first telegraph line, 2, 204-228.
- Bancroft, —, transatlantic voyage (1815), 1, 188.
- Bancroft, George, and M. at Berlin, 2, 461.
- Banks, N. P., at M.'s farewell message to telegraph, 2, 486; at memorial services, 515.
- Banquets to M., at London (1856), 2, 368, 369; at Paris (1858), 396; at New York (1869), 467-475.
- Barberini, Cardinal, 1, 342.
- Barrell, Samuel, at Yale, 1, 9, 10.
- Battery, Gais's improvement of telegraph, 2, 55; M.'s improvement, 182. *See also* Relay.
- Beecher, Lyman, and M., 1, 238.
- Beechy, Sir William, M. on, 1, 63.
- Beggars, M. on Italian, 1, 330, 332, 341, 355, 363, 369.
- Belgium, interest in M.'s telegraph, 2, 244; and gratuity to M., 393.
- Belknap, Jeremy, on birth of M., 1, 2.
- Bellingham, John, assassinates Perceval, 1, 71; execution, 72.
- Bellows, H. W. from M. (1864) on Sanitary Commission, 2, 428.
- Benedict, Aaron, and wire for experimental line, 2, 208.
- Benevolence, as female virtue, 1, 323.
- Bennett, J. G., at French court (1867), 2, 449.
- Berkshire, Mass., M.'s trip (1821), 1, 238, 239.
- Berlin, M. at (1856), 2, 365; (1868), 461.
- Bernard, Simon, and M., 2, 104; and telegraph, 132.
- Berri, Duchesse de, appearance (1830), 1, 316.
- Bertazzoli, Cardinal, death, 1, 347.
- Bettner, Dr. —, and Henry-Morse controversy, 2, 318.
- Biddle, James, return to America (1832), 1, 430.
- Biddulph, T. T., as minister, 1, 121.
- Bigelow, John, farewell banquet to (1867), 2, 451.
- Blaine, J. G., address at memorial services to M., 2, 514, 515.
- Blake, W. P., to M. (1869) on M.'s report, 475; on Henry controversy, 475; from M. on same, 478.
- Blanchard, Thomas, machine for carving marble, 1, 245.
- Blenheim estates, reduced condition (1829), 1, 307.
- Bliss, Seth, and Civil War, 2, 416.
- Blücher, G. L. von, at London (1814), appearance, 1, 146, 147.
- Boardman, W. W., and telegraph, letters with M. (1842), 2, 173-177, 187, 189.
- Bodisco, Alexander de, from M. (1844) on telegraph, 2, 240; state dinner, 245.
- Bologna, M. on, 1, 391.
- Boorman, James, and Civil War, 2, 416.
- Borland, Catherine, 1, 111.
- Boston, and art (1816), 1, 197.
- Boston *Recorder*, founding, 1, 208.
- Boudy, Comte, and M.'s telegraph, 2, 112, 123.
- Breese, Arthur, and marriage of daughter, 1, 228.
- Breese, Catherine, marriage, 1, 229. *See also* Griswold.
- Breese, Elizabeth A. (Mrs. Jedediah Morse), 1, 2.
- Breese, Samuel, in navy, 1, 88; under Perry, 140.
- Breese, Sidney, and M., 2, 411.
- Breguet, Louis, from M. (1851) on rewards for invention, 2, 313.
- Brett, J. W., and Atlantic cable, 2, 343; and M. in England (1856), 348, 349, 351; from M. (1858) on withdrawal from cable company, 385; and proposed Spanish cable, 405.
- Bristol, England, M. at (1813, 1814), 1, 119, 121, 153, 163, 169-171.
- Broek, M. van der, and gratuity to M., 2, 391.
- Broek, Holland, M. on unnatural neatness, 2, 251-253.
- Bromfield, Henry, and M. in England, 1, 39, 152; from M. (1820) on family at New Haven, 234.
- Brooklyn, N.Y., defences (1814), 1, 150.
- Brooks, David, and telegraph, 2, 296.

- Brougham, Lord, and M.'s telegraph, **2**, 95, 126.
- Brown, James, banquet to M., **2**, 467.
- Bryant, W. C., and The Club, **1**, 282; from M. (1865) on Allston's portrait, **2**, 436; at banquet to M., 472; address at unveiling of statue to M., 484; tribute to M., 508.
- Buchanan, James, official letter introducing M. (1845), **2**, 248; M. on election (1856), 371.
- Budd, T. A., and Perry's Japanese expedition, **2**, 317.
- Bulfinch, Charles, and M., **2**, 188.
- Bullock, A. H., sentiment for banquet to M., **2**, 469.
- Bunker Hill Monument, Greenough on plans, **1**, 413.
- Burbank, David, from M. (1844) on price for invention, **2**, 235.
- Burder, George, minister at London (1811), **1**, 120.
- Burritt, Benjamin, prisoner of war, M.'s efforts for release, **1**, 124-127.
- Butler, Charles, at M.'s funeral, **2**, 511.
- Cadwalader, Thomas, return to America (1832), **1**, 430.
- Caledonia*, transatlantic steamer (1846), **2**, 269.
- Calhoun, J. C., and M.'s effort for commission for painting for Capitol, **2**, 28.
- California, graft in telegraph organization, **2**, 338, 339.
- Campagna, Roman, dangers at night, **1**, 359.
- Campbell, Sir John, and M.'s application for patent, **2**, 93, 98.
- Campo Santo at Naples, **1**, 367-369.
- Camuccini, Vincenzo, M. on, as artist, **1**, 350.
- Canterbury, M. on cathedral and service, **1**, 310-312.
- Cardinals, lying in state, **1**, 344.
- Carmichael, James, and proposed Spanish cable, **2**, 405.
- Caroline, Queen, palace, **1**, 309.
- Carrara, M. on quarries (1830), **1**, 333-335.
- Carter, William, courier, **2**, 352.
- Cass, Lewis, and M. at Paris (1838), **2**, 109, 111.
- Cass, Mrs. Lewis, from M. (1839) on lotteries, **2**, 131.
- Castlereagh, Lord, and Orders in Council (1812), **1**, 76.
- Catalogue Raisonné*, **1**, 199, 200.
- Causici, Enrico, at Washington (1825), **1**, 263.
- Ceres*, transatlantic voyage (1815), **1**, 186-195.
- Chamberlain, Capt. —, transatlantic voyage (1815), **1**, 188.
- Chamberlain, —, exhibition of telegraph in European centers, **2**, 148, 149; drowned, 149.
- Champlin, E. H., American Asiatic Society, **2**, 444.
- Chapin, C. L., and M.'s telegraph in Europe, **2**, 255.
- Charivari, M. on, **1**, 78.
- Charles X of France, New Year (1830), **1**, 315.
- Charleston, M. as portrait painter at (1818-21), **1**, 214-217, 219-225, 229-237; portrait of President Monroe, 222; M. and art academy, 235, 236.
- Charlestown, Mass., dual celebration of Fourth (1805), **1**, 7; Jedediah Morse's church troubles, 223-225, 229.
- Charlotte Augusta, Princess, appearance (1814), **1**, 137.
- Charlotte Sophia, Queen, appearance (1814), **1**, 137.
- Chase, —, and experimental line, **2**, 209.
- Chase, S. P., presides at banquet to M., speeches, **2**, 468-470, 475.
- Chauncey, Isaac, Cooper on, **1**, 263.
- Chauvin, — von, and M. at Berlin, **2**, 461.
- Chesapeake*, U.S.S., defeat, **1**, 109, 110.
- Chevalier, Michael, from M. (1868) on leaving Paris, **2**, 464.
- Cholera, in Paris (1832), **1**, 417, 422; political effect, 431.
- Christ before Pilate, West's painting, **1**, 44, 47.
- Christ healing the Sick, West's painting, **1**, 44.
- Christian IX of Denmark, and M., **2**, 465.
- Christy, David, from M. (1863) on slavery, **2**, 426.
- Church and State, M. on union, **2**, 458.
- Church of England, disestablishment in Virginia, **1**, 13; M. on service, 311.
- Circuit, single, of M.'s telegraph, **2**, 18, 102; ground, 221, 367, 470.
- Cisco, J. J., banquet to M., **2**, 467.
- Civil War, M.'s hope of prevention, **2**, 414, 418; his attitude during, 415, 424, 432; his belief in foreign machinations, 420; M. and McClellan's candidacy, 427, 429-431; M. and Sanitary Commission, 428; M.'s denunciation of rejoicing over success, 438-441.
- Claffin, William, and statue to M., **2**, 483.
- Clarke, George, buys M.'s painting of *Louvre*, M.'s letter on this (1834), **2**, 27, 28.
- Clay, Henry, and M.'s effort for commission for painting for Capitol, **2**, 28.
- Clinton, —, of Albany, and M. (1823), **1**, 247.
- Club, The, of New York, **1**, 282, 451.
- Coat of arms, Morse, **1**, 110, **2**, 258.
- Coffin, I. N., and lobbying for telegraph grant, **2**, 164, 173.

- Cogdell, J. S., artist at Charleston (1819), 1, 221; and art academy there, 236.
- Coit, Daniel, gift to Academy of Design, 1, 384.
- Cole, Thomas, and origin of Academy of Design, 1, 280; at Royal Academy (1829), 308; to M. (1837) on presidency of Academy of Design, 2, 32.
- Coleridge, S. F., mental prescription for Allston, 1, 60; and hat-wearing, 60; and M., traits, 95, 96; premier of *Remorse*, 96; and *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, 97.
- Colfax, Schuyler, and banquet to M., 2, 468; at memorial services, 514.
- Color, M.'s theory and experiments, 1, 436.
- Colt, —, with M. at Peterhoff (1856), 2, 357.
- Como, Lake of, M. at (1831), 1, 400.
- Concentration of effort, Jedediah Morse on, 1, 4.
- Concord, N. H., M. at and on (1816), 1, 201, 209.
- Congregational Church, Jedediah Morse and orthodoxy, 1, 1.
- Congress, M.'s painting of House (1822), 1, 240-242, 252; conduct of presidential election (1825), 263; resolution to investigate telegraph (1837), 2, 71; skeptical of M.'s invention, 72; exhibition of telegraph before (1838) but no grant, 81, 88, 103, 135, 137, 150; Smith's report on telegraph, 87; renewal of effort for telegraph grant without result (1841-42), 164, 166, 173-177; second exhibition of telegraph (1842), 185; workers for telegraph grant, 186, 189; bill for experimental line in House (1843), 190-195; passage of bill in House, 195; no action expected in Senate, 197-199; passage of act, 199-201; refuses to purchase telegraph, 228, 229, 232, 244, 245; memorial services to M., 513-516.
- Consolidation of telegraph lines, 2, 320, 326, 341, 405; M. on beneficent monopoly, 444. *See also* Public ownership.
- Constant, Benjamin, appearance (1830), 1, 316.
- Constitution, M. on loyalty, 2, 429.
- Cooke, G. F., rival of Kemble, 1, 77.
- Cooke, Sir W. F., telegraph, 2, 50; M. on telegraph and his own, 92, 93, 242; opposes patent to M., 93; proposition to M. rejected, 158; telegraph displaced by M.'s, 313; personal relations with M., 350; advocates use of M.'s telegraph, 368; presides at banquet to M., speech, 368, 369.
- Cooper, H., and M.'s application for British patent, 2, 98, 99.
- Cooper, J. F., characteristic remark, 1, 263; at Rome (1830), 338; read in Poland, 388; to M. (1832) on Verboeckhoven and portrait of C., 414; on criticisms, bitterness against America, 416; statement of M.'s hints on telegraph (1831), 418, 419; from M. (1849) on this, 420; at Fourth dinner at Paris (1832), 424; M. on principles and patriotism, 426-428; from M. (1832) on departure for America, Leslie's politics, 2, 3-5; from M. (1833) on illness, cares, conditions in New York, Cooper's friends, art future, nullification, 21-24; and rejection of M. for painting for Capitol, 30; from M. (1849) on failure as painter, 31; from M. (1849) on newspaper libels, *Home as Found*, 304; M. on death and character, 314.
- Cooper, Peter, and Atlantic cable, 2, 343, 372; banquet to M., 467; at M.'s funeral, 511.
- Copenhagen, M. at (1856), 2, 351, 354.
- Copley, J. S., M. on, in old age, 1, 47, 102.
- Corcoran, W. W., telegraph company, 2, 247.
- Corcoran Gallery, M.'s House of Representatives, 1, 242.
- Cornell, Ezra, and construction of experimental line, 2, 214-216, 489; M. on benevolences, 442, 489; at M.'s funeral, 511.
- Cornell University, M. on founding, 2, 442.
- Cornwell, Sadie E., and M.'s farewell message to telegraph, 2, 485.
- Corpus Domini*, procession at Rome (1830), 1, 352.
- Cox, S. S., resolutions on death of M., 2, 513; at memorial services, 515.
- Coyle, James, and origin of Academy of Design, 1, 280.
- Crawford, W. H., Edwards' charges against (1824), 1, 256.
- Cries of London, 1, 48.
- Crinoline, M. on, 2, 373.
- Crosby, Howard, and M.'s farewell message to telegraph, 2, 485.
- Cummings, T. S., and origin of Academy of Design, 1, 280; and M. as president of Academy, 280; on M.'s connection with Academy, 281; and commission to M. for historical painting, 2, 33; and telegraph, 74, 75.
- Curtin, A. G., banquet to M., 2, 467, 473.
- Curtis, B. R., telegraph decision, 2, 347, 370.
- Curtis, G. T., M.'s attorney, 2, 370; from M. (1860) on Smith's claim to gratuity, 409-411; and on law, 411.
- Daggett, —, of New Haven, M.'s portrait (1811), 1, 25.
- Daguerre, L. J. M., and M. at Paris (1839), 2, 128-130; from M. on Sabbath, 128; burning of Diorama, 130; French subsidy, 130; from M. (1839) on honorary membership in Academy of Design, ex-

- hibition of daguerreotype in New York, 141; reply, 142; and portraits, 145.
- Daguerreotype, inventor imparts secret to M., 2, 129; discovery made public, 143; M. on effect on art, 143, 144; experiments of M. and Draper, portraits first taken, 144-146; M.'s gallery, 146, 152; first group picture, 146.
- Daly, C. P., and M.'s farewell message to telegraph, 2, 486.
- Dana, J. F., M. and lectures on electricity (1827), 1, 290; friendship and discussions with M., 290.
- Dana, R. H., at memorial services to M., 2, 516.
- Danforth, M. I., and origin of Academy of Design, 1, 280; M. on, 2, 5.
- Dartmouth College, quarrel (1816), 1, 208.
- Date of invention of telegraph, 2, 12, 13.
- Daubeny, C. G. B., inspects early telegraph, 2, 54.
- Davenport, Ann, 1, 28.
- Davis, —, of New Haven, M. rooms at house (1805), 1, 10.]
- Davy, Edward, and relay, 2, 42; M. on telegraph, 101, 102.
- Day, Jeremiah, and M.'s pump, 1, 211; to M. (1822) on gift to Yale, 243.
- Dead Man restored to Life, Allston's painting, 1, 105, 122, 124, 148, 197, 199.
- Deadhead, M.'s characteristic telegraphic, 2, 445.
- Declaration of Independence, anecdote of George III and, 1, 42, 43.
- Decorations, foreign, for M., 2, 297, 298, 392, 393, 465.
- De Forest, D. C., to M. (1823) on portrait, 1, 243.
- Delaplaine, Joseph, and M., 1, 196.
- Democratic Convention, reports by telegraph (1844), 2, 224-226.
- Denmark, and M.'s telegraph, 2, 352; decoration for M., 393, 465.
- Dennison, William, banquet to M., 2, 467.
- De Rham, H. C., informal club, 2, 451.
- Desoulavy, —, artist at Rome, escapes poisoning (1831), 1, 397.
- De Witt, Jan, concentration of effort, 1, 4.
- Dexter, Miss C., and sketch of Southey, 1, 73, 113.
- Dijon, M. at (1830), 1, 320.
- Diligence, described, 1, 319.
- Dining hour, English (1811), 1, 40.
- Discovery and invention, 2, 13.
- Dividends, M. on lack, 2, 311, 336.
- Dix, J. A., to M. (1829) on letters of introduction, 1, 299; at M.'s funeral, 2, 511.
- Doige, W. E., banquet to M., 2, 467, 473.
- Donaldson, R., M.'s painting for, 1, 338.
- Dot-and-dash code, conception for numbers with hint of alphabet, 2, 7, 11, 12, 17, 18; as recorded by first receiver, 39; numbers principle, dictionary, 61, 74; paternity of alphabet, 62-68; substitution of alphabet for numbers, 74-76; peculiar to M.'s telegraph, 93; M. on reading by sound, 457, 479, 480.
- Douglas, G. L., from M. (1862) on effort to prevent Civil War, 2, 418.
- Dover Castle, M. on, 1, 313.
- Drake, Mrs. —, transatlantic voyage (1815), 1, 188.
- Draper, J. W., and daguerreotypes, 2, 145, 146.
- Drawing-room, M. on Queen Charlotte's (1812), 1, 77; on Mrs. Monroe's (1819), 227.
- Dresden, M. at (1867), 2, 459.
- Drummond, Henry, and M.'s telegraph, 2, 95, 126.
- Dubois, John, at Rome (1830), 1, 340.
- Dunlap, William, on M.'s Dying Hercules, 1, 105, 106; on M.'s Judgment of Jupiter, 178, 179; and origin of Academy of Design, 280.
- Duplex telegraphy, Fisher's discovery (1842), 2, 185, 187.
- Durand, A. B., engraving of M.'s Lafayette, 1, 260; and origin of Academy of Design, 280.
- Dwight, S. E., and M., 1, 10; from M. (1811) on Daggett portrait, 25.
- Dwight, Timothy, and M., 1, 10; on Jedediah Morse, 287.
- Dwight's Tavern, Western, Mass., 1, 9.
- Dying Hercules, M.'s sculpture and painting, 1, 85, 86, 102-107, 119, 134, 185, 437, 2, 188.
- Edwards, Ninian, proposed Mexican mission (1824), and charges against Crawford, 1, 253, 256; from M. on mission, 254.
- Electricity, M.'s interest at college, 1, 18; and in Dana's lectures (1827), 290; Henry on electric power, 2, 171. *See also* Morse (S. F. B.), Telegraph.
- Elgin, Earl of, and M.'s telegraph, 2, 95, 124, 128; to M. (1839) on patent, 126.
- Elgin Marbles, M. on, 1, 47, 2, 124.
- Elizabeth, Princess, appearance (1814), 1, 137.
- Ellsworth, Annie, and telegraph, 2, 199, 200, 217, 221.
- Ellsworth, Henry, and M. abroad, 2, 250.
- Ellsworth, H. L., marriage, 1, 112; and M.'s telegraph, 2, 69, 189; on telegraph in France, 108, 109; from M. (1843) on construction of experimental line, 217.
- Ellsworth, Nancy (Goodrich), 1, 112.
- Ellsworth, William, engagement, 1, 112.
- Emancipation Proclamation, M. on, 2, 424, 429.
- Embargo, effect in England, 1, 39.
- Emotion of taste, M. on, 1, 401.
- England, appearance of women, 1, 36; wartime travel regulations (1811), 36; condition of laboring classes, 36; substitut-

- of travellers, 37-39; critical condition (1811), effect of American embargo, 39, 56, 57, 63; dining hour, 40; attitude toward art, 46; unpopularity of Regent, crisis (1812), 67, 70, 71; assassination of Perceval, 71; Spanish victories (1813), 110; severe winter (1813), 123; economic depression (1815), 175; Liverpool (1829), 302, 303; stage-coach journey to London, 306-308; peasantry, villages, 306; Canterbury cathedral, church service, 310-312; Dover, 313; M. on social manners, 348; refusal of patent to M., 2, 93-99, 124, 126; coronation of Victoria, 100, 101; use of M.'s telegraph, 367; no share in gratuity to M., 393; M. on, and Civil War, 420. *See also* London, Napoleonic Wars, Neutral trade, War of 1812.
- English Channel, steamers (1829), 1, 314; (1845), 2, 250.
- Erie, Lake, battle, 1, 151.
- Esterhazy, Prince, M. on, at Peterhoff (1856), 2, 358.
- Evarts, Jeremiah, to M. (1812) on avoiding politics, 1, 86.
- Evarts, W. M., at banquet to M., 2, 472.
- Evers, John, and origin of Academy of Design, 1, 280.
- Experimental line, bill for, in Congress, 2, 189-201; route, 204; M.'s assistants, 204-206, 210, 214; wires, failure of underground, substitution of overhead, 205, 208-210, 214-216; trouble with Smith, 206, 207, 212, 213, 218; progress, 219; operation during construction, 219-221; completion, "What hath God wrought" message, 221-224; reports of Democratic Convention, 224-226; cost of construction, 227; incidents of utility, 227, 228.
- Fairman, Gideon, and study of live figure, 1, 101.
- Faraday, Michael, and Atlantic cable, 2, 343.
- Farewell message to telegraph, ceremony of sending M.'s, 2, 485-491.
- Farmer, M. G., and duplex telegraph, 2, 189.
- Farragut, D. G., and banquet to M., 2, 468.
- Faxton, T. S., from M. (1847) on salaries, 2, 274.
- Federalists, celebration of Fourth at Charlestown (1805), 1, 7; British opinion (1812), 81. *See also* War of 1812.
- Ferguson, —, travel with M. (1831), 1, 395, 402.
- Ferris, C. G., and telegraph, 2, 177, 186, 189.
- Field, —, pupil of M., 1, 258.
- Field, C. W., and consolidation of telegraph companies, 2, 341; organization of Atlantic cable company, 341-343; from M. (1856) on experiments for cable, 348, 366; Kendall's distrust, 372; and M.'s retirement from cable company, 385, 386; from M. (1867) on a visit, success of cable, 450, 451; banquet to M., 467, 469; from M. (1871) on neutralizing telegraph, 497; at M.'s funeral, 511; at memorial service, 516.
- Field, D. D., and Atlantic cable, 2, 343; at banquet to M., 473.
- Field, M. D., and telegraph, 2, 342.
- Finley, J. E. B., and War of 1812, 1, 183; and M. at Charleston, 214, 220; to M. (1818) on portraits, 216; death, 225.
- Finley, Samuel, 1, 2.
- Fire-alarm, M.'s invention embodying principle, 2, 132.
- Fish, Hamilton, at early exhibition of telegraph, 2, 48; banquet to M., 467.
- Fisher, —, artist at Charleston (1819), 1, 221.
- Fisher, J. C., and duplex telegraphy, 2, 185, 187; M.'s assistant at Washington, 186, 196; and construction of experimental line, dismissed, 204, 205, 210-213, 216.
- Fisher, J. F., return to America (1832), 2, 3; on conception of telegraph, 11.
- Fleas, M. on Porto Rican, 2, 406.
- Fleischmann, C. T., on Europe and M.'s telegraph (1845), 2, 254.
- Florence, M.'s journey to, during revolt (1831), 1, 385; M. at, 386, 390.
- Flower feast at Genzano, 1, 354-359.
- Forsyth, Dr. —, American Asiatic Company, 2, 444.
- Foss, —, and F. O. J. Smith, 2, 319.
- Fourth of July, dual celebration at Charlestown (1805), 1, 7; dinner at Paris (1832), 423-425.
- Foy, Alphonse, and M.'s telegraph, 2, 105, 109, 255.
- France, M. on attitude of Americans (1812), 1, 90, 91; M. on first landing in (1829) 314; on Sunday in, 318, 322; cold (1830), 317, 320; winter journey across, by diligence, 318-326; funeral, 321, 322; M. on social manners, 348; quarantine (1831), M. avoids it, 402-405; Lafayette on results of Revolution of 1830, 430; patent to M., 2, 103; M.'s exhibitions and projects (1838), 104-134; renewed interest in M.'s telegraph, 240, 243, 244, 255, 256, 313, 351; M. on people, 256; testimonials to M., 392. *See also* Napoleonic Wars, Paris.
- Francesco Caracciolo, St., M. on feast, 1, 352.
- Franklin, Benjamin, name coupled with M.'s, 2, 236, 237, 346, 469; M. unveils statue, 505.
- Franklin Institute, exhibition of telegraph, 2, 80.
- Fraser, Charles, artist at Charleston (1819), 1, 221.

- Frazer, John, and origin of Academy of Design, **1**, 280.
- Frederick VII of Denmark, and M., **1**, 373, **2**, 353.
- Frederick III of Germany, battle of Königgrätz, **2**, 463.
- Frederick William III of Prussia, at London (1814), **1**, 146.
- Fredrick Carl, Prince, battle of Königgrätz, **2**, 463.
- Frelinghuysen, Theodore, nomination for Vice-Presidency announced over telegraph, **2**, 219.
- Fremel, —, and M.'s telegraph, **2**, 111.
- French, B. B., telegraph company, **2**, 247.
- French Academy of Science. *See* Institute of France.
- Friscen, —, and duplex telegraphy, **2**, 187.
- Fry, —, and telegraph company (1844), **2**, 236.
- Fulton, Robert, and art, **2**, 471.
- Fulton, transatlantic steamer (1856), **2**, 386.
- Funeral, M. on French, **1**, 321, 322; on lying in state of cardinal, 344; on Roman, 350; on Italian, 366, 367; of M., **2**, 311, 312.
- Fuseli, J. H., and M., **1**, 179.
- Gale, L. D., first view of telegraph, **2**, 41; aid to M. in telegraph, 53–59, 61, 70, 489; partnership in telegraph, 83; loses interest, 136, 139, 151; and subaqueous experiment, 183; and construction of experimental line, 204, 211, 216; Kendall as agent, 246, 326; and estrangement with Henry, 264; and extension of M.'s patent, 325; from M. (1854) on Kendall, 326; (1855) on trip to Newfoundland, 345; M.'s tribute, 471; from M. (1869) on receiving by sound, 479; to M. (187?) on Smith's last attack, 499; to Rogers on invention of telegraph, 500; from M. on Smith, 502.
- Galen, transatlantic ship (1811), **1**, 55.
- Gallagher, H. M., and M.'s farewell message to telegraph, **2**, 486.
- Gallatin, Albert, informal club, **2**, 451; and Louis Napoleon at New York, 452.
- Galley slaves, at Toulon (1830), **1**, 326, 327.
- Garfield, J. A., at memorial services to M., **2**, 515.
- Gay-Lussac, J. L., and M.'s telegraph, **2**, 108.
- Genoa, Serra Palace, **1**, 329.
- Genzano, *festa infiorata* (1830), **1**, 354–359.
- George III, anecdote of Declaration of Independence, **1**, 42, 43; expected death (1811), 54.
- George IV, unpopularity as Regent (1812), **1**, 67, 71; appearance, 77.
- George, Sir Rupert, and American prisoner of war, **1**, 126.
- Georgia, and nullification, **2**, 23.
- Ghost, scare at London (1811), **1**, 41.
- Gibbs, Mrs. A. J. C., child, **1**, 112.
- Gibson, —, artist at Rome, escape from poisoning (1831), **1**, 397.
- Gintl, J. W., and duplex telegraph, **2**, 187.
- Gisborne, F. N., and telegraph, **2**, 342.
- Glenelg, Lord, and War of 1812, **1**, 90.
- Gleson, —, oration at Charlestown (1805), **1**, 7.
- Goddard, Elisha, return to America (1813), **1**, 107.
- Gonon, —, visual telegraph, **2**, 53, 166.
- Goodhue, Jonathan, informal club, **2**, 451.
- Goodrich, Mary, drawing, **2**, 506.
- Goodrich, Nancy, marriage, **1**, 112.
- Goodrich, W. H., American Asiatic Society, **2**, 444; presented at French court, 448–450.
- Goodrich, Mrs. W. H. (Griswold), from M. (1862) on prospect of Northern success, **2**, 419; at Paris (1866), 448.
- Gould, James, and M., **1**, 238.
- Grant, Charles. *See* Glenelg.
- Grant, U. S., M. on candidacy (1868), **2**, 465, 466; and banquet to M., 468; at memorial services, 514.
- Granville, Countess, M. on, at Peterhoff (1856), **2**, 358.
- Granville, Earl, M. on, at Peterhoff (1856), **2**, 362, 363.
- Gratuity, proposed foreign, to M., **2**, 373; award, nations participating, 390, 391; commission to Broek, 391; niggardly, 392; M.'s acknowledgment, 394, 395; Smith's claim to share, 409–411, 423; share for Vail's widow, 422.
- Greeley, Horace, unveils statue of Franklin, **2**, 505.
- Green, Norvin, from M. (1855) on effect of telegraph, **2**, 345.
- Greenough, Horatio, and M. at Paris (1831), **1**, 406; to M. (1832) on art future of America, poverty, religion, Bunker Hill Monument, M.'s domestic affairs, 412.
- Gregory XVI, election, **1**, 378; coronation, 380, 381; policy, 383.
- Grier, R. C., telegraph decision, **2**, 293.
- Griswold, A. B., from M. (1861) on being a traitor, **2**, 418.
- Griswold, Catherine (Breese), marriage, **1**, 228; in Europe with M. (1858), **2**, 396; from M. (1858) on experiences in West Indies, 397, 406; (1866) on Paris quarters, 447; (1867) on presentation at court, 448.
- Griswold, H. W., marriage, **1**, 228.
- Griswold, R. W., from M. (1852) on Cooper, **2**, 314.
- Griswold, Sarah E., marries M., **2**, 289, 290.

- Gros, A. J., M. on allegorical painting, **1**, 313.
- Gypsies, M. on, **1**, 310.
- Habersham, R. W., and M. at Paris (1832), on hints of telegraph, **1**, 417, 418; on M.'s experiments with photography, 421.
- Halske, J. G., and duplex telegraph, **2**, 187.
- Hamburg, M. at and on (1845), **2**, 253, 254; (1856), 352.
- Hamilton, J. C., informal club, **2**, 452.
- Hamlin, Cyrus, and telegraph in Turkey, **2**, 298.
- Hanover, N.H., M. at (1816), **1**, 209.
- Hare and tortoise fable applied to M. and brother, **2**, 388, 389.
- Harris, Levitt, M. on, **1**, 146.
- Harrison, Thomas, American Asiatic Society, **2**, 444.
- Hart, Ann, marries Isaac Hull, **1**, 112.
- Hart, Eliza, **1**, 28.
- Hart, Jannette, and M., **1**, 28-30, 112.
- Hartford, inn (1805), **1**, 9.
- Harvard College, lottery (1811), **1**, 46.
- Hauser, Martin, from M. (1863) on slavery, **2**, 424.
- Haven, G. W., at Fourth dinner at Paris (1832), **1**, 424.
- Hawks, F. L., and Civil War, **2**, 416.
- Hawley, Dr. —, of New Haven, sermon (1810), **1**, 20.
- Hayne, R. Y., and M., **1**, 252, 253.
- Henry, Joseph, and relay, **2**, 42, 140, 141; share in M.'s telegraph controversy, 55-57, 261-266, 318, 329, 402, 405, 476-479, 500, 504; letters with M. (1839) on consultation, 138-141; to M. (1842) in praise of telegraph, 170-174; on electric power, 171; and construction of experimental line, 215; Smith on, as inventor of telegraph, 498, 499.
- Hepburn, H. C., and telegraph, **2**, 296.
- Hillhouse, Joseph, to M. (1813) on M.'s family, social gossip, **1**, 111.
- Hillhouse, Mary, **1**, 111.
- Hilliard, Francis, referee on Smith's claim, **2**, 411.
- Hilton, William, meets M., **1**, 308.
- Hinkley, Ann, death, **1**, 8.
- Hodge, Aspinwall, from M. (1872) on Smith's last attack, **2**, 502.
- Hodgson, —, proposed Mexican mission (1824), **1**, 253.
- Hoffman, J. T., banquet to M., **2**, 467; at unveiling of statue to M., 483; at M.'s funeral, 511.
- Holland, M. on Broek (1845), **2**, 251-253; and gratuity to M., 393.
- Holmes, I. E., and telegraph, **2**, 189.
- Holy Thursday at St. Peter's (1830), **1**, 346, 347.
- Holy See, and gratuity to M., **2**, 393. *See also* Rome.
- Holy Week in Rome (1830), **1**, 344-347.
- Hone, Philip, owns M.'s Thorwaldsen, **1**, 372.
- Hoover, R. B., and statue to M., **2**, 482.
- Hopkins, J. H., and Civil War, **2**, 416.
- Horsford, E. N., on invention of telegraph, **2**, 14-17; on discovery of relay, 41, 42; at memorial services to M., 516.
- House, R. E., and telegraph, **2**, 271, 276.
- House of Representatives, M.'s painting, **1**, 240-242, 252.
- Houston, G. S., and telegraph, **2**, 194.
- Howard, Henry, meets M., **1**, 308.
- Howe, S. G., imprisonment at Berlin, **1**, 430.
- Hubbard, R., pupil of M., **2**, 156.
- Hull, Ann (Hart), **1**, 112.
- Hull, Isaac, marriage, **1**, 112.
- Humboldt, Alexander von, and M., **1**, 423, **2**, 104, 108, 365; inscription on photograph, 366.
- Hunt, W. G., and Atlantic cable, **2**, 343.
- Huntington, Daniel, and M.'s House of Representatives, **1**, 242; estimate of M. as artist, 435-437; early view of telegraph, **2**, 48; banquet to M., speech, 467, 473; at M.'s funeral, 511.
- Huntington, J. W., and telegraph, **2**, 187, 199.
- Husted, J. W., at M.'s funeral, **2**, 512.
- Hutton, M. S., and Civil War, **2**, 416.
- Immigration, M.'s attitude, **2**, 331-333.
- India, and M.'s telegraph, **2**, 350.
- Indians, Jedediah Morse as special commissioner, **1**, 228.
- Ingham, C. C., and portrait of Lafayette, **1**, 261; and origin of Academy of Design, 280; to M. (1849) on Academy, **2**, 306.
- Inman, Henry, and portrait of Lafayette, **1**, 261; and origin of Academy of Design, 280.
- Institute of France, M.'s exhibition of telegraph, **2**, 104, 107, 108, 256; M.'s membership, 393.
- Invention, Horsford on necessary elements, **2**, 16. *See also* Morse, S. F. B. (*Scientific career.*)
- Ireland, Mrs. —, at Recoaro (1831), **1**, 397.
- Irving, Washington, and Coleridge, **1**, 97; and M. at London (1829), 309.
- Isham, Samuel, estimate of M. as artist, **1**, 437, 438.
- Isle of Wight, M. on (1867), **2**, 456.
- Italy, travel from Nice to Rome (1830), **1**, 328-337; beggars, 330, 332, 341, 355, 363, 369; perils of travel, 332, 400; flower festival at Genzano, 354-359; M. at Naples and Amalfi, 364-370; condition of travel (1831), 391; to Venice by boat on Po, 391-393; M. at Venice, 393-395; testimonials to M., **2**, 393; M. on conditions (1867), 458. *See also* Rome.

- Jackson, Andrew, congratulates Adams on election (1825), **1**, 263.
- Jackson, C. T., voyage with M. (1832), **2**, 3; talks on electrical progress, later claim of giving M. idea of telegraph, **6**, **11**, **58**, **59**, **78**, **79**, **121**, **137**, **274**, **305**.
- Jacobins, Federalist name for Republicans (1805), **1**, **7**.
- Jarvis, —, with M. at Peterhoff (1856), **2**, **357**.
- Jarvis, S. F., to M. (1814) on war from Federalist point of view, **1**, **157**.
- Jarvis, Mrs. S. F. (Hart), **1**, **28**; from M. (1811) on attitude toward art, Copley, West, Elgin Marbles, London cries, knocking, American crisis, **1**, **46**; to M. (1813) on art in America, **100**.
- Jay, P. A., and Cooper, **2**, **22**; informal club, **451**.
- Jewett, J. S., on M. and Atlantic cable, **2**, **386**.
- Jewett, William, and origin of Academy of Design, **1**, **280**.
- Jocelyn, N., travel with M. on continent (1830-31), **1**, **309**, **317**; from M. (1864) on attempt to paint, **2**, **433**.
- Johnson, Andrew, M. on, **2**, **446**; and banquet to M., **468**.
- Johnson, Cave, and telegraph, **2**, **192**, **194**, **225**, **232**; from M. (1845) on Vail, **275**.
- Johnson, William, informal club, **2**, **451**.
- Johnston, J. T., and M.'s Thorwaldsen, from M. (1868) on it, **1**, **372-374**.
- Judgment of Jupiter, M.'s painting, **1**, **178**, **179**, **196**, **199**, **215**.
- Kane, J. K., telegraph decision, **2**, **273**, **293**.
- Kane, James, and M., **1**, **247**.
- Kemble, J. P., M. on, as actor, **1**, **77**.
- Kendall, Amos, character as M.'s business agent, M.'s confidence, **2**, **246**, **326**, **335**, **372**, **389**, **409**, **471**, **481**; first telegraph company, **247**; progress, **247**; and rival companies, **276**; on Jackson's claim, **305**; and Smith, **308**, **309**, **503**; and consolidation of lines, **320**; and extension of patent, **325**; benevolences, **442**; M. on death, **481**.
- Letters to M.: (1849) on despondency, litigation, **2**, **301**; (1852) on destruction of evidence, **316**; (1855) on California telegraph graft, **338**; on suspicion of the Vails, **339**; on sale of interests, trials of management, **340**; (1857) on distrust of cable company, **372**; (1858) on foreign gratuity, **392**; (1859) on death of Vail, **400**. — From M.: (1847) on mercy to infringers, **272**; (1851) on preparation against loss of suits, Smith, **311**; (1852) on Smith's triumph, law expenses, **319**, **320**; (1855) on lack of dividends, **336**; on Smith and extension of patent, **346**; (1856) on same, **370**; (1859) on honors and enmity, **406**; on lawyers, **409**; (1860) on Smith and gratuity, **410**; on ball to Prince of Wales, **414**; (1862) on foreign machinations in Civil War, **420**; (1866) on telegraph monopoly, **444**.
- Kendall, John, and M., **2**, **323**.
- Kennedy, J. P., and telegraph, **2**, **189**, **192**, **193**.
- Kent, James, M.'s portrait, **1**, **247**, **248**, **250**; and Cooper, **2**, **22**; informal club, **451**; and Louis Napoleon at New York, **452**.
- Kent, Moss, M.'s portrait, **1**, **246**.
- Key. See Sender.
- King, C. B., Leslie on, **1**, **59**; to M. (1813) on personal relations, **60**; at premier of Coleridge's *Remorse*, **96**; return to America, **100**, **101**.
- King's (Liverpool) Arms Hotel, **1**, **34**, **302**.
- Kingsley, J. L., M.'s profile, **1**, **19**.
- Kirk, E. N., and M.'s exhibition of telegraph at Paris, **2**, **106**, **133**.
- Knocking, M. on custom at London, **1**, **48**.
- Know-Nothing Party, M.'s attitude, **2**, **332**, **337**.
- Königgrätz, battle of, influence of telegraph, **2**, **463**.
- Krebs, J. M., and Civil War, **2**, **416**.
- Laboring classes, condition of English (1811), **1**, **36**.
- Lafayette, Marquis de, M.'s portrait, **1**, **260-262**, **264**, **270**, **272**, **286**; M.'s friendship, **262**; to M. (1825) on bereavement, **266**; from M. (1825) with sonnet, **273**; and M. at Paris (1830), **316**; and Revolution of 1830, **406**; and Polish revolt, **408**, **430**; in 1831, **408**; on American finances (1832), **423**; M.'s toast to, at Fourth dinner at Paris (1832), **424**, **425**; to M. (1832) on state of Europe, nullification, Poles, political effect of cholera, **430**; M. and death, **2**, **34**; on Catholic Church and American liberties, **330**.
- Lafayette, G. W., meets M., **1**, **264**; M.'s letter of sympathy (1834), **2**, **34**.
- Lamb, Charles, and M., **1**, **95**; at premier of Coleridge's *Remorse*, **96**.
- Lancaster, —, transatlantic voyage (1815), **1**, **188**.
- Landi, Gasparo, M. on paintings, **1**, **349**, **350**.
- Langdon, John, M.'s portrait, **1**, **211**.
- Languages, M. and foreign, **1**, **372**.
- Lasalle, —, and M.'s telegraph, **2**, **123**.
- Latham, M. S., and telegraph in California, M.'s scorn of methods, **2**, **338**, **339**.
- Law and lawyers, M.'s opinion, **2**, **272**, **320**, **371**, **409**, **412**.
- Lawrence, James, M. on defeat and death, **1**, **109**.
- Lawrence, W. B., informal club, **2**, **452**.
- Lectures, M.'s, on fine arts, **1**, **281**, **284**, **285**.

- Lee, G. W., gift to Academy of Design, **1**, 384.
- Leffingwell, Miss —, miniature by M., **1**, 19.
- Legion of Honor, bestowed on M., **2**, 391.
- Le Grice, Comte, and M., **1**, 377, 385.
- Leopard, and laying of first Atlantic cable, **2**, 378.
- Leslie, C. R., and M. at London (1811–15), **1**, 59, 62, 65, 74; on Allston, King, Coleridge, 59, 60; as art student, 65; and Coleridge, 95, 96; Saul, 123; to M. (1814) on being hard up, Allston, war, 155; and Allston, 156, 168; life and economies as student, 159, 161, 162; to M. (1816) on *Catalogue Raisonné*, 199; reunions with M. (1829), 308; (1832), 433; (1856), **2**, 351; M. sits for Sterne, **1**, 433; M. on politics, **2**, 4; anecdote of Victoria, 101; portrait of Allston, 436.
- Leslie, Eliza, travel with M. (1829), **1**, 303.
- Leslie, J. R., tutor to M.'s children, **2**, 447; from M. (1868) on presidential election, 465.
- Letter-writing, Jedediah Morse on, **1**, 4.
- Lettsom, J. C., character, Sheridan's ridicule, **1**, 40.
- Lincoln, Earl of. *See* Newcastle.
- Lincoln, Abraham, M.'s attitude, **2**, 424, 429; M. leaves no reference to assassination, 437.
- Lind, Charles, M.'s grandson, **2**, 219; art study at Paris, 448.
- Lind, Edward, Porto Rican estate, **2**, 399; from M. (1867) on Paris Exposition, 453.
- Lind, Mrs. Henry, and M. at Hamburg, **2**, 353.
- Lind, Susan W. (Morse), M.'s portrait, **1**, 435; at New York (1844), **2**, 219; from M. (1845) on Congress and purchase of telegraph, domestic happiness, 244; on dinner at Russian minister's, 245; (1845) on experiences on Continent, 250–254, 256; M.'s visit to (1858), 397–400, 406; from M. (1865) on proposed statue, 442; (1871) on unveiling of statue, 492. *See also* Morse, Susan W.
- Liverpool, M. at (1811), **1**, 34–36; (1829), docks, 303.
- Liverpool (King's) Arms Inn, **1**, 34, 302.
- Livingston, Cambridge, letters with M. (1845) on coat of arms and motto, **2**, 258; at M.'s funeral, 511.
- Locust Grove, M.'s home at Poughkeepsie, **2**, 269, 280, 284, 286, 296, 464; M.'s farewell, 496.
- London, M. on cries (1811), **1**, 48; on custom of knocking, 48; on crowds, 49; on Vauxhall, 50–52; on St. Bartholomew's Fair, 52; entrée of Louis XVIII (1814), 136–140; fête of Allies, 142–147; approach (1829), 307; M. at (1829), 308, 309; (1845), **2**, 249; (1856), 349–351, 366, 368, 369; (1857), 373; M. on growth (1832), **1**, 432.
- London Globe, on M.'s Dying Hercules, **1**, 106.
- Lord, Daniel, to M. (1847) on infringements, **2**, 272.
- Lord, Nathan, and Civil War, **2**, 416.
- Loring, G. B., and M.'s farewell message to telegraph, **2**, 485.
- Lottery, M.'s attitude, **1**, 46, 130, 131; Roman, 354.
- Louis XVIII of France, entrée into London (1814), **1**, 136–140; appearance, 139.
- Louis Philippe, and M.'s telegraph, **2**, 103, 112, 123.
- Louisville Courier-Journal, tribute to M., **2**, 510.
- Louvre, M. on, **1**, 315; M.'s painting of interior, 421, 422, 426, **2**, 27.
- Lovering, —, from M. (1840) on daguerreotype material, anecdote, **2**, 155.
- Low, A. A., banquet to M., **2**, 467, 472.
- Lowber, R. W., and Atlantic cable, **2**, 343.
- Lowell, —, minister at Bristol, Eng. (1814), **1**, 121.
- Loyalty, M. on meaning in America, **2**, 428.
- Ludlow, H. G., from M. (c.1862) on Civil War, **2**, 415.
- Lydia, transatlantic ship (1811), **1**, 33.
- Lyons, M. at (1830), **1**, 323.
- Macaulay, Zachary, invitation to M. (1812), **1**, 79; and M., 135.
- McClellan, G. B., M. and presidential candidacy, **2**, 427, 429–431.
- McClelland, Robert, and Coffin, **2**, 164.
- McCormick, C. H., and reaper, **2**, 501.
- McFarland, Asa, and M., **1**, 201, 202, 217.
- McGowan, Samuel, on telegraph in Australia, **2**, 321.
- McIlvaine, C. P., and Civil War, **2**, 416.
- Madison, James, and War of 1812, **1**, 66.
- Maggiore, Lago, M. at (1831), **1**, 400.
- Magnet, Henry and, of M.'s telegraph, **2**, 55–57. *See also* Henry.
- Magnetic Telegraph Company, **2**, 247.
- Main, William, and origin of Academy of Design, **1**, 280.
- Mallory, —, bookseller at Boston, M. apprenticed to, **1**, 24.
- Manrow, J. P., and company to operate telegraph, **2**, 173.
- Marius in Prison, M.'s painting, **1**, 82.
- Marlborough, Duke of, gambler (1829), **1**, 307.
- Marseilles, M. at (1830), **1**, 325.
- Marsh, —, of Wethersfield (1805), **1**, 9.
- Marsiglia, Gerlando, and origin of Academy of Design, **1**, 280.
- Mary, Princess, appearance (1814), **1**, 137.
- Mason, —, proposed Mexican mission (1824), **1**, 253.
- Mason, J. Y., from M. (1856) on presiden-

INDEX

533

tial election, 2, 371; and gratuity to M., 373.
 Mason, Samson, and telegraph, 2, 189, 194.
 Mathews, Charles, from M. (1814) offering a farce, 1, 129.
 Maury, M. F., soundings of Atlantic plateau, 2, 343.
 Maverick, Peter, and origin of Academy of Design, 1, 280.
 Mead, F. J., from M. (1872) on Smith's last attack, 2, 504.
 Melville, Lord, and American prisoner of war, 1, 126.
 Mexican War, M. on, 2, 270.
 Mexico, M. and proposed mission (1824), 1, 252-256.
 Meyendorf, Baron de, and M.'s telegraph, 2, 120, 147; from M. (1840) on improvement, 153.
 Milan, M.'s impressions (1831), 1, 398.
 Military telegraph, M.'s plan, 2, 132-134.
Miserere, M. on Allegri's, 1, 345.
 Money, W. T., British consul at Venice, and M. at Recoaro (1831), 1, 396, 397.
 Monks, M. on, 1, 352.
 Monopoly, M. on beneficent telegraph, 2, 444. *See also* Consolidation.
 Monroe, James, M.'s portrait, 1, 222, 226, and M., 227; last levee, 262.
 Monroe, Mrs. James, drawing-room, 1, 227.
 Montaigne, M. E. de, M. on *Essays*, 1, 16.
 Montalivet, Comte M. C. B. de, and M.'s telegraph, 2, 105, 109.
 Morgan, J. J., to M. (1815) on death of Mrs. Allston, 1, 168.
 Morris, Tasker, & Morris, and experimental telegraph line, 2, 206.
 Morse, Arthur, from M. (1868) on return home, Thorwaldsen portrait, 2, 464; on death of brother, 466.
 Morse, C. W., birth, 1, 244; childhood home, 298; at New York (1844), 2, 219; and farm, 269; marriage, 289; M. seeks official position for, 387.
 Morse, Elizabeth A., M.'s daughter, birth and death, 1, 237.
 Morse, Elizabeth A. (Breese), character, 1, 2, 293; from R. W. Snow (1812) on M. as artist, 64; and War of 1812, 114, 115; illness (1818), 215; travel (1826), 288; decline and death, 292.
Letters to M. (1805) on religious duty, celebration of Fourth, 1, 6; on uncertainty of life, 8; on college extravagances, 11; (1812) on sketch of Southey, 73; on war, 79; (1813) on war, 99; on dangers of success, 113; on infidelity of Americans in England, avoidance of actors and theatres, 117; (1814) good advice, patron, his parents' early economies and success, 154; reproof on debts, 158; (1815) on peace, purchase for clothes, 173; on right of parental reproofs, 182; on Dying

Hercules, 185; (1816) on M.'s love affair, 203, 206. — *From M.* (*see also* his letters to Jedediah Morse); (1820) on work in Charleston, provisions and plans for family, 229; (1826) on travel, brother, own work, proposed trip abroad, 289; (1828) on exhibition, servants, her health, 291, 292.
 Morse, Finley, birth, 1, 267; attends brother's wedding, 2, 289.
 Morse, Jedediah [1], death, career, 1, 227.
 Morse, Jedediah [2], orthodoxy, 1, 1; prominence, 1; children, 2; to Bishop of London (1806) on church property in Virginia, 13; to Lindley Murray (1806) on works, 14; and M.'s desire for art career, 26, 31, 32, 116; to Talleyrand (1811) introducing M., 31; and War of 1812, 58, 109, 116, 181; reputation in England, 76; home scene (1813), 111; domestic relations, 142, 287, 293; from Romeyn and Van Schaick (1814) on M.'s character, war views, and progress, 166; church trouble at Charlestown, 223-225, 228, 229; Indian commissioner, 228; moves to New Haven, 234; from S. E. Morse (1823) on M. at New York, 251; death, 287; character and attainments, 287, 293; monument, 2, 421, 422.
Letters to M. (1801) on letter-writing, concentration of effort, 1, 3; (1810) on profession, 22; (1812) on financial straits, brothers, war, 65, 80; (1813) on economy, war, 108, 109; (1814) on M.'s plans, 156; (1815) on M.'s war views, 168, 181; on M.'s plans, 182; (1816) on love affair, 203, 205; (1825) on death of M.'s wife, 265. — *From M.* (1799) earliest letter, 3; (1805) on journey to New Haven, start at Yale, 9; (1807) on desire for relaxation, 14; on routine, 15; on Montaigne's *Essays*, 16; (1810) on New York and Philadelphia, 20; on debts, 20; on brother at college, profession, 21, 22; (1811) on voyage to England, 33, 34; (1812) on West as artist, war, 62; on England and American crisis, West as artist, assassination of Perceval, 67-72; on Leslie, Allston, own work, 74; on tea-making, 75; on diploma for father, Orders in Council, 75; on drawing room, theatres, charivari, 78; on war, gratitude to parents, Allston, 80; on war, friends, 87-93; (1813) on expenses, work, Allston, 103; on Dying Hercules, 107; on war, Spanish victories, poet and painter, Allston's poems, coat of arms, 110; on progress, study at Paris, war views, 114; (1814) on British treatment of Americans, religious sentiments, success at Bristol, politics, Allston, art in America, health, severe winter, 120; on overthrow of Napoleon, further study, 127; on further study, ambition, parents' complaint of neglect,

- Wilberforce and slave-trade, entrée of Louis XVIII, war views, 132; on London fête of Allies, 142; on study at Paris, 148; on war views, study at Paris, failure at Bristol, 152; on failure at Bristol, English hatred of Americans, 163; (1815) on mother's reproof for extravagance and other failings, study at Paris, Russell portrait, 159, 173, 180; on death of Mrs. Allston, 168; on failure at Bristol, economy and expenses, Napoleon's return, 169; on preparation for temporary return home, ambition, toil of painting, 176; on Napoleon's abdication, 183; (1816) on painting tour in New Hampshire, love affair and engagement, 201-211; (1817) on success at Portsmouth, 212; (1818) on voyage to Charleston, 219; on lodgings there, brother, 220; on success there, 220; (1819) on church trouble at Charlestown, 223; (1825) on death of M.'s wife, 267, 269; on Academy of Design, Literary Society, 281; (1826) on trials and blessings, lectures, 283; on Academy, question of second marriage, 284; lectures, Lafayette portrait, health, 285; on anxiety about father's health, 286.
- Morse, Louisa, goes abroad with M. (1856), 2, 347.
- Morse, Lucretia P. (Walker), engagement to M., 1, 202-210, 212; marriage, 217; honeymoon, 217, 218; goes to Charleston with M. (1818), 219, 220; children, 225, 236, 244, 267; and M.'s plans (1820), 229, 230; at Concord (1821), 239; and M.'s absence, 244; with M. at New York, 257; death, effect on M., 265-270; epitaph, 270, 271.
- Letters to M.* (1821) on Academy at Charleston, 1, 236; on perseverance, 240; (1823) on sleeping on the floor, 250; on Mexican mission, 253. — *From M.* (1820) on Alston as patron, 233; on work at Charleston, 234; on subsidence of work there, Academy, 235; on return, 237; on a bonnet, 239; on painting of House of Representatives, 240, 241; (1823) on experiences at Albany, 245; on failure at New York, Mexican mission, 251; (1824) on journey to Washington, 255; on failure of mission, 256; success at New York, 257; (1825) on same, Lafayette portrait, Washington experiences, 259-265.
- Morse, R. C., birth, 1, 2; at Phillips Andover, 5; at Yale, 21, 22, 26; to M. (1813) on war views, 118; studies theology, 142; different career, 142; and brothers, 142, 2, 269, 388; at Savannah (1818), 1, 220, 223; goes to frontier with father (1820), 228; *New York Observer*, 244; from S. E. Morse (1825) on M. at New York, 275; marriage, 288, 298; on M.'s talk on telegraph (1832), 2, 17; assists M. financially, 25; and Poughkeepsie place, 281; from M. (1857) on withdrawal from cable company, 384; and Civil War, 416; monument to father, 421, 422; from M. (1864) on supporting Lincoln, 429-432; M. on death, 466. For other letters from M. see Morse, S. E.
- Morse, S. E., birth, 1, 2; at Phillips Andover, 5; at Yale, 16, 21, 22; plans for career, 66; as misogynist, 99; studies law, 142, 223; different career, 142; and brothers, 142, 2, 269, 388; *Boston Recorder*, 1, 208; invention of pump, 211; *New York Observer*, 244; to father (1823) on M. at New York, 251; to R. C. Morse (1825) on same, 275; on M.'s talk on telegraph (1832), 2, 17, 18; assists M. financially, 25, 185; in Europe (1845), 249, 269; (1856), 349; as tortoise to M.'s hare, 388, 389; and Civil War, 416; monument to father, 421, 422; M. and death, 496.
- Letters to M.* (1813) on family interest, 1, 61; (1813) on poet and painter, 99, 117. — *From M.* (1805) on religion, 5; (1812) on an execution, progress, West, Van Rensselaer, 72; (1828) on near accident, 293; (1830) on Paris, letters for newspaper, 317; (1831) on meeting with Prince Radziwill, 386; on Greenough, Lafayette, Polish revolt, Paris mob, 407; on painting of Louvre, cholera in Paris, Lafayette on American finances, 422; on Louvre painting, Cooper's character, American principles and European criticism, 426; (1837) on illness, Vail portraits, telegraph, 2, 72; on exhibition of telegraph, 73; (1839) on projects in France, discouragement, 113; on daguerreotype, 129; (1843) on telegraph bill in Congress, 190-193, 195; (1843-44) on construction of experimental line, trials, Fisher, Smith, 210-213, 216, 218; (1844) on success, reports of Democratic Convention, Smith, 223, 229, 233; on foreign inquiries, Congress and purchase, 243, 244; (1845) on France and telegraph, 255; (1846) on painting for Capitol, 266; on accident, 268; on progress of telegraph, Mexican War, infringements, printing telegraph, 269; (1847) on rivals, litigation, 275, 276, 282; on Smith, 280; on Poughkeepsie home, 280-282; (1848) on litigation, home, 283, 296; on engagement, 289; (1849) on Jackson's claim, newspaper hostility, 305; (1856) on social and telegraph affairs in England, 349; on experiences and honors on Continent, 351; (1857) on telegraphic affairs, slavery, 389; (1858) on family party in Europe, 397; (1859) on death of Vail, 400; on workings of Providence in his case, 403; on telegraph in Porto Rico, proposed Spanish cable, 404; (1867) on

report of electrical exhibition at Paris, 454, 457, 460, 464; on fêtes, 455; on plans for winter, Italy, Church and State, American politics, 457; on old age, 461; (1869) on breaking leg, 481.

Morse, S. E., Jr., from M. (1862) on monument to father, 2, 421.

Morse, S. F. B., *early years, domestic life, and characteristics*: birth, 1, 1; parents, 1; schooling, 3-8; religious and moral attitude, 5, 18, 120, 212, 213, 296-298, 401, 438, 2, 128, 160; parental solicitude as to character, 1, 6-8, 11, 113, 121, 149, 154, 158-163, 166, 182; attitude toward parents, 9, 129, 133, 135, 142, 152; travel to New Haven (1805), 9, 10; start at Yale, room, 10; expenses and debts at college, 10, 16, 17, 20; drops a class, 11; parental admonitions against college extravagances, 11, 12; tenacity, 11; desire for relaxation at college, 14; routine there, 15; on Montaigne's *Essays*, 16; desire to travel, 18; interest in electrical experiments at college, 18; portraits painted at college, 19, 20; question of career, desires to become artist, apprenticed to bookseller, 21-24, 26; continued interest in art, 24-26, 30; art career decided upon, attitude and sacrifices of parents, 26, 29, 31, 32, 82, 85, 116, 155; college love affair, 28-30, 112; on smuggling cigars, 45, 46; on lotteries, 46, 2, 130, 131; and theatres, 1, 72, 77, 78, 374-376, 399; sincerity, 84; interest in public affairs, 93; frankness, enjoyment of controversy, 93; reading, 102; and cost of arms, 110, 2, 258; appearance (1814), 1, 123; writes a farce (1814), 129, 130; and brothers, 142, 2, 269, 388; industry, 1, 161, 162; and Lucy Russell, 180; buoyancy, 200, 235, 256, 284; love affair and engagement, 202-210; and fiancée, 212, 214; on Universalists, 213; marriage, 217; honeymoon, 217, 218; and father's church troubles, 223, 229; children by first wife, 225, 236, 244, 267; marriage of future mother-in-law, 228; domesticity, 230, 238, 285, 375, 394, 2, 106, 115, 245; family at New Haven (1820), 1, 234; perseverance, 240; on saying farewell, 254; and death of wife, on her character, 265-270, 283, 2, 115; sonnet on Lafayette, 1, 273; homes for children, 274, 298; leadership, altruism, 275, 305, 2, 443; thoughts on second marriage, 1, 285, 413, 2, 115; and decline and death of father, 1, 286, 287; on servants, 291, 302; and decline of mother, 292; narrow escape (1828), 293-295; constitution, 304; temperance, 304; moulding of character, 304; and foreign languages, 372; patriotism, 395, 423, 427-429, 438, 2, 333, 428, 429; on devotion and emotion of taste, 1, 401; capacity for friendship, 439, 2, 494; mainte-

nance of his rights, 1, 439, 2, 2, 518; necessary qualities of an inventor, 16, 20, 57, 91, 152, 171; belief in divine ordination of his invention, and divine plan in trials and successes, 19, 46-48, 127, 160, 170, 180, 181, 190-193, 213, 216, 222-224, 229, 230, 233, 234, 266, 267, 271, 284, 403, 442, 443, 453, 472, 493; controversies over Catholic Church, 35-37, 330, 336; self-control, 116, 155; sense of humor, 116, 155; horror of debt, 174, 178, 312; liberality, donations, 269, 298-301, 311, 315, 321, 413, 437; and Poughkeepsie home, 269, 280, 284, 286, 296, 464, 496; on being fifty-six, 277; second marriage and family, 289, 290, 494; and printing when a boy, 299; despondency under strain of litigation, 301; attitude toward rewards for invention, 314; refuses to endorse notes, 319; defence of slavery, 331, 333, 389, 390, 415, 416, 418, 420, 424-426, 429, 430, 432; on crinoline, 373; as hare to brother's tortoise, 388, 389; buys house in New York, 409; monument to father, 421, 422; on Unitarianism, 430; exhortation of his children, 433, 434; on wayward sons, 435, 466; on enigma of wealth, 436; trials and afflictions of old age, 459, 481, 482, 498; on old age, 461, 464; and death of brothers, 466, 496; pastor on character, 493; poem (1827), 495, 496; versatility, 509, 517; Prime's review of character, 516-519; sensibility, 518.

Art student in England, 1811-15: voyage to England with Allston, 1, 32-35; on English ladies, 36; journey to London, 36; on treatment of travelers, tips, impositions, 36-39; on English laboring class, 36; on England and embargo, 39; on Dr. Lettsom, 40; on English dining hour, 40; on a ghost, 41; West's interest in, 42, 44, 47, 62, 73, 85, 102, 103, 114, 179, 199; anecdote of West and George III, 42, 43; preparation to enter Royal Academy, 43, 46, 55; on West as artist and man, 44, 63, 68, 69, 102; on female artists, 45; on attitude toward art in England and America, 46, 122, 123; on Copley in old age, 47; on Elgin Marbles, 47, 2, 124; on cries of London, 1, 48; on custom of knocking, 48; on balloon ascension and London crowd, 49; on Vauxhall Gardens, 50-52; on St. Bartholomew's Fair, 52-54; economy, expenses, debts, 54, 70, 103, 108, 149, 158-163, 171; Allston's interest and criticism, 55, 56, 74, 75, 83, 85, 104, 114, 130, 162, 197-199; work, 56, 62, 75; on conditions in England (1811-12), 56, 57, 63, 70, 71; unfederalistic views on War of 1812, 58, 64, 67, 70, 76, 81, 82, 84, 87-93, 109, 110, 114-116, 122, 140, 141, 152, 153, 165, 166, 181; not molested during the war, 58, 86;

and Leslie, 59, 62, 65, 74; family interest in progress, 61, 62; commendations and criticisms, 64, 101, 120, 167; on assassination of Perceval, 71, 72; on difficulties and toil of painting, 73, 178; and Van Rensselaer, 73, 245; on life as student, 75; on charivari, 78; Marius in Prison, 82; devotion to art, ambition, 85, 133, 161, 164, 177; Dying Hercules, sculpture and painting, exhibition and awards, 85, 86, 102-107, 119, 134, 185, 437, 2, 188; rooms at London, 1, 86; and Wilberforce, 89, 94; on American attitude toward French (1812), 90, 91; on Orders in Council, 91, 92; on retreat from Moscow, 93; on Gilbert Stuart, 93; letters of introduction, 93; London friends, 95; and Coleridge, 95, 96; on contemporary American artists (1813), 102, 103; on Allston as artist and man, 102, 105, 108; and study at Paris, 114, 134, 149, 152-154, 167, 174; funds for longer stay abroad, 116, 142; at Bristol as portrait painter, lack of success, 119, 121, 149, 153, 163, 164, 169-171; question of self-support and further study, 122, 123, 128, 129, 131-134, 155, 157; efforts for release of Burritt (1813), 124-127; and overthrow of Napoleon, 127, 128; seeks a patron, 134, 142, 155; and London's celebration of overthrow of Napoleon, 136-140, 142-147; and death of Mrs. Allston, 168; on Napoleon's return and Waterloo, 172, 183; prepares for temporary return home, 175, 176, 186; hope for employment in America, 176; Judgment of Jupiter, not allowed to compete by Royal Academy, 178, 179, 196, 199, 215; Russell portrait, 180; journal of dreadful voyage home, 186-195; experience at Dover (1814), 313; see ship carrying Napoleon to St. Helena, 379.

Art career in America: lack of demand, 1, 196; Adams portrait, 196; portrait painting in New Hampshire (1816-17), 197, 201-209, 213; settles down to portrait painting, 200, 217; as portrait painter, 200, 216, 258, 438; on painting quacks, 206; portrait painting at Portsmouth, 210-212; Langdon portrait, 211; at Charleston (1818-21), 214-217, 219-226, 229-237; and J. A. Alston, 215, 224, 225, 233; voyage to Charleston (1818), 219; on R. A. for Allston, 222; Monroe portrait, 222, 226, 234; thinks of settling at Charleston, 223; at Washington (1819), 226, 227; (1821), 240; (1824), 255; (1825), 261; trouble over Mrs. Ball's portrait, 231-234; and Academy at Charleston, 235, 236; trip through Berkshires (1821), 238, 239; painting of House of Representatives, 240-242, 252; gift to Yale (1822),

242; DeForest portrait, 243; search for work, absence from home (1823), 244; (1824), 257; at Albany, lack of success there, 245-249; Moss Kent portrait, 246; plans for settling at New York, 246-249; James Kent portrait, 248, 250; and advancement of arts, 249; studios at New York, 249, 257, 274, 291; initial failure there (1823), 249-252; and Mexican mission, 252-256; journey from New York to Washington (1824), 255; successful establishment at New York (1824-25), 257-261, 269, 270; pupils, 257, 2, 150, 156, 162; Lafayette portrait, 1, 260-262, 264, 270, 272, 286; Dr. Smith portrait, 261; on election of Adams (1825), 263; Stanford portrait, 270; and founding of National Academy of Design, 276-282, 284; as president of Academy, 280, 2, 33; lectures and addresses on fine arts, 1, 281, 284, 285; pecuniary effect of connection with Academy, 281; as historical painter, 281; informal literary club, 282, 2, 451; electioneering (1826), 1, 288; painting for steamer, 288; annual address before Academy (1827), review and rejoinder, 289; and annual exhibition (1828), 291; casts for the Academy, 384; divisions of life, 434; art ambition and trials, 434; Huntington's estimate of, as artist, 435-437; color theory and experiments, 436; influence of Allston, 436; results of distractions, 436; Isham's estimate, 437, 438; hopes on return from abroad (1832), 2, 3, 20; on New York (1833), 22, 24; on art instruction as his future, 23, 24; on nullification, 23, 24; efforts to resume profession, 25, 31; on need of refining arts in America, 26; enthusiasm wanes, 28, 31, 158; fails to get commission for painting for Capitol, 28-32; commission from fellow artists, never painted, fund returned, 33, 34, 161; professor in University of City of New York, 37, 114, 137; on effect of daguerreotype on art, 143, 144, 160; and question of resuming painting in later years, 160, 202, 268; and death of Allston, 207, 208; renewed effort for Capitol painting (1846), 266-268; continued interest in Academy, 306, 471; again president of Academy (1861), 417; attempts to paint (1864), 433; presents Allston's portrait to Academy, 436, 437.

In Europe, 1829-32: plans and preparation, commissions, 1, 289, 298-300, 338, 354, 390; outbound voyage, diary of it, 300-302; at Liverpool, docks, 302, 303; materials on tour, 305; journey to London, 306-308; on English villages, 306; at London, Royal Academy, Leslie, visits, 308, 309; traveling companions, 309, 395; on gypsies, 310; on Canterbury cathedral and service, 310-312;

delay at Dover, 312; on Dover Castle, 313; on Channel passage, 314; on landing in France, 314, 315; at Paris, Louvre, Lafayette, weather, 315-317; on letters for newspaper, 317; on Continental Sabbath, 318, 322; on allegorical painting, 318; winter journey across France, 318-326; on diligence, 319; on Continental funerals, 321, 322, 350, 366, 367; on Sisters of Charity and benevolence, 323; at Avignon, 324; on Catholic ritual and music, 324, 325, 340, 342, 346, 352, 376, 398-400, 2, 104; on Toulon navy yard and galley slaves, 1, 326, 327; travel by private carriage from Toulon to Rome, 327-337; imposition at inns, 327, 330; on Serra Palace, Genoa, 329; on Italian beggars, 330, 332, 341, 355, 363, 369; on Ligurian Apennines, 331, 332; on Carrara marble quarries, 333-335; on Pisa and Leaning Tower, 335-337; on Carnival fooleries, 336; arrival at Rome, lodgings there (1830), 337; on induction of cardinals, 339, 340; on Pius VIII, 339; on St. Luke's Academy, 340; on kissing St. Peter's toe, 340; on sacred opera, 341; on feast of Annunciation, 341; on Roman society, 342-344; on Passion Sunday, 343; on Horace Vernet, 343, 344; on Palm Sunday, 344; on lying in state of cardinal, 344; on Roman market, 345; on Allegri's *Miserere*, 345; on Holy Thursday, papal blessing, 346, 347; on Thorwaldsen, paints his portrait, 348, 370-372, 2, 354; and later history of portrait, 1, 372-374, 2, 465; on English, French, and American manners, 1, 348, 349; on Landi's pictures, 349, 350; on Camuccini, 350; sketching tour, happy life, 350; rhapsody on Subiaco, 351; on monks, 352; on rudeness of Roman soldiers, 353; on Roman lotteries, 354; on *fiesta infiorata* at Genzano, 354-359; on Campagna at night, 359; on summer day at Rome, 360; on illumination of St. Peter's, 360; on St. Peter's day, 361-363; at Naples (1830), 363; at Amalfi, on accident there, 364-367; on Campo Santo at Naples, 367-369; on Convent of St. Martino, rhapsody on view, 369, 370; on Spagnoletto's Dead Christ, 370; on Roman revolt and danger to foreigners, 376, 380-385, 397; on Roman New Year, 377; discussion with Catholic convert, 377; on election and coronation of pope, 378, 380, 381; spectator at historic events, 379; journey to Florence during revolt (1831), 384-386; getting permission to remain there, 386; on encounter with Radziwill at Rome, 386-389; work at Florence, 390; on travel in Italy, 391; on Bologna, 391; on journey to Venice by Po, 391-393; on Venetian sights and smells, 393; moralizing

on Venetian society, 393; homesick, 395; travel to Milan, 395; at Recoaro, 396-398; on gambling priests, 396; on Milan, 398; on sacred pictures, 399; at Italian Lakes, 400; in Switzerland, on Rigi, 400, 401; avoids French quarantine, 402-405; on Paris after the revolution, 405; and Greenough at Paris, 407, 412; on Lafayette and Polish revolt, 408; on Lafayette's health (1831), 408; on Paris mob, 409-411; and R. W. Habersham, 417; and cholera, 417, 422; painting of interior of Louvre, 421, 422, 2, 27, 28; meets Humboldt, 1, 423; presides at Fourth dinner (1832), toast to Lafayette, 423-425; letters published in brothers' paper, 425; on Cooper's patriotism, 426-428; on European criticism of America, 428, 429; active interest in Poles, 430; at London (1832), 432; on growth of London, 432; sits to Leslie, 433; recovers health, 433, 2, 4; voyage home, 3, 5, 17; on England, 4.

Scientific career to 1844: early interest in electricity, 1, 18; invention of pump, 21; early longing for telegraph, 41; studies with Silliman, 236; machine for carving marble, 245, 247; and Dana's lectures on electricity (1827), discussions with Dana, 290; familiarity with electrical science, 29; thoughts (1821-31) connected with future invention of telegraph, 236, 324, 335, 394, 395, 402; first conception of idea of telegraph (1831), 417-421, 2, 3; experiments with photography, 1, 421, 2, 129; divisions of life, trials of scientific life, 1, 434, 2, 1, 2, 77, 78; Jackson's conversations on electrical progress on board ship (1832), his later claim to invention, 5, 11, 58, 59, 78, 79, 121, 122, 137, 274, 305; basis of telegraph worked out on voyage, dot-and-dash code, sketches, 6-9, 11, 13; simplicity of invention, 9, 16, 18, 109, 435; thoughts on priority, 9, 10; testimony of fellow passengers, 11, 12, 14; date of invention, 12, 13; scientific knowledge necessary for invention, 14-16; necessary combination of personal qualities and conditions, 16, 57, 91, 152, 171; testimony of brothers on talk upon landing, 17, 18; insistence on single circuit, 18, 102; bars to progress, lack of funds and essentials, 18, 19; first steps toward apparatus, saw-tooth type, 21; cares (1833), forced to put invention aside, 25; and death of Lafayette, 34; workshop in University building, resumes experiments (1835), 38, 48; first instruments, 38-41; electro-chemical experiments, 41; discovery of relay, 41, 42, 141; shuns publicity of invention, poverty, 42; in Hall of Fame, 44; first exhibitions of telegraph (1835-38), 45-48, 54, 73-76, 80, 473; confidence of universal use, belief in aid to humanity, 48, 78, 125, 155.

179, 314, 345, 435, 460, 488, 490; fears forestalling and rival claims, 49, 50, 53, 126, 127, 150, 166; difference in principle of foreign inventions, 50, 90, 92, 93, 100-102, 240, 250; writes it "Telegraph," 50; originality of invention, share of others in it, 50-53, 61, 470, 472, 488, 500, 501, 510, 519; Gale's and Henry's connections, batteries, intensifying magnet, 54-59, 141, 477-479; public and congressional suspicion, 57, 60, 72, 77, 81, 88, 91, 164, 189, 193; acknowledgment of indebtedness, 58, 71, 263, 471, 489; Vail's association, contract, 59, 60, 70; reversion to first plan for receiver, 61; number code, dictionary, 62; paternity of alphabet code, 62-68; patent in America, 69, 89, 157; continuation of experiments, improvements, 70, 74, 76, 154, 182; cumbrous instruments, 73; alphabet supersedes number code, 74-76; port rule, 74, 88, 90; "Attention, the Universe" message, 75; friction with Vail, 79, 80; exhibition at Washington (1838), no grant results, 81, 103, 135, 137; connection of F. O. J. Smith, cause of his later antagonism, 82, 83; arrangement of partnership with Gale, Vail, and Smith, 83; desire and plan for government control, 84-86, 119, 175, 176, 228, 229, 232, 446; no share in later stock-watering, 86; Smith's report to Congress, 87; expects disappointments, 88, 102, 106; European trip (1838), 89; rivals in Europe, 91, 109; application for British patent, refused, 92-99; interest of English gentlemen, effort for special act of Parliament, 95, 124; exhibitions in England, 96; Russian contract, refusal of czar to sign it, 97, 120, 122, 136-138, 147; witnesses coronation of Victoria, 100, 101; French patents, 103, 119, 132; on birth and baptism of Comte de Paris, 103, 104; exhibition at Institute of France, 104, 107, 108; public and private projects in France, obstacles and failure, 105, 109-120; French enthusiasm over telegraph, 106, 107, 109, 111, 112, 114, 122, 124; discouraged, dark years and poverty (1839-43), 113-116, 135, 147, 149-155, 157, 159-164, 169, 178-181; correspondent for sender, 117; better part of failures, 120, 181; protection of wires from malevolent attack, 120, 123, 147; and underground wires, 121; and Daguerre, 128-130; invention for reporting railroad trains, 132; and principle of fire-alarm, 132; and military telegraph, 132-134; return to America (1839), 135; and lack of effort by partners, 136-138, 147, 151, 165, 167-169, 178, 181, 186, 196, 401; experiments with daguerreotype, takes portraits, 144-146; makes a business of it, 146, 152, 155; takes first group picture (1840), 146; Cham-

berlain's exhibition of telegraph in European centers, 148, 149; rejects proposition from Wheatstone, 158; renewed effort for congressional grant without result (1841-42), 164, 166, 173-178; proposals for private companies, 167, 173; threatens to abandon invention, 167, 178; Henry's praise of telegraph (1842), 170-174; obliged to make instruments himself, 174, 179; experiment with submarine wires, 183, 184; search for funds (1842), 184; second exhibition before Congress (1842), consideration and passage of act to build experimental line, 185-203; and Fisher, 185, 187, 196, 204, 210-213; wireless experiment, 186, 187, 242, 243; friends in Congress, 186, 189; omen in finding statuette of Dying Hercules, 187; congratulations, 201; construction of experimental line, route, assistants, 204-206, 214; wires, insulation, change from underground to overhead, 205, 208-210, 214-216; trouble with Smith, 206, 207, 212, 213, 216, 218, 219, 225; prophecies Atlantic cable (1843), 208, 209; on strain of construction, 217; progress of line, messages during construction, 219-221; ground circuit, 221; completion of line, "What hath God wrought" message, 221-224; reports of Democratic Convention, 224-226; report on experimental line, 227, 228; and on sounder and reading by sound, 457, 479, 480.

Career from 1844: price of offer of telegraph to Congress, 2, 86, 232, 235, 446; defence of rights and priority, 223, 241-243, 283; trials of success, 230, 231; Congress refuses to purchase invention, 232, 244, 245; accidents (1844), 232; (1846), 268; (1857), 376, 377, 383; (1869), 480; abortive plans for private company, 235, 236; Smith's fulsome dedication, 236; Smith's antagonism and opposition, 238, 239, 247, 273, 280, 303, 304, 307-309, 312, 319, 320, 324, 346, 370, 371, 409-412, 423, 498-500, 502-505, 507; foreign inquiries, 240, 243, 244; Woodbury's address (1845), 244; Kendall as agent, 246, 326, 335, 372, 389, 409; first company, 247; letter of introduction from Department of State, 248; fourth voyage to Europe (1845), 249; on crossing Channel, 250; on Broek, 251-253; on Hamburg, 253, 254; attitude of European countries toward telegraph (1845), 254-256; on the French, 256; litigation with infringers and rival companies, 257, 271-273, 276, 277, 282-294, 301-304, 316, 322; extensions of patent, share of partners, 258, 322-329, 346, 347, 370, 371; honors and decorations, 258, 297, 392-394, 403, 406, 465; and faithless associates, 257, 258, 260, 277-279, 372, and O'Reilly, 259, 260, 273, 279, 283, 287-

291, 294, 303, 307, 503; Henry controversy, 261-266, 318, 329, 402, 405, 476-479, 500, 504; progress of telegraph, displacement of other systems, 269, 270, 313, 321, 349, 350, 352, 367; on Mexican War, 270; printing telegraph, 271; and lawsuits, 272, 320, 371; and salaries of operators, 274; and Vail, 275, 307, 327, 401, 422, 423; financial stress, 276, 310, 311, 336, 460; and Rogers, 277, 278; on aviation, 300, 301; hostility of newspapers, 304-307; and death of Cooper, 314; on origin of "telegram," 316; destruction of papers and evidence, 316; and instruments for Perry's Japanese expedition, 317; and consolidation of lines and monopoly, 320, 326, 341, 405, 444; defeated for Congress (1854), 331, 334; and Know-Nothingism, 331-333; and dishonesty in telegraph organization, 338, 339, 444-446; and sale of interests, 340, 341; and organization of Atlantic cable company, 344; private connection with telegraph line, 344; trip to Newfoundland (1855), 345, 346; verse on invention, 346; trip to Europe (1856), 347; and pecuniary reward from foreign nations, their honorary gratuity, 347, 373, 390-395, 409-412, 422, 423, 493; experiments for Atlantic cable, 348, 366; attentions in England, banquet, Cooke's toast, 349, 367-370, 373; and Cooke, 350; visit to Leslie, 351; attentions on Continent, 353; private interview with King of Denmark, 353; at Copenhagen, 354, 355; on Oersted, 354; on St. Petersburg, 355; on presentation to czar at Peterhoff, 356-364; and Humboldt, 365; on Buchanan's election, 371; Kendall's caution against cable company, 372; on laying of first Atlantic cable (1857), 374-383; and Whitehouse's log, 378; doubts success of first and second cables, 379, 386, 387; forced withdrawal from cable company, 384-387; on office-seeking, 387; family party to Europe (1858), 396; visit to daughter in Porto Rico, 397-400, 406; on St. Thomas, 397, 398; on change of climate and clothes, 398; on son-in-law's estate, 399; on death of Vail, 400; constructs first line in Porto Rico, public breakfast, 404; and proposed Spanish cable, 404-406; on Porto Rican fleas, 406; greeting at Poughkeepsie (1859), 407, 408; on proposed candidacy for Presidency, 408; financially independent, 409, 434; and visit of Prince of Wales, 413, 414; and secession and compromise, 414, 416, 418; attitude during Civil War, 415-421, 424, 432; president of Society for National Unity, 415; and founding of Vaassar, 417; expects success of North, 419; belief in foreign machinations, 420; and sale of original wire of telegraph,

423; president of a peace society, 424; attitude toward Lincoln, 424, 429; supports McClellan's candidacy, 427, 429-431; and help for Southern prisoners of war, 428; on loyalty to Constitution, 428, 429; and brother's support of Lincoln, 429, 430; endows lectureship in Union Theological Seminary, 437; refused to attend class reunion (1865), rebukes sectional rejoicing, 438-441; statue proposed, 442; on benevolent use of telegraph wealth, 442; demands on, for leadership and aid, 443, 446; and American Asiatic Society, 443; characteristic deadhead, 445; on President Johnson, 446; final trip to Europe (1866), 447; Paris headquarters, family gathering there, 447, 448; presentation at court, court costume, 448-450; on Field and success of cable, 450, 451; on incident of Louis Napoleon's stay at New York, 451-453; on Paris Exposition, fêtes, 453-456; report on electrical display, 454, 457, 460, 464, 475; on Isle of Wight, 456; winter plans (1867), 457; on Italy and union of Church and State, 458, on reaction of Reconstruction (1867), 458; at Dresden, 459; at Berlin, Von Phillipsborn's courtesy, 461-464; return to America, 464; and presidential election (1868), 465, 466; New York banquet (1868), speeches, 467-475; on science and art, 471; on death of Kendall, 481; unveiling of statue, 482-484; farewell message over the world by telegraph, 485, 486; replies, 486; address, 487-491; abandons plan for trip abroad (1871), 493; last summer, 493; on neutralization of telegraph, 497, 498; last public appearance, unveils statue of Franklin, address, 505; last illness, 506; death, 507; tributes to, 507-511; funeral, 511, 512; grave, 513; memorial services in Congress, 513-516; and at Boston, 516; summary of inventions, 520; fame, 521.

Letters: See J. S. C. Abbott, Allston, Alston, Andrews, Aycrigg, Ball, Bellows, Blake, Boardman, Bodisco, Breguet, Brett, Bromfield, Bryant, Burbank, Mrs. Cass, Chevalier, Christy, Clarke, Cole, Cooper, G. T. Curtis, Daguerre, Day, De Forest, Dix, Douglas, Edwards, Elgin, H. L. Ellsworth, J. Evarts, Faxton, C. W. Field, J. E. B. Finley, Gale, Mrs. W. H. Goodrich, Green, Greenough, A. B. Griswold, C. B. Griswold, R. W. Griswold, Hauser, Henry, Jos. Hillhouse, Hodge, Ingham, S. F. Jarvis, Mrs. S. F. Jarvis, C. Johnson, Johnston, A. Kendall, King, Lafayette, G. W. Lafayette, C. R. Leslie, J. R. Leslie, E. Lind, S. W. M. Lind, Livingston, D. Lord, Lovering, Ludlow, Macaulay, J. Y. Mason, Mathews, Mead, Morgan, A.

- Morse, E. A. B. Morse, J. Morse, L. P. W. Morse, R. C. Morse, S. E. Morse, S. E. Morse, Jr., S. E. G. Morse, S. W. Morse, Morton, Newcastle, O'Reilly, M. C. Perry, Ransom, Raymond, Reibart, Roby, Rossiter, Salisbury, E. S. Sanford, Shaffner, E. F. Smith, E. G. Smith, F. O. J. Smith, Stevens, Stickney, J. Thompson, H. Thornton, Thorwaldsen, A. Vail, Mrs. A. Vail, G. Vail, Van Schaick, Vassar, Visger, Walewski, T. R. Walker, Mrs. T. R. Walker, Warren, Watson, Wells, Williams, Wood, T. D. Woolsey.
- Morse, Sarah E. (Griswold) marries M., 2, 289, 290; domestic life, 290; from M. (1854) on diversions at Washington, extension of patent, 322; Newfoundland trip (1855), 345; goes abroad with M. (1856), 347; (1858), 396; (1866), 447; from M. (1857) on crinoline, 373; on laying of first Atlantic cable, 374; in Porto Rico (1858), 397; and memorial services to M., 514.
- Morse, Susan W., birth, 1, 225; with M. in New York (1825), 274; childhood home, 298; from M. (1838) on coronation of Victoria, rival telegraphs, refusal of British patent, 2, 100, 102; on French patent, birth of Comte de Paris, 103; on exhibitions and projects of telegraph in France, 104; on need of economy, 106; (1839) on "home," 116. *See also* Lind, Susan W. (Morse).
- Morse code. *See* Dot-and-dash.
- Morton, J. L., letters with M. (1831) on Academy of Design, 1, 384.
- Motto of Morse coat of arms, 2, 258.
- Moulton, S. D., at M.'s funeral, 2, 512.
- Murray, Lindley, complimentary letter from Jedediah Morse (1806), 1, 14.
- Music, M. on Continental, 1, 325, 343; sacred opera at Rome, 341; Allegri's *Miserere*, 345.
- Naples, M. at (1830), 1, 363, 367; Campo Santo, 367-369; Convent of San Martino, 369, 370.
- Napoleon III, and M., 2, 449, 456; M. on, in New York, belief in his star, 452.
- Napoleon*, transatlantic ship (1829), 1, 300.
- Napoleonic Wars, retreat from Moscow, 1, 93; English success in Spain, 110; overthrow of Napoleon, 127, 128; Louis XVIII's entrée into London (1814), 136-140; London fête of Allies, 142-147; Napoleon's return from Elba, 172; news in London of his abdication, 183-185; M. sees ship bearing Napoleon to St. Helena, 379.
- National Academy of Design, inception, M.'s plan of membership and control, 1, 276-282, 284; organizers, 280; M. as president, 280; M.'s annual address, review, and rejoinder (1827), 289; exhibition (1828), 291; M. secures casts for, 384; needs M.'s guiding hand (1831), 384; Trumbull's opposition to union of Art Academy, 2, 22; fear lest M. should resign presidency (1837), 33; M. expects to resign presidency (1839), 114; Daguerre elected an honorary member, 141; continuation of M.'s interest, 306; M. again president (1861), 417; M. presents portrait and brush of Allston, 436, 437; M. on progress (1868), 471.
- National Gallery, M. on (1829), 1, 309.
- Neptune*, transatlantic ship (1813), 1, 118.
- Nettleton, —, butler at Yale (1810), 1, 20.
- Neutral trade, search (1811), 1, 33; England and embargo, 39; Orders in Council and nonintercourse, 67, 70, 76; objects of Orders, 91, 92; repeal of Orders, 115. *See also* War of 1812.
- Neutralization of telegraph, M. on (1871), 2, 497, 498.
- Newcastle, Fifth Duke of (Earl of Lincoln), and M.'s telegraph, 2, 95, 96, 124, 127; to M. (1860) on visit of Prince of Wales, 413.
- Newcastle, Sixth Duke of (Earl of Lincoln), at Peterhoff (1856), 2, 363.
- New Haven, Morse family at, 1, 234.
- Newspapers, hostility to M.'s claims as monopolistic, 2, 304-306.
- Newton, G. S., and M., 1, 308, 309; marriage, 2, 4.
- New Year at Rome, 1, 377.
- New York City, called insipid (1810), 1, 20; defences in War of 1812, 150; M.'s plans for settling at (1823), future, 246-249; M.'s studios, rentals, 249, 257, 274, 291; M.'s initial failure at, 249-252; his establishment at (1824-25), 257-259; M.'s portrait of Lafayette for, 260-264, 270, 272; literary club, 282, 2, 451; M. on improvement and conditions (1833), 22, 24; M.'s home, 409; banquet to M. (1869), 467-475; statue to M., unveiling (1871), 482-484; M.'s farewell message to the telegraph, 485-491; M.'s funeral, 511, 512. *See also* National Academy of Design.
- New York *Herald*, on M.'s submarine experiment (1842), 2, 183, 184; tribute to M., 509.
- New York *Journal of Commerce*, M. and travel letters for (1830), 1, 317; on exhibition of telegraph (1838), 2, 74; on M.'s rivals, 284.
- New York *Observer*, founded, success, 1, 243.
- New York, University of City of, M. as professor, and his telegraph, 2, 37, 43, 44, 114.
- Niagara, U. S. S., and laying of first Atlantic cable, 2, 373-383.

- Nicholas I of Russia, and M.'s telegraph, **2**, 120.
- Nonintercourse, effect in England (1812), **1**, 67, 70.
- Northampton, Marquis of, and M.'s telegraph, **2**, 95, 128.
- Notes, M. refuses to endorse, **2**, 319.
- Nothomb, Baron de, and M. at Berlin, **2**, 462.
- Nullification, Lafayette on, **1**, 431; M. on compromise, **2**, 23, 24.
- Oberman, —, and M. at Hamburg (1856), **2**, 353.
- Oersted, H. C., M. on, **2**, 354.
- Office, M. on seeking at Washington (1858), **2**, 387.
- Oldenburg, Duchess of, appearance (1814), **1**, 137.
- Ombrosi, —, consul at Florence (1831), **1**, 386.
- Orders in Council, British attitude (1812), **1**, 67, 76; repeal and war, 89, 115; objects, 91, 92.
- O'Reilly, Henry, character, **2**, 259; to M. (1845) congratulations, 259; infringements on M.'s patent, rival company, 260, 273, 279, 287-291, 294, 303, 307; last attack on M., 503.
- Orton, William, banquet to M., **2**, 467, 472; and statue to M., 484; and M.'s farewell message to the telegraph, 485, 486; at M.'s funeral, 511.
- O'Shaughnessy, Sir William, and M., **2**, 349, 377.
- Otho of Greece, and M.'s telegraph, **2**, 148.
- Owen, J. J., and Civil War, **2**, 416.
- Owen, Robert, and Wilberforce, **1**, 185; at Washington (1825), 263; and M., 264.
- Painting, Leslie on Allston and King, **1**, 59; comparison with poetry, 110, 117; Allston on French school, 114. *See also* Allston, Morse, S. F. B., National Academy of Design.
- Palm Sunday at Rome (1830), **1**, 344.
- Palmer, —, return to America (1832), **2**, 4.
- Paradise, J. W., and origin of Academy of Design, **1**, 280.
- Paris, Comte de, birth, **2**, 103; christening, 104.
- Paris, M. at (1830), **1**, 315-318; after Revolution of 1830, 405; mob and Polish revolt (1831), 409-411; cholera (1832), 417, 422; M.'s exhibition of telegraph at (1838), projects, **2**, 102-134; M. at (1856), 351; (1858), 396; (1866), 447; (1868), 464; his presentation at court, 448-450.
- Paris Exposition (1867), M.'s enthusiasm, **2**, 453; his report on electrical exhibit, 454, 457, 460, 464, 475; fêtes, 454-456; attempt on czar's life, 455.
- Parisen, J., and origin of Academy of Design, **1**, 280.
- Parker, Joel, and Civil War, **2**, 416.
- Parkman, Dr. George, M. on meanness, **1**, 160.
- Passion Sunday at Rome (1830), **1**, 343.
- Patent of telegraph, caveat, **2**, 69; specification, 89; application in England, refusal, 92-98; proposal of special act of Parliament, 95, 124, 126; French, 103, 132; issued in United States, 157; for printing telegraph, 271; infringements, 257, 271-273, 276, 277, 282-294, 316, 322; extension of M.'s, 258, 322-326, 346, 347, 370.
- Patron, M. seeks (1814), **1**, 134, 142, 155.
- Patterson, J. W., at memorial services to M., **2**, 515.
- Patterson, R. M., and exhibition of telegraph, **2**, 79, 80.
- Payne, J. H., Mrs. Morse on character, **1**, 118.
- Peace, M. on telegraph and promotion, **2**, 345, 462, 497.
- Peale, Rembrandt, and study of live figure, **1**, 101; and portrait of Lafayette, 261; and origin of Academy of Design, 280.
- Peel, Lady Emily, at Peterhoff (1856), **2**, 358.
- Peel, Sir Robert, at Peterhoff (1856), **2**, 362.
- Pell, Capt. —, of the *Sully* (1832), **2**, 3; on conception of telegraph, 12.
- Perceval, Spencer, and American crisis (1812), **1**, 67, 70; assassination, 71.
- Perry, H. J., and proposed Spanish cable, **2**, 405.
- Perry, M. C., to M. (1852) on telegraph instruments for Japanese expedition, **2**, 317.
- Persiani, —, soirée, **1**, 347.
- Peter, Saint, image in St. Peter's at Rome, **1**, 340; feast day at Rome, 361.
- Peterhoff, M. on presentation to czar at, **2**, 356-363.
- Philadelphia, West on, as future art centre, **1**, 73; exhibition of telegraph (1838), **2**, 80.
- Phillips, Mrs. —, transatlantic voyage (1815), **1**, 188.
- Phillips Andover Academy, M. at, **1**, 3.
- Phillipsborn, — von, and M. at Berlin, **2**, 461, 462; on telegraph and battle of Königgrätz, 463.
- Photography, M.'s early experiments, **1**, 421, **2**, 129. *See also* Daguerreotype.
- Pickett, B. M., Morse statue, **2**, 482.
- Pisa, M. at (1830), **1**, 335; Leaning Tower, 336.
- Pius VIII, at ceremonies in old age, **1**, 339, 346, 363; death, 376.
- Platoff, —, at London (1814), **1**, 146, 147.

- Plattsburg, battle, 1, 150, 151.
 Poems by M., 1, 273, 2, 494-496.
 Poet, and painter, 1, 110, 117.
 Poinsett, J. R., and Art Academy at Charleston, 1, 235, 236; and proposed Mexican mission (1823), 252, 253.
 Poland, revolt (1830), 1, 386-389; Lafayette on revolt, 408, 431; Paris and revolt, mob (1831), 409-411; M.'s active interest, 430.
 Polk, J. K., presidential nomination reported by telegraph, 2, 224, 225.
 Pope, F. L., on Morse alphabet, 2, 76.
 Popes. *See* Gregory, Pius.
 Porteus, Beilby, from Jedediah Morse (1806) on disestablishment in Virginia, 1, 13.
 Porto Rico, M.'s visit (1858), 2, 399-400, 404, 406; first telegraph line, 404.
 Portraits by M., John Adams, 1, 196; Mrs. Ball, 231-233; De Forest, 243; James Kent, 250; Moss Kent, 246; Lafayette, 260-262, 264, 270, 272, 286; John Langdon, 211; Mrs. Lind, 435; James Monroe, 222, 226, 234; James Russell, 180; Dr. Smith, 261; Stanford, 270; Thorwaldsen, 370-374, 2, 465.
 Portrals, 2, 74, 88, 90; superseded, 117.
 Portsmouth, N. H., M. at (1816-17), 1, 210, 212, 213.
 Portugal, testimonials to M., 2, 393, 403.
 Potter, Edward, and origin of Academy of Design, 1, 280.
 Poughkeepsie, M.'s home at, 2, 269, 280, 284, 286, 296, 464, 496; greeting to M. (1859), 407, 408.
 Powell, W. H., commission for Capitol painting, 2, 267.
 Prescott, G. B., M. on work, 2, 457.
 President, U.S.S., reported capture (1811), 1, 54.
 Presidential election, conduct in Congress (1825), 1, 263; report over telegraph of conventions (1844), 2, 219, 224-226; M. on Buchanan's election, 371; M. supports McClellan's candidacy, 427, 429-431; M. on (1868), 465, 466.
 Prime, S. I., on M.'s anecdote of West, 1, 42; on M.'s grandfather, 227; on Jedediah Morse and wife, 287, 293; on incident in construction of experimental line, 2, 214; on success of line, 222; on sustinment of M.'s patent, 291; on M. and Phillipsborn at Berlin, 461-464; review of M.'s character, 516.
 Prince, L. B., at M.'s funeral, 2, 512.
 Printing, M. on, 2, 299.
 Printing telegraph, 2, 271. *See also* House.
 Prosch, —, and instruments for telegraph, 2, 153, 154.
 Prussia, testimonials to M., 2, 392; telegraph in Austrian War, 463.
 Public ownership, M.'s plan for telegraph, 2, 84-86, 119, 175, 176; price of offer, 86; Congress declines to purchase, 228, 229, 232, 244, 245.
 Pump, M.'s invention, 1, 211.
 Putnam, Aaron, oration at Charlestown (1805), 1, 7.
 Putnam, I. W., as minister, 1, 213.
 Quarantine, M. evades French (1831), 1, 402-405.
 Quincy, Josiah, at memorial services to M., 2, 516.
 Raasloff, Capt. —, and M., 2, 353.
 Radziwill, Prince M. J., M.'s encounter with, at Rome (1830), 1, 386-389; and Polish revolt, 389.
 Railroads, first mention by M., 1, 335; M.'s invention for reporting trains, 2, 132.
 Ralston, Eliza, and M., 1, 88, 89.
 Rankin, R. G., on first view of telegraph and M.'s attitude, 2, 45-47.
 Ransom, W. L., from M. (1864) on loyalty, 2, 428.
 Raymond, H. J., and Henry-Morse controversy, letters with M. (1852), 2, 318.
 Reading, M. and old poets, 1, 102.
 Receiver, M.'s original conception, 2, 7, 8, 18, 21; first form, 38-40; reversion to first plan of up-and-down motion, 61; multiple record, 76; M. on receiving by sound, 457, 479, 480.
 Recoaro, M. at (1831), 1, 396-398.
 Reconstruction, M. on reaction (1867), 2, 458.
 Reeves, Tapping, and M., 1, 238.
 Reibart, —, from M. (1859) on candidacy for President, 2, 408.
 Reid, J. D., on Kendall as M.'s agent, 2, 246; on O'Reilly, 259; on Vail's incapacity, 295, 296; on Huntington's address at banquet to M., 473; and statue to M., 482; and M.'s farewell message to telegraph, 486; M.'s thanks to, 490; tribute to M., 507.
 Reinagle, Hugh, and origin of Academy of Design, 1, 280.
 Relay, M.'s discovery, 2, 41; other discoverers, 42; Henry and, 140, 141.
 Religion, M.'s early bent, 1, 5, 6, 18; parental admonitions, 6-8; M.'s attitude, 5, 18, 120, 212, 213, 296-298; M. on Canterbury Cathedral and service, 310-312; on Continental Sunday, 318, 322; on devotion and emotion of taste, 401; M.'s observance of Sabbath, 2, 128; M. on union of Church and State, 458. *See also* Morse, S. F. B. (*Early years*), Roman Catholic Church.
 Remberteau, Comte, and M.'s telegraph, 2, 123.
 Rents at New York, 1, 249, 274, 291.
 Renwick, James, on M.'s conception of telegraph, 1, 420.
 Republicans, called Jacobins (1805), 1, 7;

- celebration of Fourth at Charlestown, 7.
See also War of 1812.
- Revolution of 1830, Paris after, 1, 405;
 Lafayette on European results, 430.
- Ribera, Jusepe. *See* Spagnoletto.
- Rigi, M. on, 1, 401.
- Ripley's Inn, Hartford, 1, 9.
- Rives, W. C., M.'s letter of introduction, 1,
 299; at Fourth dinner at Paris (1832),
 424; return to America, 2, 3; M. on, 4;
 and invention of telegraph, 14.
- Roberts, M. O., and Atlantic cable, 2,
 343.
- Robinson, Charles, and M.'s telegraph in
 Europe, 2, 255.
- Roby, Mrs. Margaret, from M. (1829) on
 ocean voyage, Liverpool, 1, 306; (1830)
 on journey to London, experiences there,
 Canterbury, Dover, Channel passage,
 Paris, 306; on journey to Dijon, diligence,
 funeral, Continental Sunday, 318.
- Rocafuerto, Vicente, M. on, 1, 247.
- Rogers, H. J., and telegraph, 2, 239; break
 with M., 277, 278; from Smith (1871) on
 Henry's invention of telegraph, 498.
- Rogers, Lewis, return to America (1832),
 2, 4.
- Rogers, Nathaniel, and origin of Academy
 of Design, 1, 280.
- Rogers, Samuel, and M., 1, 95, 308.
- Roman Catholic Church, emancipation
 question in England (1812), 1, 67; M. on
 French funeral, 321, 322; on Sisters of
 Charity, 323; on ritual, 324, 340, 398;
fiesta in florata at Genzano, 354-359; M.'s
 discussion with converts, 377, 2, 364;
 gambling priests, 1, 396; M. on sacred
 pictures, 399; M.'s antagonism and con-
 troversies, 2, 35-37, 330-333, 337. *See*
also Rome.
- Rome, M.'s arrival and lodgings (1830),
 1, 337; his work, 338, 354; induction of
 cardinals, 339, 340; Pius VIII in old age,
 339; kissing of St. Peter's toe, 340; St.
 Luke's Academy, 340; beggars, 341;
 feast of Annunciation, 341; society, 342-
 344, 347; Passion Sunday, 343; Palm
 Sunday, 344; lying in state of cardinal,
 344; market, 345; Allegri's *Miserere*,
 345; Holy Thursday, papal benediction,
 346, 347; funeral, 350; feast of St. Fran-
 cesco Caracciolo, 352; procession of *Cor-
 pus Domini*, M. on monks, 352; rude-
 ness of soldiers, 353; lotteries, 354; Cam-
 pagna at night, 359; a summer day, 360;
 illumination of St. Peter's, 360; St. Peter's
 day, 361-363; vaults of St. Peter's, 362;
 social evil, 374; death of Pius VIII, 376;
 revolt in provinces (1831), danger to for-
 eigners, 376, 380-385, 397; New Year,
 377; election and coronation of Gregory
 XVI, 378, 380, 381; Trasteverini, 382.
- Romeyn, Dr. Nicholas, and M., 1, 152; to
 Jedediah Morse (1814) on M., 166.
- Rossiter, J. P., to M. (1811) on social gos-
 sip, 1, 27-30.
- Royal Academy, M.'s preparation for en-
 trance, 1, 43, 46, 55; Allston elected, 222;
 M. at lecture (1829), 308.
- Royal Society, M.'s exhibition of telegraph,
 2, 96.
- Russell, James, M.'s portrait, 1, 180.
- Russell, Lucy, and M., 1, 180.
- Russia, and M.'s telegraph (1839), 2, 97,
 120, 122, 136-138, 147; renewed interest
 in telegraph (1844), 240, 244; M. at St.
 Petersburg and Peterhoff (1856), 355-
 364; and gratuity to M., 393.
- Russian Extension, M. and manipulation,
 2, 445.
- St. Bartholomew's Fair, London, M. on
 (1811), 1, 52-54.
- Saint-Germain Railroad, and M.'s tele-
 graph, 2, 105, 110, 119.
- St. Laurent*, transatlantic steamer (1868),
 2, 464.
- St. Luke's Academy, Rome, M. on, 1,
 340.
- St. Martino Convent at Naples, M. on, 1,
 369, 370.
- St. Peter's Church. *See* Rome.
- St. Petersburg, M. on display of wealth
 (1856), 2, 355.
- St. Thomas Island, M. at (1858), 2, 397,
 398.
- Salisbury, E. S., from M. (1841) on order
 for portrait, discouraging conditions, 2,
 158; (1865) on Yale's celebration of sec-
 tional victory, 438.
- Samson, G. W., and M.'s farewell message
 to telegraph, 2, 485.
- Sanford, Ahaz, "appointment" at Yale, 1,
 26.
- Sanford, E. S., from M. (1867) on crooked
 telegraph manipulations, 2, 444; on gov-
 ernment purchase, 446; on financial
 stress, 460.
- Sanitary Commission, M. on aid for Con-
 federate prisoners of war, 2, 428.
- Santa Anna, A. L. de, at St. Thomas (1858),
 2, 397.
- Saul, Leslie's painting, 1, 123.
- Sculpture, M.'s carving machine, 1, 245,
 247.
- Seabury, Samuel, and Civil War, 2, 416.
- Search, British, of American ships, 1, 33.
- Sebastiani, Comte F. H. B., mob attack
 (1831), 1, 410, 411.
- Secession, M.'s attitude, 2, 414, 416, 418.
- Sender, saw-tooth type, 2, 18, 21; first
 form, 39; improvement in portrue, 74,
 88, 90; correspondent or key substituted,
 117.
- "Serenade," M.'s poem, 2, 495, 496.
- Serra Palace, M. on, 1, 329.
- Serrell, —, and experimental telegraph
 line, 2, 205, 211, 212.

- Servants, M. on problem, **1**, 291, 292; on English, 302.
- Servell, —, visual telegraph, **2**, 53.
- Seymour, T. H., with M. at Peterhoff (1856), **2**, 356, 357.
- Shaffner, T. P., letters with M. (1848) on clash with rival company, **2**, 287-289; and M. at Washington, 323; from M. (1859) on death of Vail, 400; on Henry controversy, 402.
- Shaw, —, invention of percussion cap, **2**, 472.
- Shee, Sir M. A., meets M., **1**, 308.
- Shepard, Nancy, M.'s nurse, **1**, 3, **2**, 72.
- Sheridan, R. B., lines on Lettson, **1**, 40.
- Shubrick, W. B., at early exhibition of telegraph, **2**, 48.
- Siddons, Mrs., M. on, **1**, 77.
- Siemens, Werner, and duplex telegraph, **2**, 187; and M. at Berlin, 461.
- Silliman, Benjamin, M. on "Journal," **1**, 18; M.'s scientific studies under, 236; in Berkshires with M., 238, 239; epitaph for Mrs. Morse, 270, 271; experiments in photography, 421; M.'s indebtedness, **2**, 58.
- Simbaldi, Palazzo, musical soir  e at (1830), **1**, 342.
- Simpson, John, at M.'s funeral, **2**, 512.
- Sisters of Charity, M. on, **1**, 323.
- Slave-trade, Wilberforce and abolition, **1**, 135.
- Slavery, M.'s defence, **2**, 331, 333, 389, 390, 415, 416, 424-426, 432.
- Smith, Capt. —, of *Napoleon* (1829), **1**, 300.
- Smith, E. F., from M. (1853) on endorsing notes, **2**, 319.
- Smith, E. G., and M., **2**, 188; to M. (1847) on painting for Capitol, 267.
- Smith, F. O. J., offer to help M., **2**, 82; character, cause of later antagonism, 82, 83; conditions of partnership, 83; report to Congress on telegraph, 87; and patent specification, 83; goes to Europe with M., 89; returns, 109; on Chamberlain, 148; abandons efforts for telegraph, 151, 165, 168, 178, 181, 186; and construction of experimental line, and beginning of hostility to M., 206, 212, 213, 216, 218, 219, 225; and formation of companies, 235, 236; telegraph dictionary, dedication to M., 236-238; life-long continuation of antagonism, 238, 247, 273, 280, 303, 304, 307, 312, 320; and management of partnership, 247; separation of interests, 308, 309, 312; denial of injunction against, 319; and extension of patent, demand of share, 324, 328, 346, 370; claim to share foreign gratuity, 409-412, 423; M.'s acknowledgment to, 471, 489; on Henry as inventor of telegraph, 498-502; last attack on M., 502-505, 507.
- Letters to M.* (1841) on M.'s service to humanity, **2**, 165. — *From M.* (1838) on public control of telegraph, 84; (1838-39) on French and Russian projects, key, 109-112, 117, 122; on Jackson's claim, 121; on English affairs, 124; (1839) on discouraging conditions, abandonment by partners, 135, 150; (1840) on Wheatstone's proposition, 158; (1841) on lobbyist, 164; on making further effort, progress of rivals, aid from Congress, 165; (1842) on Henry's praise, private company, 172, 173; on abandoning invention, Congress, 178; on discouraging conditions, 180; (1843) on bill in Congress, 195; on passage of act, 201; on trenching contract, 206; (1844) on company, 236; on Smith's dedication to M., disputed division of partnership, 238; (1849) on separation of interests, 308; (1860) on claim to share of gratuity, 412.
- Smith, Goldwin, at banquet to M., **2**, 472.
- Smith, J. A., informal club (1837), **2**, 451.
- Smith, J. L., and telegraph in Turkey, **2**, 298.
- Smith, Nathan, M.'s portrait, **1**, 261.
- Smithsonian Institution, and Henry-Morse controversy, **2**, 402.
- Smuggling, M.'s experience, **1**, 45, 46.
- Snow, R. W., to Mrs. Morse (1812) on M. as artist, **1**, 64.
- Social evil, M. on, at Rome, **1**, 374.
- Society, M. on Roman (1830), **1**, 342-344; on English, French, and American manners, 348, 349; on Venetian, 394.
- Society for diffusing Useful Political Knowledge, **2**, 424.
- Solomons, A. S., and memorial services to M., **2**, 514.
- Somaglia, Cardinal, lying in state, **1**, 344.
- Sorrento, M. at (1830), **1**, 364.
- Soult, Marshal, ministry, **2**, 117.
- Sounder. *See* Receiver.
- South Carolina, nullification, **1**, 431, **2**, 23, 24. *See also* Charleston.
- Southey, Robert, sketch for admirer, **1**, 73, 113.
- Spagnoletto, M. on Dead Christ, 370.
- Spain, M. on Wellington's victories, **1**, 110; interest in M.'s telegraph, 244; testimonials to M., 393; proposed cable to West Indies (1859), 404-406.
- Spalding, M. J., M.'s religious controversy, **2**, 35, 330.
- Spencer, George, discussion with M. on Catholicism, **1**, 377.
- Spencer, J. C., and telegraph, **2**, 204.
- Sprague, Peleg, referee on Smith's claim, **2**, 411.
- Stafford, Marquis of, seat and gallery, **1**, 307.
- Stanford, —, of New York, M.'s portrait, **1**, 270.
- Stanly, Edward, and telegraph, **2**, 194.

- Statham, Samuel, and M. in England (1856), **2**, 348.
- Statue to M., proposed (1865), **2**, 442; unveiling, 482-484.
- Steinheil, K. A., telegraph, **2**, 109, 150, 171, 173; and ground circuit, 243, 367, 470; recommends M.'s telegraph, 313, 367.
- Stephen, —, son of James, and War of 1812, **1**, 89.
- Sterling, Antoinette, and M.'s farewell message to telegraph, **2**, 486.
- Stevens, W. B., from M. on telegraph in Congress, **2**, 198.
- Stickney, William, from M. (1869) on death of Kendall, **2**, 481.
- Stiles, J. C., and Civil War, **2**, 416.
- Stock-watering, M. not responsible, **2**, 86.
- Stothard, Thomas, meets M., **1**, 308.
- Strong, Caleb, expected election (1812), **1**, 66.
- Strother, D. H., on M.'s poverty (1841), **2**, 162, 163.
- Stuart, Gilbert, M. on, **1**, 93, 102.
- Sturgeon, William, and electro-magnet, **2**, 478.
- Subiaco, M.'s rhapsody, **1**, 351.
- Sullivan, Sarah W., marriage, **2**, 4.
- Sully, Thomas, and study of life figure, **1**, 101; and portrait of Lafayette, 261; painting for steamer, 289.
- Sully, transatlantic ship (1832), **2**, 3.
- Sunday, M. on Continental, **1**, 318, 322.
- Supreme Court, on M.'s patent, **2**, 291-293, 322.
- Susquehanna, and laying of first Atlantic cable, **2**, 378.
- Swedish Royal Academy of Science, M.'s membership, **2**, 393, 403.
- Switzerland, M. in (1831), **1**, 400-402.
- Talleyrand, C. M. de, from Jedediah Morse (1811) introducing M., **1**, 31.
- Taney, R. B., telegraph decision, **2**, 292.
- Tappan, H. B., on first view of telegraph, **2**, 47.
- Tardi, Luigia, singer, **1**, 342.
- Tatham & Brothers, and experimental telegraph line, **2**, 212.
- Taylor, Moses, and Atlantic cable, **2**, 343. "Telegram," origin, **2**, 316.
- Telegraph. See Atlantic cable, Battery, Circuit, Consolidation, Dot-and-dash, Duplex, Experimental line, Morse (S. F. B.), Patent, Public ownership, Relay, Receiver, Sender, Wire, Wireless.
- Theatre, at St. Bartholomew's Fair (1811), **1**, 53; M.'s attitude, 72, 78, 374-376; M. on Kemble, Cooke, Mrs. Siddons, 77; premier of Coleridge's *Remorse*, 96; maternal warnings against, 118; M.'s farce, 129, 130.
- Thompson, John, from M.'s (1867) on fêtes of Paris Exposition, **2**, 454; (1868) on desire to return home, 464.
- Thompson, M. E., and origin of Academy of Design, **1**, 280.
- Thornton, Sir Edward, at banquet to M., **2**, 468, 469.
- Thornton, Henry, and M., **1**, 89, 90; and War of 1812, 89; on Orders in Council, 91, 92; letters with M. (1813-14) on prisoner of war, 124-127.
- Thorwaldsen, A. B., M. on, at Rome and as artist, **1**, 348, **2**, 354; M.'s portrait, **1**, 348, 370; from M. (1830) on portrait, 371; later history of portrait, 372-374, **2**, 465; gift to Academy of Design, **1**, 384.
- Thunder storms in Venice, **1**, 393, 394.
- Tilden, S. J., at M.'s funeral, **2**, 512.
- Tips, M. on, in England, **1**, 37.
- Tisdale, —, on Dying Hercules, **1**, 185.
- Todd, John, on Jedediah Morse, **1**, 287; on Mrs. Morse, 293.
- Torrey, John, at exhibition of telegraph, **2**, 54.
- Toucey, Isaac, and M. as office-seeker for son, **2**, 388.
- Toulon, M. on navy yard and galley slaves (1830), **1**, 326, 327.
- Town, Ithiel, and origin of Academy of Design, **1**, 280; travel with M. (1829-30), 309, 317.
- Trasteverini, character, **1**, 382.
- Travel, English war-time regulations (1811), **1**, 36; treatment of travellers, tips, impositions, 37-39; delay in sailing of ships, 55; M.'s journal of dreadful voyage (1815), 186-195; from New York to Washington (1824), 255; transatlantic (1829), 300-302; stage coach to London (1829), 306-308; Channel steamers (1829), 314; (1845), **2**, 250; winter journey across France by diligence (1830), **1**, 318-326; diligence described, 319; from Toulon to Geneva, 327, 328; imposition of innkeepers, 327, 330; from Genoa to Rome, 330-337; conditions and perils of Italian, 332, 391, 400; to Venice by boat on Po, 391-393.
- Trentanove, Raymond, gift to Academy of Design, **1**, 384.
- Trentham Hall, **1**, 307.
- Trollope, Mrs. Frances, M. on *Domestic Manners*, **1**, 428.
- Trumbull, John, M. on, as artist, **1**, 102; and M.'s portrait of Mrs. Ball, 232; and Academy of Arts, 249, 276, **2**, 22.
- Turkey, testimonials to M., **2**, 297, 393.
- Turner, J. M. W., M. meets, **1**, 309.
- Twining, Stephen, and M. at Yale, **1**, 14, 21.
- Tyng, S. H., and statue to M., **2**, 484.
- Union Theological Seminary, M. endows lectureship, **2**, 437.
- Unitarianism, Jedediah Morse's opposition, **1**, 1; M. on, **2**, 430.
- Universalists, M. on, **1**, 213.

- Upham, N. G., referee on Smith's claim, 2, 411.
- Uriel in the Sun, Allston's painting, 1, 307.
- Vail, Alfred, first view of telegraph, 2, 54; association with it, contract, 59, 60; and dot-and-dash alphabet, 62-65; work with M., 70, 76, 81; M.'s acknowledgment of indebtedness to, 71, 471, 489; friction, 79, 80; new arrangement of partnership, 83; ceases effort for telegraph, 136, 151, 168, 178, 181, 186, 401; and construction and operation of experimental line, agreement, 204, 205, 215, 216, 220; and operation of telegraph, 239; Kendall, as agent, 246, 339, 340; and Henry controversy, 261; relations with M. after 1844, 275, 307, 327-329, 339, 401; incapacity for telegraph work, 296; M. and death, 400, 401.
- Letters to M.*: (1840) proposing exhibition at Philadelphia, 2, 153; (1841) on private line, 169; (1846) on accident, 268; (1847) on avoiding active interest in companies, 275; (1848) on suits, severing connection with telegraph, 294; (1849) on newspaper hostility, 307. —
- From M.*: (1838) on prospects, portrue, 88, 90; on exhibition before Institute of France, 107; (1839) on discouraging conditions, 149; (1840) on same, 154; (1841) on scattered partners, hope, 169; (1842) on duplex and wireless experiments, action in Congress, 185; (1843) on bill, 196; on passage of act, 201; on preparation for experimental line, 204; (1844) on operating, 220, 221; (1846) on faithless associates, 260; on accident, 268; (1847) on personal relations, 275; (1847) on faithlessness of Rogers, 277, 278; (1854) on share under extension of patent, 327.
- Vail, Mrs. Alfred, from M. (1862) on share in gratuity, 2, 422.
- Vail, George, and brother's connection with telegraph, 2, 79; to M. (1842) refusing assistance, 184; from M. (1854) on brother's share in extension of patent, 328; suspicion of M., 339; from M. (1862) on original wire of telegraph, 423.
- Vail, Stephen, and telegraph, 2, 70, 184.
- Van Buren, Martin, and letters of introduction for M. (1829), 1, 299; and exhibition of telegraph (1838), 2, 81.
- Vanderlyn, John, and M.'s portrait of Mrs. Ball, 1, 232; and portrait of Lafayette, 261; and origin of Academy of Design, 280; painting for steamer, 289.
- Van Dyke, H. J., and Civil War, 2, 416.
- Van Rensselaer, Stephen, and M. at London (1812), 1, 73; presented at court, 77; and M. as artist, 245, 252.
- Van Shaick, —, to M. (1814) on New York's defenses, 1, 150; on victories, New England Federalism, 150; to Jedediah Morse on M.'s character, war views, and progress, 166; orders painting from M., 251; from M. (1831) on copies of paintings, 390.
- Vassar, Matthew, from M. (1861) on Vassar College, 2, 417.
- Vassar College, M. and founding, 2, 417.
- Vauxhall Gardens, M. on (1811), 1, 50-52.
- Venice, M.'s journey to, by Po (1831), 1, 391-393; sights and smells, 393; thunder storms, 393, 394; society, 394.
- Venice Preserved*, M. on, 1, 72.
- Vernet, Horace, M. on, at Rome, 1, 343, 344.
- Victoria of England, coronation, 2, 100; anecdote of kindness, 101.
- Villages, aspect of English (1829), 1, 306.
- Vinci, Leonardo da, and science, 2, 471.
- Virginia, disestablishment, church property, 1, 13.
- Viager, Harman, and M., 1, 121; to M. (1814) on self-support, Allston, 123.
- Visscher, —, in England (1812), and M., 1, 83, 169-171.
- Vouchy, Comte de, and M., 2, 351.
- Wainwright, J. M., informal club (1837), 2, 451.
- Walcott, —, and daguerreotypes, 2, 145.
- Walcott, G. K., and M.'s farewell message to telegraph, 2, 486.
- Waldo, S. L., and portrait of Lafayette, 1, 261; and origin of Academy of Design, 280.
- Wales, Prince of, M. and visit to America, 2, 413; New York ball, 414.
- Walewski, Comte, and gratuity to M., 2, 373; to M. (1858) announcing award, 390; M.'s reply, 394.
- Walker, Charles [1], M. on family, 1, 202.
- Walker, Charles [2], with M. at New York (1825), 1, 275.
- Walker, Lucretia P., love and engagement to M., 1, 202-210; visits his parents, 212; and fiancé, 214; converted, 214; marriage, 217. *See also* Morse, Lucretia P.
- Walker, S. C., and Henry-Morse controversy, 2, 262.
- Walker, T. R., to M. (1849) on animosity of newspapers, 2, 304; from M. (1855) on Atlantic cable, 343; (1862) on monarchy in America, 420.
- Walker, Mrs. T. R., from M. (1872) on poem, 2, 494.
- Wall, William, and origin of Academy of Design, 1, 280.
- Walpole, N. H., M. at (1816), 1, 206.
- Walsh, Robert, and M.'s telegraph, prophecy, 2, 125.
- War of 1812, M. on British attitude (1811), 1, 48; M.'s Republican attitude, 58, 64, 70, 76, 81, 82, 84, 87, 109, 110, 115, 116, 140, 141, 152, 153, 166, 168, 181; Federal-

- istic attitude of M.'s family, 58, 66, 79, 80, 99, 109, 114, 118, 122, 181; Americans in England not disturbed, 58, 86; question of Orders in Council, 67, 76, 89; English opinion of Federalists, 81; Allston's attitude, 89; and French influence in America, 90, 91; repeal of Orders in Council, 115; hatred of Americans in England, 116, 117, 120, 163; M.'s efforts for release of a prisoner of war, 124-127; New York defences, 150; Lake Erie and Plattsburg, 150, 151; New England's opposition, 151; American effort (1814), 156; Federalistic view (1814), 157, 158; England and peace overtures, 165; Mrs. Morse on peace, 173.
- Warren, Edward, and Jackson's claim, letter from M. (1847), 2, 274.
- Warren, Mass. See Westerr.
- Warren Phalanx of Charlestown (1805), 1, 7.
- Washington, —, telegraph operator, 2, 480.
- Washington, George, as letter-writer, 1, 4.
- Washington, D. C., M. at (1819), 1, 226; (1824), 255; (1825), 261; Mrs. Monroe's drawing-room, 227; Monroe's last levee, Adams and Jackson at it, 262; M.'s effort for commission for painting for Capitol, 2, 28-32, 266-268; first exhibition of telegraph, 81; second exhibition, 185; construction of telegraph line to Baltimore, 204-228.
- Washington, transatlantic steamer (1846), 2, 283.
- Watson, P. H., and extension of M.'s patent, 2, 325.
- Wealth, M. on divine enigma, 2, 436.
- Webster, Daniel, on Jedediah Morse, 1, 287; and M.'s effort for commission for painting for Capitol, 2, 28.
- Webster, Emily, engagement, 1, 112.
- Weld, Thomas, induction as cardinal, 1, 339; meets M., 385.
- Wellington, Duke of, Spanish victories, 1, 110.
- Wells, William, to M. (1793) on money, 1, 2.
- West, Benjamin, interest in M., 1, 42, 44, 46, 47, 62, 73, 85, 102, 103, 114, 179; anecdote of George III and Declaration of Independence, 42, 43; Christ healing the Sick, 44; Christ before Pilate, 44, 47; activity and powers in old age, 44; M. on, as artist, 63, 68, 69; on Philadelphia as art centre, 73; gout, 85.
- West, W. E., and M., 1, 309.
- Western, Mass., tavern (1805), 1, 9.
- Western Union Telegraph Company, passes a dividend (1867), 2, 460.
- "What hath God wrought" message, 2, 222.
- Wheatstone, Sir Charles, and relay, 2, 42; telegraph, 50; M. on telegraph and his own, 90, 92, 93, 100-102; 242; opposes patent to M., 93; progress of telegraph, 150; proposition to M. rejected, 158; gets American patent, 166; Henry on telegraph, 171, 173; and ground circuit, 243, 250; telegraph displaced by M.'s, 313, 350.
- Wheeler, —, return to America (1812), 1, 80.
- Wheeler, F. B., on M.'s character, 2, 493; at M.'s funeral, 511; at memorial services, 516.
- Whig Convention (1844), report by telegraph, 2, 220.
- White, Chandler, and Atlantic cable, 2, 343.
- Whitehouse, E. O. W., experiments for Atlantic cable, 2, 348, 366; and laying of first cable, 377; log, 378.
- Whitney, Eli, and M.'s pump, 1, 211.
- Wilberforce, William, and M., 1, 89, 94; and War of 1812, 90; and slave-trade, 135; character, 140; and final overthrow of Napoleon, 185.
- Willard, J. S., death, 1, 8.
- William Joliffe, Channel steamer (1845), 2, 250.
- Williams, H. I., from M. (1847) on law suits, 2, 272.
- Willington, R. S., from M. (1835) on Catholic plot, 2, 35.
- Wilson, D. W., and origin of Academy of Design, 1, 280.
- Wilson, J. L., and Civil War, 2, 416.
- Windsor, Vt., M. at and on (1816), 1, 207, 208.
- Winslow, Hubbard, and Civil War, 2, 416.
- Wire, M. and underground, 2, 121; experiment with submarine, 183; duplex telegraphy, 185, 187; failure of underground, for experimental line, 205, 209-211, 214, 216; insulation for experimental line, 208, 209, 215; use of naked, 208; overhead, for experimental line, 210, 215; use of ground circuit, 221, 367, 470.
- Wireless telegraphy, M.'s experiment, 2, 186, 187, 242, 243.
- Wiseman, N. P. S., meets M., 1, 377.
- Women, M. on appearance of English, 1, 36.
- Wood, Fernando, and memorial services for M., 2, 513, 515.
- Wood, George, to M. (1849) on harassments, 2, 303; and extension of patent, letter to M. (1854), 324, 325; to M. (1865) on slavery argument, 432; from M. (1864) on divine hand in progress of telegraph, 435; on wayward sons, enigma of wealth, 436; (1866) on benevolent uses of wealth from telegraph, 442; death, 482.
- Woodbury, Levi, and telegraph, 2, 71, 187, 244.
- Woods, Leonard, and Civil War, 2, 416.

- Woolsey, Mary A., engagement, **1**, 112.
Woolsey, T. D., and M. in Italy (1830), **1**, 338; from M. (1854) on contribution to Yale, **2**, 321.
Wright, C. C., and origin of Academy of Design, **1**, 280.
Wright, Silas, and telegraph, **2**, 187, 199; refuses vice-presidential nomination over telegraph, 226.
Württemberg, medal for M., **2**, 393.
Wyatt, Richard, gift to Academy of Design, **1**, 384.
Wynne, James, anecdotes of Coleridge and Abernethy, **1**, 95-99.
Yale College, M. at, **1**, 10-23; student's routine (1807), 15; M.'s incidental expenses, 17; "appointments," 26; M.'s gift (1822), 242; (1854), **2**, 321; daguerreotype of 30th anniversary of Class of 1810, 146; LL.D. for M., 258; M. refuses to attend class reunion (1865), 438-441.
Yates, J. C., and M., **1**, 247.
Young, McClintock, and telegraph, **2**, 227.
Zantzinger, L. F., telegraph operator, **2**, 480.

OCT 14 1990

Date Due

OCT 12 1990

343122

IBM39123

343122

McPHERSON LIBRARY

WELF. F. B. MORSE, HIS. L. TIERS



